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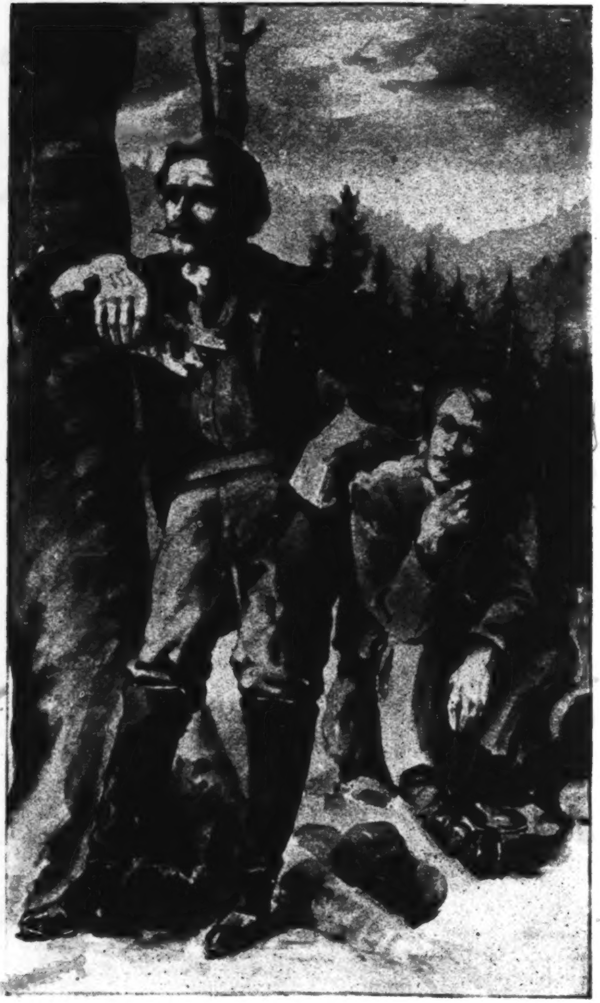

THE PILGRIM AND THE PIONEER.

THE PILGRIM AND THE PIONEER

THE SOCIAL AND MATERIAL DEVELOPMENTS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BY

JOHN C. BELL,
MONTROSE, COLO.,

OR FOUR YEARS DISTRICT JUDGE AND FOR TEN YEARS
A REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM
WESTERN COLORADO.

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HE PILGRIM AND THE PIONEER

ERRATA.

Page 19, third line from top should read, "made profert."
Page 201, 12th line from bottom should read, "angleworm" instead of "angle worms."

PREFACE.

This publication is an experiment. It is not intended that it shall follow any literary form or meet the approbation of the literary critic. The chief aim is to reach a class of readers who are deterred from reading abstract principles of lofty precepts in closely connected thoughts, because of the irksome effort involved. The fond expectation is also indulged of inducing a goodly number to read these pages for other objects than the high moral principles attempted to be imparted, and that enough of the every day philosophies of life will exude through the ballast to beneficially affect some of these lives.

Scenes are intended to shift and subjects to change as often as they would appear to the reader, were he making the journeys described on top of an Overland Stage Coach.

Accurate descriptions of important places, with the accompanying, moral, social and material developments, are sufficiently depicted to enable one who reads these pages to gain a fair comprehension of the early civilization, present development and future possibilities, of a part of the country that is wielding and is destined to wield so potent an influence on the national life, that no well informed person can afford to be ignorant of its early history.

The Pioneer, the Teacher, and the Pilgrim, the Taught, are introduced, with the stirring incidents along the way of a great journey over mountain and plain, with much adventure and short story, through which it is hoped to filter enough of the triumphs of virtue, to impress some of the wayward, at least, with a desire for her rewards. The confidence is also evinced here, that a hint to the unwise is sufficient, if clothed in an apt example.

—*The Experimenter.*

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

Mr. John Campbell, of middle Tennessee, belonged to that unfortunate generation of the South which had just reached the prime school age when the "irrepressible conflict" between the states broke up all of the schools of that unhappy land, and left the young untaught, untravelled, and the parents impoverished.

After the long, bloody conflict, when the South was pacified, and the schools were rehabilitated, this neglected generation was crammed with the contents of books, and pressed so assiduously that the pupils could assimilate nothing outside of their books, and only those with iron constitutions could continue to the end.

On the 28th of March, 1874, John Campbell was proclaimed by the Supreme Court of Tennessee to be duly qualified to sell his services to the public as a disciple of Trebonian. He was reduced to a large, angular frame, covered with a few stringy ligaments and a jaundiced and cadaverous looking skin. He had previously written to a former neighbor and good friend, then engaged in the cattle business in Georgetown, Texas, of his great emaciation. In turn his friend invited him to participate in the driving of a large herd of cattle from Texas to Cheyenne, Wyoming. "Yes," said Mr. Campbell, "I shall accept, hoping thereby to recuperate my health before I settle down in some frontier town for the practice of law, or, if I find no law to practice, before I offer my general abilities to the benighted public, until the people become sufficiently civilized to covet the services of this erudite profession."

The estate of Tobe Tully had forty law books of the elementary kind needed almost every hour in the well patronized law office. These John Campbell purchased, consoling himself with the thought that they would, in all probability, make the most elaborate library which could be found on the frontier, one which he confidently expected would secure for him a leading position at the bar, whenever this necessary evil should be called into use. The foreboding kept intruding on his mind: "What will you do if there is no great demand for your professional services?"

It occurred to him that while at school Professor Hampton used to send his class out to survey, plat and estimate the extent of the school grounds and the farms of the neighboring settlement. Professor Hampton had often complimented him on his efficiency in running lines and computing territorial areas, and he thought that probably no one away out in Wyoming or in Colorado would be so provident as to have a compass, or that, if anyone should have such a rare instrument, he probably would know but little about the proper use of it. Mr. Campbell went over to the house of Prof. Hampton, revealed his plans, and asked the price of the old compass used in the school. They soon agreed upon the price, and the wisdom of the plan, and Mr. Campbell bought the compass, manufactured some forty years previously, carefully packed it and his library on April 1, 1874, and with a sanguine heart, turned his face westward.

From Nashville to St. Louis the railroads were selling tickets around via Louisville and Chicago for the same price as by the most direct route, and it was not icult for the ticket agent to convince this young sprig the law and prospective surveyor of the great west- domain, of the great advantage of buying his ticket farthest way around, as at the best he would only something like a 2,500 mile railroad journey.

Every time Mr. Campbell thought of the superior vantages of his forty-law-book library, and his sur- vor's compass, he felt more and more independent, l could see no use of economizing, so he went into the llman, bought some of everything that the newsboy ught around, and talked long and loud about the st.

While his train was stopping in Louisville, one of the h officials of the Chicago land office and his wife, each out sixty years old, took possession of the section ad- ning him in the rear, and an immense, florid, well essed and heavily jeweled man, planted himself in the tion with Mr. Campbell. The new comer was soon gaged in hopeful conversation with the old official about e promising future of the rapidly developing west.

When the acquaintance was sufficient to put all of em at ease, the florid gentleman unlocked a clean, llow valise, drew from it three tempting Havanas, and ggested: "Let's go down to the smoking room and con- ue this enjoyable conversation." The trio of men then oved to the gentleman's drawing-room, where two or ree persons were occupying seats smoking and reading, ving, however, abundant space. The host of this little rty said that it would be too bad to disturb the guests there with their western boasts, and besides there was rdly room enough. "Let's go down to the smoking car," suggested, and without waiting for an assent from his ests, he pressed on with his newly made friends at his heels. The host turned a seat and insisted that the land office official should occupy the forward seat, and he asked Mr. Campbell if it made him uncomfortable to ride with his back to the engine. Mr. Campbell replied, "Not at all." "Very well then," said the host, "take that seat, and I shall sit with your friend here, for I am sorry to say that my stomach revolts at riding backward."

The chat was most cordial and boastful about the growing west, until the cigars were about half consumed, then the florid gentleman asked the official if he had a deck of cards. The official replied, "No." The interrogator asked one after another of those around him, and after a time a little, black, wizard-looking individual piped out that he had a euchre deck in his overcoat pocket which he could have if he wished. The florid gentleman replied that he preferred whist, but as a last resort he might tolerate euchre. He invited the possessor of the deck to join them, an overcoat was spread over their laps, and the official and the black wizard were pitted against Mr. Campbell and the florid gentleman.

For about an hour or more the game broke even, when the florid gentleman picked up his hand, looked at it, and said:

"If I were playing poker, I couldn't fill such a hand as this."

The official replied, "I'll bet you ten dollars, I have a better hand!"

The florid gentleman drew a fifty dollar bill from his pocket and threw it on the table, saying, "I'll raise you forty dollars. You dare not call me! You haven't the nerve! I always heard there was no nerve in Chicago sports! I dare you to call it!"

The wizard looked at the official's hand.

“Oh — !” he ejaculated. “Bet him—bet him to a dstill!”

The florid gentleman feigned to draw in his money, ed at the wizard, and said: “He really hasn't a full, ”

The official thought he was going to crawfish, and so erked out a fifty dollar bill and slapped it on the . His florid opponent pushed the hundred dollars to the wizard, and said. “You hold the stakes.”

The official, with a chuckle, spread out three nines and queens, and the florid gentleman spread out three s and a pair of aces. The wizard pushed the hun- dollars into the winner's hands, and started to com- on the remarkable coincidence in getting two such rkable poker hands from a euchre deck, when the al abruptly arose and left the car.

One of the remaining gentlemen suggested to Mr. pbell, “We shall be much obliged to you if you will nothing about this remarkable coincidence. Such gs are so rare that the thoughtless might conclude that ad cold-decked him, but it was all on the square.”

Mr. Campbell replied that if it was not on the square, uition was quite low enough for one of the official's and especially for one occupying so prominent a place ich a city as Chicago.

At the next stop, the florid and the black gentlemen ped off the train.

Mr. Campbell returned to his seat in the Pullman, remarked to the land office official: “That was a y hard crew we struck down there.”

The old man made a vulgar mouth and turned his back on Mr. Campbell, clearly indicating that he believed he (Mr. Campbell) and the florid gentleman, were partners in crime.

It so happened, that when Chicago was reached, Mr. Campbell and the land office official stopped at the Palmer House. Just as the former got comfortably settled in his room, a light rap was heard at the door. He opened it and there stood a burly, uniformed policeman. Mr. Campbell invited him in and gave him the best chair. The policeman inquired: "Young man, have you a gun about you?"

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Campbell, "I am going out to survey Wyoming and Colorado, and afterwards do the law business of those territories. I heard that the Indians were bad there and I purchased a pistol the day before I left Winchester to defend myself with, but I'm not going to shoot any white persons." And with that he handed out to the policeman a little three-inch barrel, 22-caliber revolver.

The policeman laughed, and replied:

"Why, the tobacco growers in Connecticut use those to shoot tobacco worms."

He handed it back. "Be careful," he cautioned, "that you do not allow that to go off in the hotel. The people might think Chicago was being visited by an earthquake. Now what have you been doing for the last three months and where have you been?"

"I've been a law student in Winchester," answered Mr. Campbell, and he drew out a new license from the Supreme Court, showing its big seal, etc.

"Uh, huh," answered the policeman, "and where are you going now, and what are you going to do?"

Mr. Campbell then told him all about his plans to survey Wyoming and Colorado, and his purpose to do the law business of those two territories for a number of years to come, and profert of his compass and forty law books as additional evidence. The policeman questioned him all about the euchre game, then asked to see his money.

Mr. Campbell pulled off his top-shirt, drew his knife and asked the policeman to cut the stitches of an improvised pocket sewed on the inside of his undershirt, in which were concealed numerous twenty and ten dollar bills, but no fifty.

"Young man," continued the policeman, "the only reason those card players did not fleece you, was because they did not know you had these bills. You are innocent, but you had better push on west, or Mr. Crane may have you detained as a particeps criminis to his robbery."

Mr. Campbell hurried to the depot and took the first train for St. Louis, where he put up at the Planters Hotel. There he met Mr. Bates who was working up an excursion to the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Campbell was soon persuaded that between Denver and Cheyenne, he could get cattle-driving to his heart's content, hence it was unnecessary to go out of his way in search of such tame western pastime, so he joined the gathering excursion.

April 3, 1874, all kinds of persons were loaded into the excursion cars, many of them having never been away from their native heath. The run between St. Louis and Kansas City was made at night and never have a gang of hungry wolves made more havoc among a bevy of unprotected barnyard fowls, than did the three card-monte and legerdemain fiends among those untravelled and unsophisticated passengers. If the train officers did not stand in with the thieves, they certainly kept out of their way. It seemed at one time that one-half of the excursionists, though they had paid their transportation to Denver and return, would have to stop off at Kansas City because of their penniless condition. However, the manager of the excursion went among his fleeced flock and gathered their watches, revolvers, jack knives, jewelry, shaving outfits, etc., and persuaded the unfleeced ones to purchase, or make advances on them, that all might go on to Denver and eat regularly on the way.

The weather was dark and cloudy, and, except for the broad expanse of plains, myriads of wild ducks in the clouds and in every pool of water, an occasional race between the train and some lean, knotty antelope on either side, stacks of buffalo heads here and there, and bales of buffalo hides at the important stations, they saw nothing different from the hum-drum scenes of Eastern life.

About the time they crossed the Colorado line, a dozen Blanket Indians, with their faces tattooed, boarded the smoking-car. A twitter of excitement permeated the excursion car, until it so stimulated the spirits of a number of young Missourians that they moved down to visit with these wild natives of the plains. One of the Indians was holding in his hand a unique pipe, which challenged the curiosity of the excursionists. They proceeded to examine it, when by some slight of hand performance it disappeared so mysteriously that it shrouded the young Missourians in as complete confusion as Hermann could have done in the days of his most clever legerdemain.

This was too much for the excited young men. In a moment they had the Indian pinioned to the floor, and curious hands were meandering in every direction under the blanket clothing, in search of the magical pipe. The fierce screams of the owner, brought the conductor and the brakeman to the scene at once. They seized these husky transgressors, and pushed them back.

"Gentlemen," said the conductor, with a great show of dignity, "I am utterly astonished that young men, so genteel and gallant as you seem to be, should condescend to offer such indignities to this humble and helpless *woman*. I blush with shame at the sight of such depraved American manhood. Such a thing is entirely beneath any old resident of the liberty-loving and highly civilized West, and you will be ashamed of such conduct as soon as you become accustomed to the majestic independence of these towering mountain peaks, and as soon as the pure mountain air destroys the blighting virus of the Mississippi valley malaria in your system."

The rude passengers were greatly chagrined and abashed. They held up their hands; their gaping mouths were turned toward the roof of the car; they stared at the squaw, then at the conductor; and finally the tallest one with great humiliation said: "Please excuse us, Mr. Conductor. We didn't know she was a woman. Indeed we didn't. There was nothing in her dress, nothing about her hair, nothing about her shoes or anywhere else that we could see, that made her look like a woman. In old Missouri, a man can tell a woman by her hair and her shoes and because she is pertier than a man. But these here people all looks alike and none of 'em looks like women. We are Missourians, and while we don't have any too much respect for men, no one ever hearn of a Missourian bein' unrespectful to any kind of a woman, where he knowed she was a woman."

He then turned to the squaw and made a most humble apology to her, but as she had no knowledge of the English language, this superb gallantry was lost on her, unless, perchance, his contrite face and apologetic eyes may have been properly interpreted by this crude daughter of nature.

The following morning, they reached Denver, a crude little city of ten thousand persons, built upon the naked plains at the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte River, with a great dearth of trees and shrubs, but with towering peaks and lofty mountain ranges as an attractive background.

Mr. James Smith met them at the depot, and with great suavity made them feel that they had one friend at least. As strange as the incident may seem, this gentleman, without any previous arrangement, piloted them to the Planters Hotel in Denver. They had just left the Planters Hotel in St. Louis.

Those who had recently come in advance of them, gathered around and asked who they were, what they had been, where they came from, and what they expected to do.

They had hardly succeeded in dusting their clothes before Mr. Smith and his kind friends began instructing them in the refinements of Rocky Mountain life, not common to the Mississippi Valley.

"Don't be afraid, boys," he said, "nothing will hurt you. This country was once pretty tough, but it is now the most moral part of God's vineyard. W'y, when I came out in 1859, I was actually afraid to smoke my pipe on the street for fear some marksman, not so accurate as William Tell, might take a shot at it." And with these introductory remarks he proceeded to tell how it was a common thing in those days for the trappers and hunters to amuse themselves on Sunday evenings by shooting the lights out in the churches; that the churches didn't mind the loss of the lights, as they were accustomed to darkness, but they were afraid of something worse.

"As a precautionary measure," he continued, "the old minister down where I used to go to church, upon informing the congregation where the next prayer meeting would be, and when, and at whose house the next meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society would gather, would close his introductory remarks with this peroration:

" 'Now, boys, I want you to be patient with the choir this evening. You will probably have great provocation, as the members have been much too scattered and too busy this week to practice. However, I hope if you hear any harsh discords, you will not open fire on them, as I can assure you that whatever happens, they will be doing the very best they can. And, anyway, it is a voluntary choir and will not get a cent of your contributions.' "

At times, the boys restrained themselves under great provocation.

They were told that dampness, malaria, and microbes were unknown there; that the causes of sickness not existing there, they had no sickness. One pioneer said they actually had to kill a man to start a graveyard, so healthful was the climate. He told them that it was a very discouraging field for doctors, because they had no patients, and a very poor place for preachers, because a great doubt had been raised there about the certainty of death.

Mr. Smith continued to instruct them in the necessaries of Rocky Mountain life. He would stand erect, drink in a full breath, swell himself out and say: "If you remain here three months, you will be four inches larger around the chest. You must learn to breathe the dry air, just as you would learn to use a set of false teeth; it is so devaporized and devoid of oxygen that one must take twice the quantity required in humid climates to secure the oxygen necessary to burn up the waste material in the system."

He soon pointed out the towering, snow-capped peaks and beautiful chains of mountain ranges forming a semicircle around Denver.

"Not being familiar with this pure atmosphere, cloudless skies, and perpetual sunshine, you will be constantly laboring under optical delusions about distance, unless I instruct you.

"Those mountains seem to be two miles distant, but really they are forty miles away. I would like to give you the benefit of my pioneer experience, because you are modest and seem anxious to learn.

"Last week an Englishman stopped at the Planters Hotel, and in kindness, I sought to give him the benefit of my experience, but he snubbed me. He said he had summered in the Alps and had seen mountains that would make these look like mole hills. He got up the next morning, took his cane, and asked me if I would like to walk out to the hills and back before breakfast. As I was not accustomed to walking eighty miles before breakfast, I declined with thanks, but I volunteered no information.

"After walking vigorously for two hours directly towards the mountains, he stopped on the bank of a little irrigating ditch, about two feet wide, and in confusion, viewed the mountains that seemed no nearer him than when he started. He looked back toward Denver and it seemed just behind him, though he had been walking directly away from it for two long hours. In a complete aberration of mind, he began sounding the little ditch with his cane.

“A farmer approached him and asked: ‘My friend, hat troubles you?’

“The Englishman answered: ‘I want to cross this ream.’

“ ‘Well,’ replied the farmer, ‘why don’t you step cross?’

“ ‘Huh,’ answered the Englishman, ‘W’at do I know about distances hin this bloody country. ’Ow do I know hat this his not ha river ha mile wide hand ha ’alf ha ile deep?’ ”

Everyone laughed heartily, except a thirteen year old oy from Gonzales, Texas, who turned up his nose in isgust and replied that he had seen stranger things than hat in Texas. He said that the last summer he was riving a yoke of oxen out there, and it was so all-fired ot that one of them roasted to death; and that while e was skinning him, a norther came up and froze the ther one to death.

Mr. Smith broke in, saying: “This Englishman’s xperience is such a true illustration of Rocky Mounain distances that there is nothing more to be said.”

The same pains were taken, the same questions asked, he same sympathies expressed, and the same stories were old pilgrims from day to day as they arrived.

Mr. Smith, in addition to being a runner for he Planters Hotel was also the agent for the James nd Miller Stage Line, running between Pueblo and Del Norte, the latter being the gateway to the great Eldoado, then uppermost in the mind of all western fortune eekers.

The Territorial Legislature had just divided the great San Juan mining region into counties, the governor had appointed the new officers, and it required but a small effort to engage a coach load for the new gold fields.

They reached Pueblo on the evening of April 9 by the way of the D. & R. G. railroad, and put up at the Schuyler Hotel, which for dismal appearances and forlorn surroundings, had no rival. The little town was thoroughly Mexicanized in all of its appearances.

CHAPTER II.

GRATITUDE PERSONIFIED.

In 1849 Joshua Wickham graduated from a well known Kentucky College, and, like hundreds of other boys, after getting his education, he did not know what to do with it. For many months he stood upon the pinnacle of doubt, ready to fall toward the ministry, medicine, the law, or general business. When a young man is in such a quandary at this deciding point in life, a discouraging word or hint, even, will often cause him to retreat.

In the midst of these vexatious doubts, the gold excitement in California reached fever heat. Mr. Wickham joined a band of pioneers, crossed the dreary plains, and for nine or ten years enjoyed the invigorating hope of the placer diggings with some measure of success. During these years of pioneering his associations were almost exclusively with the male miners, in fact he had seen but few women since leaving old Kentucky. There are no men living who adore women more than the typical Kentuckians, and there are no women on earth more adorable than the fair daughters of the blue grass state.

In 1858 it began to dawn on Mr. Wickham that he was thirty years old and was spending the whole of the prime of his manhood away from all of the more enjoyable amenities of life, and, as he meditated, a creeping sensation of homesickness encompassed him. He was not satisfied with his savings, when coupling them with the sacrifices that he had made, hence he resolved "to try his luck" just one more year, and then return to the land of his birth.

Early in 1859 the general rallying cry was, "On to Pike's Peak." It occurred to Mr. Wickham that this was midway between the far west and his eastern home. He and a half dozen companions agreed to "pull up stakes," go to the new Eldorado, and "try their luck" until autumn in the new "diggins," then leave the west permanently. After many weeks of hardship, they struck camp at the present site of Manitou in Colorado. From day to day they reconnoitered the hills round about in search of gold. Early in September Mr. Wickham ascended Pike's peak and was caught in one of the most blinding snow storms that he had ever experienced. He lost his land marks completely, and travelled day after day over hill and dell in search of something that would direct him toward the camp, but in vain. One evening an Indian chief, Hopping Antelope, and his comely daughter, Bluejay, were rabbit hunting on the banks of the Arkansas River, and they stumbled upon the famished and demented Mr. Wickham, lying helpless in a squaw bush thicket. The Indian chief took the blanket from his shoulders, laid it beside the exhausted man, rolled him upon it, took hold of two corners, his daughter picked up the other two corners, and they carried him to Hopping Antelope's tepee, covered him with blankets, gave him some herb tea, and tried to warm his blood; but he was in the frigid, chilly state which is a sure precursor of that dreadful disease, pneumonia. Bluejay called in the Big Medicine Man, who looked over the patient and said the demons had gotten into his head, and that the deadly enemies of the Great Spirit had their claws fastened in his "wind puffers," and if he stayed in the tepee, where the Great Spirit could not blow his fresh, gentle breath on these enemies, they would choke him to death.

The Medicine Man and Bluejay picked up the sick man and put him in the open air, carefully tucking the blankets all about him. The Medicine Man said that the Great Spirit would blow away the monsters that were choking the patient into insensibility. He put Bluejay to chanting some kind of an intranslatable incantation, which he said would drive the demons away as the breath of the Great Spirit loosed their hold upon the prostrate victim.

For many days and nights Bluejay hovered over the patient, praying and chanting for his recovery. One bright morning the sick man recognized his surroundings and asked where he was and how he came to the tepee. Bluejay's whole being was radiant with joy, and she gave her weak patient to understand that she had found him in hopeless despair, and was trying to nurse and pray him back to health and strength. She nursed him, fed him, and led him around the tepee, until he became strong enough to retrace his steps in search of his comrades.

Mr. Wickham asked Hopping Antelope and Bluejay what he owed them for their kind care. The chief and his fair daughter held an excited colloquy in their native tongue, then Hopping Antelope turned to Mr. Wickham and said gravely that his daughter did not want to give him up, that she had found him in the possession of the enemies of the Great Spirit, that she had nursed and nourished him and chanted away the evil ones, and that she thought he belonged to her. The chief pointed out many broad acres of land on the Arkansas River, and said: "Paleface, you take my daughter, Bluejay, and be the father of her children, and for every child born you may take your choice of 640 acres of land between Ground Hog Mound and Rattlesnake Bluff."

These unexpected offers and the old man's speech affected Mr. Wickham until he was speechless. The debt of gratitude he owed to this gentle maid of an untamed nature, had deeply touched him, and when he found that no money compensation would gratify any desire of hers, he was pierced to the very quick. The offer of land did not affect him, as the whole country was unoccupied, except by a few bands of roving Indians, and he regarded it as worthless, though in a few years it became very valuable. But, ah, the romance of it, the realization of the debt of gratitude he owed, began to unnerve him. He begged of Hopping Antelope and Bluejay to let him depart and find his comrades, put their minds at ease, and then search for gold until winter, when he would return and they would talk it over, if she had not forgotten her passion by that time.

Bluejay threw her arms around his neck and showered him with her tears, and said that if he went alone he would lose his way, and the enemies of the Great Spirit would again fasten their claws upon him, and there would be no Bluejay to chant them away, and that she would lose her "Paleface" forever. She cried, "No, no, no, I will follow you to your friends; I will help you find gold; I will keep the demons away until winter, then I will bring you back."

The affection of this simple barbarian, dressed in blankets, so touched the sturdy, philosophical easterner that he felt his powers of resistance crumbling like a sand bar before the raging torrent of a swollen stream. Before the next moon he felt that he could not live without his red-clay-colored squaw. There was no civilized woman, no white woman near to compare her with, and, isolated as he was from civilization and the higher models of the sex, she began to fill his soul. He was soon able to think of her as angelic. Wherever one is, if he can get the best the country affords, he is satisfied. Bluejay was regarded as the most beautiful Indian maiden on the plains, and there being no women but Indian squaws with whom to compare her, it was not difficult to bring one of the sterling worth of Mr. Wickham to her feet. In due time the wedding night came on. The Indian bucks took Mr. Wickham to the Arkansas River, stripped him, took pure white sand and water and almost scoured the hide from him, rolled him in blankets and carried him to Chief Antelope's tepee, put him in a soft bed of furs, anointed him with sweet smelling syrups, knelt and jabbered in their native tongues for some minutes, then placed a cross four feet high at the foot of his couch with rich resined pine knots burning from its top.

The squaws in the meantime had taken Bluejay to the river, and with water and white sand had scoured her, brought her to the bridal tepee, anointed her with spicy syrups, gently laid her in Mr. Wickham's arms, looked heavenward and in their native tongues sent up toward the Great Spirit some solemn supplications, tucked the furs snugly around the wedded ones, withdrew and closed the folds of the tepee, danced and chanted until morning, when the bride and groom were, with great deference, seated and furnished the tribal wedding breakfast due to the chieftain's daughter.

In a few weeks Mr. Wickham and Bluejay went to Gregory Gulch in search of his comrades and gold, and they were quite successful in finding both.

Mr. Herman Mark, his wife and three children, were camped at Gushing Springs, working the Emerald Isle Quartz Claim, taking out hundreds of dollars a day, building a five thousand dollar cottage, etc. They invited Mr. Wickham and Bluejay,—yes, demanded that they camp near by, as it was within easy walking distance of Gregory Gulch where Mr. Wickham intended to sluice-mine. Every evening the parties assembled and heard Mr. and Mrs. Mark state and restate their plans when they should take out the ore or sell the Emerald Isle for what money they wanted. Prospective purchasers came from time to time to look at the mine, but Mr. Mark would not talk in figures less than millions. He would say, "What is the use? We are taking out $500 a day and there is a million in sight." When the cottage was about half finished the walls of the mine began to come closer together at every foot gained in depth. The miners became uneasy and wanted their money weekly. You could hear them say daily, "She is pinching out, tightening up; we had better be looking around for another job." Mr. and Mrs. Mark were perfectly sanguine that the mine would turn out all right, that the pinch was only temporary. They never let up on expenses for a moment, as they expected to expose a valuable ore body at any shot. The mine tightened up day by day until the walls came together, leaving but a knife blade seam and not a pound of ore. Mr. Wickham suggested to the owners that they had better let up on the expenses on the house and mine until they could see indications of value again. They hooted at the idea, said that the Emerald Isle was good for millions yet, and that they were perfectly safe with expenditures on both mine and dwelling. Day by day and night by night they sank the mine without a visible prospect of ore, but the owners were not in the least discouraged. By the time the house was done, all of their accumulations had gone back into the mine, into the house, and into a few jewels that Mrs. Mark had purchased. They called in Mr. Wickham and asked his advice.

He answered, "No man can see into the ground; no man knows whether the big or the little, the rich or the poor end of the mine is at the top or at the bottom. In all probability the Emerald Isle has valuable ore in it, but no one can tell where it is, or how valuable it is, or what it will cost to develop it. If I were you, I would put it on the market and sell it and the house and let those who are more able take the chances."

Mr. and Mrs. Mark began with a storm of words, "No, no, no; no one can have the Emerald Isle for less than a million. We know that there are millions of ore in the Emerald Isle if you will just sink to it, and we are not going to give it away."

"Well," replied Mr. Wickham, "Mr. Mark might prospect with his own labor until satisfied whether he can find additional ore chutes."

At nine o'clock the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Mark hastened off to the bank at Golden for the purpose of borrowing thirty-five or forty thousand dollars with which to further prospect the mine. They took the cashier into his private office and told him all about what the mine had done and what it would do with a little further development and what they wanted.

The cashier suggested: "We don't lend a dollar on mining property. It is too uncertain for bank securities."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Mark started into a whirlwind of talk, telling what the Emerald Isle had done and what it could do, what it was worth, etc. The cashier sat perfectly quiet until they ran down. He then inquired:

"Have you any other property?"

They described their new house and the thousand dollars worth of jewelry that Mrs. Mark had purchased out of the earnings of the mine.

"Very well," replied the cashier, "the very best that I can do with you is to let you have $2,500 on your joint note for ninety days at five per cent interest per month, with a pledge of the house and jewelry as security."

Mr. and Mrs. Mark both answered: "This is quite satisfactory. We shall strike valuable ore before we expend $2,500 and will then have all the money that we want."

They executed the papers, delivered the jewelry, hastened home and continued the sinking of the Emerald Isle, perfectly certain that they would recover their ore body in the next few feet.

When the snows got deep in the mountains, Mr. Wickham and Bluejay returned to Hopping Antelope's camp and before spring the first child was born. Bluejay was overjoyed, but the father was greatly distressed. He had hoped it would be a boy, and Caucasian in appearance. It was not only a girl, but had the stiff, raven black hair, the dull red-clay-colored skin and expressionless eyes, and was in every way a typical Indian papoose. Hopping Antelope was ecstatic over his granddaughter, and insisted that his son-in-law should select six hundred and forty acres of land for it on the Arkansas, build corrals, and put a few cattle on the place.

The disappointed father had gathered well during the summer, and gladly bought one hundred cows, built corrals, etc., for the little one. The father was so disappointed in the Indian appearance in his offspring that he took no part in naming it. Bluejay christened it "Clear Creek," after the stream on which she had camped during the past summer and where she spent the happiest days of her life.

In the early spring Mr. Wickham, Bluejay, and Clear Creek went back to Gregory Gulch, and they went back from year to year and prospered splendidly, and year by year a new baby girl was born, until they had six. They were named by the mother after the creeks, brooks, springs, and birds, which most impressed her at or about the time of the birth of each child, and every one was a typical Indian papoose, with no appearance of white blood in them.

This broke the father's heart. He wanted boys, and traces of "white blood," at least. He rubbed his head and exclaimed: "Ah, what a small part the sire takes after all in the paternity of children, compared with the mother, who nourishes them with her very life blood through the formative state, and with the milk of her bosom after their birth, and how much smaller part he enacts when mated with crude and unrefined blood which refuses to coalese perfectly with his."

At the birth of each child, Hopping Antelope insisted on awarding to Mr. Wickham six hundred and forty acres of land in fulfillment of the prenuptial agreement. The disappointed father as regularly added another hundred head of cattle to the general stock at every birth. At the time of the birth of the last child this land was of great value and the herd had so multiplied that Mr. Wickham had to abandon mining and concentrate his attention on his land and cattle.

About this time the United States government bought the remainder of the Indian lands and traded them lands in the Indian Territory. Early in September, Hopping Antelope turned his steps eastward, never again to return to the west.

Mr. Wickham built a splendid stone residence and a large company store near by. He furnished the residence superbly, rolled up the tepees and put them away, as he thought, for all time. With great ecstacy Mr. Wickham installed the wild mother of his children in this palatial domicile and expected her to be supremely happy. What a mistake! This installation was the beginning of her discontent.

Bluejay rebelled, begged to go back to Clear Creek, to gushing springs and babbling brooks with her tepee. She said the house and the furnishings made her sick. The refinements and costly ornaments were a constant torture to her. Ultimately they became intolerable, and she followed off every band of roving Indians that passed through the country. She loved her children and fairly worshiped her "Paleface," but could not endure their environments, their civilization.

Mr. Wickham spent thousands of dollars and months of anxiety in recovering her from time to time, but he could not comfort her until he fixed a tepee on the banks of the Arkansas River. When summer came she would go to Clear Creek, White River, or some other mountain resort, and if someone did not accompany her, she would follow off the first band of Indians that passed.

Notwithstanding Mr. Wickham's great disappointment about the sex and full-blooded Indian appearance of his children, he never ceased paying on the debt of gratitude he owed to Bluejay, and he used every precaution

THE PIONEER AND HIS FAMILY.

to shield her from suffering and exposure. He sent the daughters away to school and educated them. The young men in the store and about the ranches married them one after another, as soon as they became of marriageable age.

This greatly modified the chagrin and disappointment of the father. It convinced him that he was supersensitive about their Indian appearance. He often soliloquized in this way: "These young men have had ample opportunities to compare my girls with numerous pretty, refined white girls in the community and they seem to prefer mine. They do not disparage my daughters, and why should I."

Soon after the marriage of the last daughter, Bluejay died, and Mr. Wickham was sorely grieved. He tenderly buried her. He then became inconsolable over the inferiority of his children. He felt that he should, that he must, devote the greater part of his unfinished life to the amelioration of the hard conditions of his fellows. His environments, however, were making him a dreamer, a pessimist. He had spent a long life in teaching and practicing "The Holy Creed of Blessed Optimism." He saw clearly the impending danger. He must escape from his present environments and find constant excitement, or break his adored creed. He divided his property among his sons-in-law, giving each an estimated value of $50,000, and prepared to return to mining. He visited all of his daughters and congratulated them on being in such good hands and beyond want, and said there were twenty years more of good, hard work in him, that his taste ran to mining, and that he would go to the San Juan and try his fortune there. He said it was better for all that he leave them and their husbands alone, and so bade them all an affectionate good-bye and was off for the San Juan mines, saying to himself, "Now I have the choice of a life of unceasing excitement or a life in an insane asylum."

CHAPTER III.

FREEZING OUT SELFISHNESS.

When the Denver passengers inquired of the hotel proprietor as to when they might get tickets to Del Norte, the price of the tickets, when the stage would leave, etc., he said: "You can get tickets at the stage office and they will cost you just twenty cents a mile, but golly, boys, you can just make five dollars a day walking over, if you don't think all the gold and silver might be scraped up while you are delayed."

They had debated whether they should not walk from Denver at $2.50 per day rather than pay ten cents a mile by rail and some of the prospective passengers were inclined to walk over the range. The host said: "By golly, boys, you ort ter see the railroad freight and express rates; they would make you pale. W'y a Jew peddler would get rich packing his goods in competition with them; and as to the express, well I'll bet you the drinks, you may go over and ask the agent the cost of sending a bundle, and he'll look straight out of the window while he tells you; he'll be so ashamed of the extortion that he just can't look you in the face."

Major Dowell, a newspaper pilgrim, asked him why the press and business men of the town did not call these extortions to the attention of the manager of the road.

He replied: "Now look here, partner, that is just what we did. We got up a petition and showed that the railroads charged more than the bull teams did before the roads were built, and that the Mexicans with their wagons were now successfully competing with the railroads, and tried to convince the managers that it would benefit the roads to lower the freight rate because it would drive the bull teams out of the business; but the managers 'lowed that it was entirely beneath the high aspirations of the railroads to drive any one out of business, and were surprised that we suggested such a thing. They 'lowed it was their policy to live and to let live."

As the passengers arose from the breakfast table at the Schuyler Hotel, a stranger, dressed in a neat fitting, woolen lined, canvas suit, a blue flannel shirt, a shapely pair of calf-skin boots, a broad-brimmed sombrero, with a yellow leather belt around his number forty waist, drove up to the porch in a buckboard, alighted, and asked the clerk if he was in time for the Del Norte coach.

The clerk told him that he had plenty of time for breakfast before the coach started.

There was nothing so startling about the makeup of the new-comer's personal apparel as to cause others to give more than a passing glance at it, but even in such a casual observance one could not avoid being attracted by two firm, piercing, deep-set gray eyes, a well-formed and gracefully poised head, and a face so illumined by intellectuality as to make the possessor a shining mark among a thousand.

When it was whispered that the likely looking stranger was to be a passenger on the long stage ride, his fellow passengers gathered around the clerk and asked about him. The clerk answered, "That is the richest, the most equable-minded, the most intellectual, and by all means the most attractive personality, that has ever lived in the Arkansas valley. When a young man, he, for some unaccountable reason, married Hopping Antelope's daughter, Princess Bluejay, and has had six daughters by her, all named for brooks, springs, and birds, and all looking like full-blooded Indians. He has always claimed that he has never seen a dark cloud, a blue day, or a hopeless just cause, and has always attributed this and his marvelous success to what he calls 'The Holy Creed of Blessed Optimism.' He has certainly snatched so many victories from the very jaws of apparent defeat, has so completely supplanted the Territorial laws with the practice of his creed, that he has dismantled the courts, and has so directed the destinies of his community that his neighbors almost think him divine. The most thoughtful outsiders think he has forced this spectacular regime and this crowded, excited life upon himself, to keep his mind from the barbarous wife and inferior children, that, like heavy mill stones, hang about his neck. Watch him on this trip. Princess Bluejay has just died and the daughters have married the employees about the place, for a part of his property, of course, and he is now probably running from the constant reminders of his early follies. He must be constantly wrought up to the highest pitch. He will be, in all probability, driving the stage coach by the time you reach Del Norte; but don't be uneasy, his acts have always been for the greatest good to the greatest and most deserving number."

One of the women stretched her neck over the shoulders of the men, and whispered: "His name, please." "Oh, excuse me," answered the clerk, "his name is Wickham, Joshua Wickham."

The old landlord slowly approached the coach passengers as they were paying their bills to the clerk, raised his spectacles, and commanded: "I want you all to watch that old man," pointing toward the dining room, "watch him! He has played the false game in this valley for twenty years, and he is playing a false game now. He is playing that he is hurrying off to the wild and woolly San Juan to mine, and he don't want to mine, I golly he don't have to mine. He is running away from the reminders of his early fads and from his false life. He, for some reason, married a greasy, dumb, thoughtless, unsympathetic Indian squaw, and she brought papooses as rapidly as a Belgian hare brings young, and they are all as much like her as clover leaves are like one another. He buried his squaw-wife the other day and divided three hundred thousand dollars among his squaw-daughters, and, I golly, he has plenty left, so he has. He is now staggering under his Indian burden and is trying to slip from under his victims, but it will be all in vain. Fifty thousand dollars is poor pay for that Indian blood and everlasting humiliation and disgrace.

"I was the first sheriff in the Arkansas valley and that fellow starved my office to death, broke up the courts, took the bread and butter right out of our mouths, and ruled the valley, as completely as Moses did the children of Israel, and, mind you, with a spurious sunshine that he called 'The Holy Creed of Blessed Optimism.' He persuaded the people that there was no use of crime, disputes with neighbors, blue days, or anything else but just brotherly love, and this sunshine. What darned rot! I 'low that the death of his squaw broke the machine, or it manufactures moonshine, may be, instead of sunshine. That old man will never find a chasm so deep, a gorge so dark, or scenes so wild, that the ghosts of his Indian wife and daughters will not be astride of his conscience, whipping and spurring him back to the feet of his ruined victims. He may hide his real purpose a little while if the excitement is great, but as the old muscles get rheumatic, the bones hard and limey, the setting sun close to his dim, watery eyes, he will swell up just like a starved cow fills with the gas from a gorge of frozen alfalfa. You watch him; there will be an outcrop of his remorse through the garrulous tongue of old age before many summers, then you let old Major Bently know. He thinks I am a bosom friend of his. I ought to be, I golly, after he starved my office to death with his blamed creed, and came nigh gittin' me. Look out, boys, he's apt to turn the stage coach over just to get to try his creed on your distress."

At this point the local stage agent appeared and soon convinced the passengers that to attempt to walk over to Del Norte would be a great folly, that they were liable to be overtaken by snow storms, or caught out between stations to starve, or be run in by the road agents.

Major Dowell, a corpulent old gentleman of about fifty years, loaded with a bound copy of the Kansas Gazette, which he published, and a quart of gin, hurried to the stage officer, and arranged with the driver for the outside seat. No doubt the bottle of gin not only brought a quick, favorable decision, but kept the driver from informing our aged pilgrim that an outside seat was a despicable choice during that season of the year.

Major Dowell soon returned to the hotel with a smile of success on his countenance. He sidled up to one passenger after another, nudged him in the ribs, and said: "I was smarter than you, for I have engaged the seat outside with the driver where I can see the country."

"Well, Major Dowell, will you not occasionally change seats with us, that the monotony may be broken for all of us on this long trip?" asked Mr. Wickham.

Major Dowell looked down upon him with an insipid smile, and, holding out the bound copy of the Gazette, replied: "Well, you know, I am a newspaper man, and I want to write up everything of interest that I can see. It don't make any difference with you fellows whether you see anything or not. You know that I would be glad to change with you, but I want to use the information for the benefit of the public. W'y, hundreds of thousands of people will read what I say about this trip."

Mr. Wickham called the other prospective passengers about him and said: "Gentlemen, I have been in the Rocky Mountains off and on for twenty years, and it will be a miracle if we cross the range this season of the year without encountering a severe snow storm. The pioneer always shares every comfort and every hardship with his fellows, everything else being equal, but here is a bloated pilgrim, loaded down with the narrow and bigoted selfishness so common to those who always live among their kindred and families, who deserves chastisement. Now, sirs, I move that any one of this party who may, for however short a space of time, change seats with him between Pueblo and Del Norte be drummed out of the party." He submitted the question to a vote and everyone voted "aye."

Mr. Wickham thanked the party for the unanimous vote, and guaranteed that our outside passenger would, in the next three days, get more color in his face and nose from the angry elements than he could get from a whole barrel of Holland gin.

At 8 A. M. the coach was loaded to the limit on the inside, and Major Dowell and the driver occupied the outside. Everything moved along very harmoniously during the forenoon, as they were in the lowlands skirting the Arkansas River. About the middle of the afternoon one of the most severe and most blinding snow storms that ever visited that region came mercilessly down upon them. The wind raged at a velocity of fifty miles an hour, and sent the sharp, cutting snow into the faces and eyes of the horses, driver, and outside passenger, making their lot almost intolerable.

Every eleven miles they reached a stage station and changed horses, as it was the custom to travel day and night until the trip was finished.

After they had been in the storm for an hour they reached a stage station.

While the stock tender was loosing the horses and putting in fresh ones, Major Dowell climbed down from the coach and said to the inside passengers, "I am almost frozen. It is very hard on one to sit out here constantly in this raging storm. Will not one of you change places with me for a little while?"

"Ah," replied Mr. Wickham, "but you will get to see the country. Think of what the hundreds of thousands of readers of the Gazette would lose, should you be penned up in this curtained coach where you could not see the tall quaking aspen bend its graceful form to and fro as these majestic canons inhale and exhale the gentle zephyrs. How could you describe vividly, or put life into the graceful arms of Boreas as he artfully lassoes these beautiful horses with his lariats of twisted snow, without an actual vision of the scene? Last, but not least, how could you ever verify your oft repeated assertion to the inside passengers that you are smarter than they in obtaining the outside seat, that you might see the beautiful country, and describe it in the interest of the public, and that this was all for the public good, unless you really sacrifice your personal comfort for the public weal?"

At this point the driver exclaimed, "All aboard," and in a few moments the coach was plodding along in the deep snow drifts toward the Eastern base of the great Sangre de Cristo range.

Mr. Campbell twisted and groaned, coughed, and expectorated blood frequently. Mr. Wickham asked him about his trouble. He answered that he had chronic bronchitis, and afternoon fevers daily. Mr. Wickham said, "Get out and walk up this hill, keep your mouth closed and breathe deeply of the fresh air." Mr. Campbell replied that he dare not venture out in cold air.

Mr. Wickham continued, "That is your trouble. You are breathing this dead, poisonous air. It is the dead air that depresses and the fresh air that invigorates. If you will follow my advice, I will guarantee to cure you on fresh air, wholesome exercise, and cheerful thoughts."

Mr. Campbell answered, "I am willing to try anything. I prefer death to what I have been the last eighteen months." Very well," suggested the pioneer, "I am your physician. Now remember that you must follow instructions. I order you to alight, walk vigorously up this hill, with mouth closed and shoulders thrown back, drawing great drafts of air to the very bottom of your lung cells, and to permit no shadow of fear or doubt to cross your mind."

Mr. Campbell got out to walk, and while passing some willows near a spring, found that the storm had driven many rabbits to shelter there. He drew a small 22-caliber revolver and killed several of them. In fact they had been so frightened and chilled by the storm that one could almost pick them up in his hands. The smell of the gun-powder and the sound of the musketry had the same stimulating effect on Major Dowell that the sound of the bugle has on the trained cavalry horse. He, too, had a revolver, but it was in his valise, stored away in the boot of the coach. Not even the potent influence of the bottle of gin could induce the driver to stop and exhume this deadly weapon that the old warrior might join in the chase. Late at night they reached Badito for supper, and there learned that the snow was so deep on the range that it would be impassable that night or the next day.

Badito was a cold, barren little place, with a general store, livery stable, blacksmith shop, and saloon with a hotel attachment. When supper was ready there was no bell or gong sounded, but the proprietor got upon a dry goods box in front of his place, and cried out at the top of his voice, "Come to your grub, you hungry devils."

Everyone expecting to eat there ran with all his might for the table, as there were more persons than plates; however, they were all well fed and fairly well bedded.

Before they retired Mr. Wickham raised the window as high as it would go. Mr. Campbell suggested, "I do not wish to discommode you, Mr. Wickham, but a window up like that would kill me. I have not slept with a door or window open for a year and a half. I can't stand the night air." "That is what has been lowering your vitality, increasing your cough, and encouraging the invasion of the army of deadly microbes on your weakened system," replied Mr. Wickham. "I am the doctor and you are the patient. I command you to think that this will aid you, and tomorrow I shall ask you to explain the difference between this fresh, pure night air, and the poisonous carbonic acid that you have been rebreathing into your depressed lungs for the past eighteen months."

When Mr. Campbell arose in the morning, Mr. Wickham got a bowl of cold water and made him bathe from head to heels, then go through a complete course of muscle and joint exercises. Mr. Campbell said, "If I had not been so refreshed from the brisk, cool air that poured into the room all night, and if your prescribed exercise had not so rejuvenated me, I could not think of such a severe ordeal." When the bath and exercises were over and his toilet was finished, Mr. Wickham raised the window facing the east and required him to stand there ten minutes drawing in and exhaling the fresh air to the very bottom of his lung cells. Mr. Campbell persisted in walking, and boasting that he hadn't felt so well in the morning in eighteen months, declared that he verily believed that the pioneer had found the long sought elixir of life, and that he felt sure of recovery under his treatment. The pioneer answered, "That spirit, if you will hold on to it, will greatly aid me. The greatest medicine known to the race is buoyant, cheerful, and hopeful thought. The embodiment of the greatest law of health is bound up in the terse sentence, 'As a man thinketh, so is he.' "

The morning sun came out bright and sparkling, but the range was closed. A night's sleep and two hearty meals had not allayed the excitement of Major Dowell, caused by the smell of gun-powder the day before. Soon after breakfast he brought out an enormous, rust-eaten, navy revolver that certainly had not been used since the war. He carefully loaded it and hunted up Mr. Campbell, saying:

"I'll bet you the drinks I can beat you shooting."

A half dozen of the passengers cried out at once, "I'll take the bet."

They took a dry goods box and the passengers with the towns-people adjourned to the back of the store to witness the match.

Mr. Campbell put the box, with the top of a tin can tacked to it as a bull's eye, thirty paces distant.

Major Dowell looking at this near target and then at Mr. Campbell with the utmost contempt, sneered:

"Pshaw, I'm not going to shoot at that; my revolver will shoot three-quarters of a mile."

He looked across a valley to a large spruce forest and suggested:

"Let's shoot the top off one of those big spruce trees."

An inhabitant replied:

"I'll bet you the drinks you can't hit the forest."

Major Dowell immediately took the bet, and they appointed judges who were to award the stakes to Major Dowell if they could discover any falling limbs, and to his adversary if they saw no evidence of a wound in the timber.

Major Dowell took his revolver in both hands and leveled it at the tops of these trees, which he afterwards learned were seven miles away; but when he pulled the trigger, instead of shooting only once as he expected, it kept going until six shots were fired. He deliberately turned the smoking muzzle up and looked into it, seemingly to see if it had really quit shooting, then as deliberately dropped it to the ground, took hold of the mangled thumb of his right hand with his left, and raised it to his side, then gravely and with a military bearing, looked at the crowd and asked:

"What do you suppose was the matter with that revolver? I would not give $2.50 for it."

Some one remarked that no one cared to buy.

He very deliberately picked up his thumb again, and said:

"It has really ruined my thumb." In fact the lead and powder from the cylinder had torn the flesh from nail to wrist.

He picked up the revolver, took it to a store, and traded it for a cake of camphor ice, and the last time the passengers saw him his thumb was still in a sling.

He lost the wager, but the stakes were not tendered or demanded.

The following morning the officers of the stage company proposed that if the passengers would leave their baggage and walk across the range that they had paid twenty cents a mile to ride over, the stage company would put the mail on a buckboard and get it over.

All hands readily agreed, and for the first time all passengers were on a complete equality.

Two women were in the party. One, the wife of Judge Tucker of Antelope Park, and the other, the wife of Mr. Warner, who had with her a six months' old baby.

Mr. Warner was about fifty years old and as deaf as a post. He used a writing pad in communicating with others. The drenched eyes of Mrs. Warner bespoke a family jar. She stepped into the room where the passengers were packing, wringing her hands and crying, "My baby, my poor baby, this trip will kill you, if it does not kill both of us."

Mr. Wickham looked up and said, "My dear madam, it occurs to me that prudence and humanity demand that you should stay here or return to Pueblo until the range opens. It's a trying undertaking for a husky man to cross there today."

She wrung her hands and replied, "I must, I must, I must, if it kills my child, because he (pointing toward the room of Mr. Warner) wills it. I informed him that I should take my child back to Pueblo, and remain until the range opened, and then cross." He said, "Very well, if you have the means, but I shall not give you a cent to get to or from Pueblo and if you are not with me, you will have to furnish yourself.' "What am I but a dependent, a mendicant? I am not a free agent. I do not own my child, myself, or the means of subsistence. He carries the keys to the commissary and is master; I am the slave, and I must go if it kills my child. Talk about the dignity of womanhood. There is neither dignity nor womanhood without a purse attachment."

Mr. Wickham scratched his head and replied, "That is a kind of an eye-opener. I gave the purse strings of my endowments to my sons-in-law, because of the great preponderance of Indian blood in my daughters. Suppose my sons-in-law want to enslave or abandon my daughters. I am afraid I took desperate chances. What a mess of trouble that debt of gratitude led me into! I should have known that if you pour a barrel of refined oil and a barrel of crude oil together it will all be crude oil. I should have expected that the mixing of refined and crude blood would make the whole crude blood; but the die is cast, I must make the best of it."

Mr. Warner came wabbling in with his baby in his arms, caressingly spanking it. His inability to hear seemed to be a very fortunate defect for the time being, for his twenty year old wife was hurling at his unprotected head all the vile anathemas that could be wrung from a troubled and embittered soul for daring to bring a mother and child into a merciless rendezvous of elements so hazardous to human life. He gently pressed the baby to his bosom, offered his wife all kinds of assistance, and looked into her eyes with an approving and cheerful expression, evidently thinking she was pouring out the vials of her wrath on that great octopus, the stage company.

How sweet the delusion! How fortunate that he was not versed in the modern lip action language so well understood by many of the deaf.

They soon passed the summit of the divide, stayed over night, and the next morning hitched to the coach and loaded in and outside the same as in the beginning of the trip, and had a very successful day. As the shades of evening came upon them the north wind swept across the great San Luis valley, making the air very cold and disagreeable. The driver leaned back and opened the curtain of the window of the coach with the staff of his whip, and in a low tone suggested to Mr. Wickham:

"It is very hard on this old man to sit out here in this cold night air.

"Yes," replied Mr, Wickham, "but he will get to see the country, and what little he can't see he can feel, that he may properly write it up for the entertainment of the hundreds of thousands of readers of the Gazette."

The coach soon reached the supper station at the Big Bend of the Rio Grande River. When Major Dowell moped into the lighted dining-room with one hand in a sling, practically snow-blind, his face blistered from the effects of the wind and cold and from the reflections of the sun from the snow, much sympathy was expressed for him by the inside passengers, as well as by the others present.

The hurried meal was soon dispatched, the coach loaded as before, and the horses were off on a swinging trot up the Rio Grande.

A mild rebellion soon began to show itself against the determination of Mr. Wickham to keep Major Dowell facing the angry elements to the end of the journey.

Mr. Wickham straightened himself up and explained:

"My fellow travelers, this may, at first blush, seem a severe penalty for the offense committed, but retribution is visited on transgressors by natural and by human laws for the purpose of removing the causes of the transgression. The chief object is to repair the defect in the mental and moral machinery that permitted the evil thought to pass the monitor of inner consciousness. The penalty serves as a kind of additional safeguard or sentinel during the period of convalescence or repair. Such penalties are not intended so much as a punishment for offenses committed as they are to deter perpetrators from repeating the offense. Now let us do our full duty to him and to the public. Let us coolly ask ourselves, 'Who is this pilgrim that claims our sympathy?' While I never saw him until two days ago, I'll wager my right arm that when a boy he would push his little sister or smaller brother out of the little arm chair and sneakingly push himself down into it; that he always made the other children divide everything they had with him and when he had anything that he might divide, like stingy Peter, he went out behind the house and enjoyed it all by himself. When a man, he always crowded into the best rocking chair and made his mother and sisters sit upon the stools; when, at the table, there was but a small portion of any choice article, he appropriated it to himself; that he made all of his family and kindred wait upon him and he appropriated and used their property as his own, but never reciprocated in any way. He has brought every evidence of these most despicable traits with him to this common Western meeting ground of the sons and daughters of every land and clime. Here we read no pedigree, we do not care what a man has done or been, or what his ancestors have done or been, if he has mended his ways. We only concern ourselves with the present and the future. We say, 'What are you, and what can you do?' Here we meet, without caste or ancestral influence, as strangers and on an absolute equality. We have nothing but the merit system here.

"Did you not detect a change in his demeanor at supper? Did you not see that the medicine is acting? Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. This punishment has not been agreeable, within itself, to any of us. It is only the laudable end that justifies the harsh means. We have certainly frozen out of him much of the despised disease of selfishness. If fifty years from today he should attempt to seek another such selfish advantage of his fellows, his ordeal would rise up like Banquo's ghost, and frown him back. If his short residence would permit, I should not hesitate to recommend him now as cleansed and purified and well prepared to enter the exalted domain of the pioneer, whose immortal motto has ever been, other things being equal, 'Always share equally the miseries as well as the joys of your fellows.' "

At this time the lights of Del Norte flashed upon them and the driver was pulling up at the Grand Central Hotel for the night. Mr. Campbell looking up, replied:

"Sir, before we part, in behalf of all these passengers, I wish to extend to you our sincere regrets that we permitted our sympathies, for even a few moments, to drift our minds and our full appreciation from the most beneficient purpose you were so grandly working out. Our excuse is our lack of experience. It has been an unbroken revelation to us throughout this eventful trip, to observe the natural application of the many wise and just precepts and examples wrought out through the close contact of the adventurous pathfinders on this expansive Western domain, with the immutable laws of nature. We can scent in their every fibre the healthful aroma of natural justice. The great hardships attending this rugged journey of one hundred and fifty miles have been practically unobserved by the inside passengers, so charmed were they in viewing the natural and true character of the pioneer, unfolding itself like a grand and unbroken epic."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEARED CONSCIENCE OF GREED.

April 14, 1874, the Pilgrim and the Pioneer arose to find themselves in one of the most valuable and picturesque spots on the Western domain. The great San Luis valley, forty by one hundred miles, almost as level as a billiard table and very fertile when awakened by the magic touch of water, lay spread out before them with the beautiful Rio Grande River emerging from the canon above and threading its way through the center of the valley, furnishing convenient means of irrigation, and a sportsman's paradise; for it was literally swelling with fish and covered with wild fowls.

The San Luis valley is fenced in by the Sangre de Cristo and other lofty mountain ranges among the most majestic and gorgeous found in the great Rocky Mountain system.

Del Norte is very cosily nestled in between the river and a towering peak on the south resembling Lookout Mountain; it is a beautiful, sunny, and protected nook, and a nice town.

The main valley was not inhabited except by a few bands of Mexicans who had been there for ages, and an occasional man who had dropped out of the army or out of some surveying or exploring party, working for the government, with a few recent settlers who had located on the small streams in the low bottoms near the river where irrigation is inexpensive. But the town was a living, moving mass of prospectors, miners, business and professional men, with the usual supply of camp followers, thugs, gamblers, and bunco steerers.

Mr. Wickham kept up his fresh air, cold water, vigorous exercise, and strong, cheerful thought treatment, and his patient continued to improve.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Wickham visited Messrs. Angier brothers, Yale graduates, with the sign hoisted over their door, "Civil Engineers and United States Deputy Mineral Surveyors." Mr. Wickham told them that Mr. Campbell was a surveyor and expected to follow the profession for a few years at least.

Mr. James Angier asked Mr. Campbell if he should make surface or underground work a specialty. "Oh!" said Mr. Campbell, "I am not a miner, but a surveyor." Mr. Angier replied, "You do not understand me. The most abstruse, interesting and profitable work here is underground surveys to determine the dips, angles, variation, courses, etc., of veins. I did not know but you intended engaging in this difficult line."

At this point Mr. Morice Stockman, a graduate from Freiburg, Germany, stepped in with a gleaming new solar transit that he had just purchased for $175, and was introduced to Mr. Campbell as a new engineer.

"Ah!" said Mr. Stockman, "we welcome you as a member of the profession."

Mr. Campbell replied, "I really supposed you were a photographer from your carrying that camera," and stooped and peeped through the glasses of the transit.

The engineers laughed and thought Mr. Campbell quite a wit, but Mr. Wickham looked embarrassed. Mr. Angier inquired, "What kind of an instrument do you use?" "Oh!" answered Mr. Campbell, "I have a fine compass that Prof. Hampton has used ever since he came out of Columbia College thirty years ago. He did not want to sell it, but I was used to it and while I could have gotten a new one for $5, with a new hundred-foot tape line, I offered him six dollars for his compass and old tape line and he snapped me up in a minute." Mr. Stockman replied, "The government will not permit you to use such an instrument or line." "What do they make you use?" inquired Mr. Campbell. "A transit like this and a steel line," answered Mr. Stockman. "I should think that steel would be so heavy and stiff that you could not bend it around an angle," said Mr. Campbell. Mr. Wickham said, "Come on, Mr. Campbell, I have an engagement." They bid the engineers good-bye and departed.

The mining excitement was caused by discoveries in previous years in the Summit and Baker Park districts 30 to 60 miles away, and these places and the ways of ingress and egress were so covered with snow that it was not possible to prospect or get work to any considerable extent before June 1st.

Mr. Wickham reached the hotel about seven o'clock the following evening. Remaining quiet for a few moments, he finally burst out:

"Man's inhumanity to man still makes countless thousands mourn. These people, the newspapers, hotels, stage companies, and railroads, are persistently advertising this place as the gateway to the San Juan mines, and telling of the hundreds of people coming in to mine, when they know these poor fellows cannot get work here for two months, and it is all occasioned by a sordid desire to get the pay for transporting and for feeding them; it is a natural, if it is not a statutory, crime."

"Well, I do not see it in that way." replied Mr. Mc-

Collough, the hotel keeper, "we do not tell them that the mines are at Del Norte or that the snow is off the mountains. All that the railroad company, stage company, the newspapers, or myself, tell them is true.

"But," said Mr. Wickham, "you do not tell the whole truth. There is an implication in your statement that the mines are here and being worked. Is there any moral or real distinction between telling a falsehood and artfully and intentionally concealing the truth?

"If you invite a person to be seated on a sheaf of wheat with an adder concealed in it, that you know will sting him to death, are you guiltless because you do not mention the serpent? No, you are guilty. You tell a quiescent, an implied falsehood which, from the cunning deception, often involves greater turpitude than an express falsehood.

"The distinction is but a convenient escape for a pliable conscience. I have had this injustice forcibly impressed upon my mind this afternoon by hearing the trial of one of these deluded men for a theft.

"He swore that he was a miner living in Cheyenne, doing odd jobs and barely making an existence, and one of your newspapers was put into his hands, giving glowing accounts of this mining country and telling the number of daily arrivals coming here to mine and prospect, carrying an indisputable implication that they were operating. He started at once and expended all of his money in reaching here, and was horrified to learn that he could not get into the mines for sixty days; yesterday he searched the town for work and repeatedly offered to work for his board; he was without supper last night or breakfast this morning, and while hunting work today he discovered the part of a ham of venison hanging outside of a cabin, and the pangs of hunger impelled him to slip it under his coat; he was overtaken, arrested, dragged into court, convicted, and sent to jail in disgrace.

"The lecture of the judge in sentencing this prisoner was a disgusting travesty upon every element of justice and of common sense. He blandly said that if all of the miner's statements were true, still that would furnish no excuse for the theft. No excuse? The heartless cormorants who deluded him into such a charnel house were accessories before the fact, yea more; they were guilty of the theft and in addition were guilty of brutally assaulting a fellow-being with the excruciating pangs of hunger. The ignorance of the legislator and of the jurist is made manifest when they pronounce it a grave misdemeanor even to touch insolently the hem of another's garment, when they will with impunity starve one to death from the pangs of hunger, or when, through stealth, deception, and misrepresentation, one may, as was done in this case, purloin his neighbor's cash for transporting him into concealed environments which must commit the deadly assault of hunger upon him, and yet remain legally guiltless. Even approximate justice will not prevail in the courts until legislators and jurists hunt out the responsible cause, the person who commits the first wrong which led to the overt act, rather than some unfortunate one who is forced by another's wrong to do the forbidden physical act. Legislators and jurists do not, they cannot, fully appreciate the gravity of these fallacies unless at some time they have been compelled to battle with squalor and the pinch of hunger."

"The Pullman of a B. & O. train broke down a short time ago, and the passengers were without food for eleven hours; these 'very best' citizens were ready to break into a smokehouse for something to eat, and the same persons expect the poor to go without work and hungry for weeks and months without doing anything that is abnormal.

"There seems to be no other task so difficult to the masses as to learn this lesson of human nature. They persist in expecting an idle man to act like a busy one; a hungry man like a well-fed one; an illiterate man like an educated one, when they are all as different as jet and ivory, and the remedies are as different as those for a burning fever and a frigid paralysis.

"Well, there is to be another trial before the justice at eight o'clock, and I shall go over and get another lesson in this progressive civilization."

Mr. Campbell suggested that he should be pleased to accompany him if he would not be in the way.

"No," said Mr. Wickham, "I should enjoy your company very much."

The two hurriedly walked to the office of the justice in West Del Norte, and as they stepped into the door they were summoned as jurors in the case of H. vs. F., demand $7, credit $5, balance due, $2. They were duly sworn to answer questions, and the attorney for the plaintiff told Mr. Campbell to take the chair.

"What is your name, age, business, and place of residence?" said the attorney.

"John Campbell, age 21, member of the bar; residence, for the time being, Del Norte."

"I object to him because he is a lawyer," interposed the defendant who had no attorney.

"Hold on," suggested the plaintiff's attorney, "and we will find out if he knows enough law to excuse him."

"Mr. Campbell, if the evidence should develop that the plaintiff sold the defendant some hay, the defendant paid the bill, lacking $2; that the defendant started to Arizona and when out 15 miles the plaintiff attached his team for $7 and costs; that he found the defendant with the doubletree of his wagon broken and he would have been compelled to return here any way; that the mistake of suing him for $7 instead of $2 was occasioned by the limited time the plaintiff had in which to foot up his books; now what I would like to know is, would this condition of facts prejudice you against the plaintiff, or the fact that he attached for more than was due prejudice you against the claim he might show to be due?"

"Well," the juror replied, "I could not say that these facts would necessarily prejudice me, but I should want to know if the plaintiff knew the defendant was going to leave in time to have presented his bill or sued on it before he left town; I should also want to know if he ever made a demand before he sued and the particulars about getting in his attachment a sworn statement of $7 while admitting now that the defendant only owes $2, before I should want to give him a judgment, that is, if the defendant should deny the debt; however, these circumstances should be used rather as affecting the credibility of his testimony. And I should also wish to know whether he had made a practice of allowing men to get started out of the country and then attaching them for amounts so small that they would prefer to pay rather than return to defend even though they owed nothing."

"That's it, that's it—quite right, quite right," interposed the defendant. "I'gosh I'm afeard that fellow knows enough law to excuse him."

The plaintiff's attorney deliberately arose and said, "May your honor please, I shall object to this juror, not because he is surfeited with legal lore, but because he seems to have a kind of mouth disease. Should he get started in the jury-room on his abstract philosophy, I am afraid he would run until doomsday. In the interest of mercy for the other eleven 'good and true, etc.,' I shall ask that he stand aside."

"Too bad, too bad," interjected the defendant.

"Come forward, Mr. Wickham," said the justice.

"Your name is Wickham, I believe," said the plaintiff's attorney.

"Yes sir."

"How long have you been in Colorado?"

"I crossed the plains with a bull team in 1849."

"Where have you resided since then?"

"The most of the time in Gregory Gulch and in the Arkansas Valley, but quite a time in California."

"Mr. Wickham, would the fact that the defendant is a pioneer and the plaintiff a newcomer, or what you old timers call a 'pilgrim' or 'tenderfoot,' cause you to be biased one way or the other?"

"No, sir; the code of the pioneer teaches that when you enter the sacred temples of justice, you shall forget who is plaintiff and who is defendant, and deal only with the subject matter; in other words, the jury becomes a mere machine to hold the scales of exact justice, and make a correct report of what these scales register."

"Let me understand you. Are you and '49ers not generally a little clannish and do you not regard an old timer as superior to a newcomer?"

"The '49er has been tried in the fire and not found wanting. He left the influence of family and friends, and met here the stranger in a strange land and unobstructed nature, neither of which respected anything about him except such as merited approval. The pioneer has gone through the great university of nature and understands men and things. He has never seen much that is artificial, therefore there is but little of the artificial about him. I might say that they are not more clannish than the graduates of Harvard or Yale. We might measure the pioneer's worth by the merit of the great school of which he is a pupil. I should regard his title of pioneer as a certificate of character from the great school of nature. That is all."

"You have a very poor opinion of the pilgrim or tenderfoot, have you not?"

"I cannot say that I have. However, I am rather sorry for them. They are not censurable. Many of them have been brought up among indulgent parents and old family friends, coming down through many generations, and their peevish whims have been tolerated or humored because of their relationship or because of some ancestral influence, and their chief experience has been with artificial things. They have never known the advantage of a constant communion with nature, or the muscular or mental advantages of being compelled to fight their own battles or depend upon their own resources without a sympathetic pulsation or word of encouragement, except as a laudable act or a line of meritorious conduct spontaneously awakens approbation in their fellows in general."

"You do not claim Del Norte as your permanent abode?"

"I do not."

The attorney for the plaintiff arose and said: "May the Court please, this juror might serve, provided neither party objected, but either party may object on account of his residence. I examined him, thinking if he was in a normal state of mind we might accept him and save time, but he seems to think that unless a person reached here in his teens and slept in a snow bank like a polar bear, ate grass like an ox, and renounced all of the polished amenities of Eastern life, he is a mere object of pity. For fear he might overpersuade the other eleven good and true men to bring in a verdict against my client for imbecility, and ask to have him sent to a school for the correction of such unfortunates, I shall, in the interest of liberty, ask that he be excused."

"Too bad, too bad," said the defendant. "Lost two of the best men on the panel."

The Court announced a recess of ten minutes while the constable summoned two more jurors.

The defendant hurried over to the two jurors just excused, and clasped their hands, saying:

"I am sorry you gentlemen know too much to sit on a jury. It is a downright blemish upon an unfolding civilization that the denser the ignorance, the more capable the possessor to decide the complicated differences dividing a man and his neighbors. By the way, Mr. Campbell, you are a lawyer, and I'll hide if I don't like the way you talked. You just hit the bull's eye the first round. I'll hide if I wouldn't like to hire you to help me if there was not so little involved; then the plaintiff knows he can't show that I owe him anything. He really owes me fifty cents that I overpaid him, and he agreed to bring the change back, but found it convenient to forget it."

Mr. Wickham said, "I guess we could persuade our friend Campbell to lend you a helping hand without charge for the good of the order, as it were."

"No, no," Mr. Campbell answered, "I should make a mess of this as I have of everything else I have touched in this inexplicable country. I shall now keep in retirement until I learn the rudiments of this mysterious civilization."

Mr. Wickham replied, "You must not. You shall not feel this discouraging humiliation. In your examination as a juror you evinced a clear comprehension of the defendant's case, and you impressed him and everybody else, favorably. You can find all the defense you want in that Justice's docket. There is a general blackmailing system here, you must help justice out, and incidentally this defendant."

"I would be ever so much obleeged," said the defendant. "You know you lawyers will not defend your own cases. Let's see, your proverb is: 'If a lawyer defends his own case, he has a fool for a client. Then what would I have, playing defendant, attorney, witness, examiner of myself, etc.? Why, I would have all kinds of fools for a client. I would be ever so glad if you would examine the witnesses and make the same kind of a talk that you did on your '*voir dire;*' I believe that is what you lawyers call it. All the jurors didn't hear them apt answers to that lawyer which so broke his heart. I tell you that's the kind of stuff him and that justice are afraid of."

"Well," said Mr. Campbell, "I am not practicing here and am not familiar with your practice, hence should not want to take charge of your case, but shall gladly examine the witnesses and make a four or five minute speech to the jury."

The defendant grasped his hands, and said:

"I'm ever so much obleeged: we'll now bring the heartless Shylocks to justice."

The other jurors appeared; they were sworn to 'well and truly try the issues,' etc., and the plaintiff and defendant made statements under oath, then the plaintiff's attorney addressed the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury: Now I am not going to delay you at this late hour, but shall call your attention to one suspicious course of conduct on the part of the defendant, then I shall confidently submit the destiny of my client to your keeping. You will observe that he began his trial without counsel. This evinces either that no respectable lawyer would defend him or that he knew his case was hopeless and fully expected to have to pay this bill and costs, but when the constable by mere chance brought before this court as a juror a young tramp attorney, without clients or fame, and when the defendant heard his cant vaporings on his '*voir dire*,' which proved his incapacity as a juror, he imbibed his first hope of success, and in some mysterious way only known to those birds of the same feather that ever intuitively flock together, we find the fellow installed at the eleventh hour as attorney for his defendant, and you have seen what a chaotic mess he has made of the defendant's case. God forbid that they be encouraged with an ill-gotten verdict that they may lock arms and walk up and down these streets cackling like Juno's swans."

Mr. Campbell then arose and picked up the justice docket and, one by one, turned to three different cases where the same plaintiff had attached departing citizens for small amounts; in every case they had paid up without appearing in court, evidently preferring to be blackmailed rather than delayed; "and," said Mr. Campbell, "this would have been the fourth if God, in his mysterious providence, had not foreordained the breaking of that doubletree that this vile nest of petty, public plunderers might be unearthed."

The defendant jumped to his feet, crying out:

"That's it; that's it; that's it!"

The justice ordered both the defendant and his counsel to be seated, and said that the court could not sit quietly and have its high motives impugned.

Mr. Campbell said:

"Very well, I shall try to proceed in order. Gentlemen, individual transgressions are stifling to the public, but corruption in a public officer dries up the very wellsprings of the people's hope."

The justice insisted that he could not tolerate such insinuations.

Mr. Campbell suggested that the constable was the plaintiff in the case, and he had a right to comment on him.

The justice replied, "No!"

Then Mr. Campbell continued:

"Gentlemen of the jury, in the seclusion of your jury-room there will be no culprit to wince at every mention of guilt; there will be no villain clothed with a little temporary power to shut the calcium light out of these putrid beds of corruption that are destroying the very pillars of the body politic—'

"Stop, stop, stop! The court will not tolerate this unseemly conduct longer."

The defendant jumped to his feet, saying:

"This is my attorney and he shall be heard."

Mr. Campbell waved him down with his hand, and continued:

"No, I have said quite enough. Now let us hear from the jury, and may its guiding star be, "Let no guilty man escape."

The jury retired to their room for a few moments, then returned with a verdict for the defendant for fifty cents and costs. The justice ordered the court adjourned. The defendant grasped the hands of the jurors, saying:

"But didn't we stir up a den of thieves, though?"

"No, I reckon we won't go down town cackling like Juno's swans. We will just go making more fuss than a whole barnyard of guinea hens on a cloudy evening."

He invited Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell to all kinds of refreshments, but as it was late they declined, and retired for the night.

CHAPTER V.

LIFTING THE GOLDEN SCALES.

About nine o'clock a. m., Mr. Wickham was absorbed in reading a detailed statement in the Prospector, of the shooting of a man a few nights before by the marshal, the incarceration of a leading merchant for unfavorably commenting on it, and the escape of the merchant by cutting a log out of the wooden jail.

Mr. McCullough, the hotel proprietor, appeared and remarked: "Well, Mr. Wickham, how was the court last night?"

"Oh," answered Mr. Wickham, "we fell into a den of thieves last night. The very dregs of society are governing this town. It seems that when two or three gather together, the Lord is always in their midst, but when the pilgrims swarm in multitudes and light hither or thither, that his Satanic Majesty takes control and the evil ones are permitted to prey upon the good and upon one another, until they are thinned out, before God or man erects a house of correction there."

"I am afraid," replied Mr. McCollough, "that you are a confirmed pessimist; that you are out with a magnifying glass looking for the bad. If you would think for a moment, you would not expect to find many of our Master's precepts in vogue in a justice court. Your bow has been bent too long without relaxation; it is losing its flexibility and becoming set in its way. Relax this and spend just one week with the invigorating tonic of optimism. It will rest you; it will give you a new idea of the currents of civilization.

"Now, there is a sensational divorce case to be called in the county court today, and it will last about a week. It is between a very rich and polished old gentleman and his beautiful young wife. The most eminent counsel will appear on each side. The judge is a refined and educated gentleman, and here you may study the exemplary methods provided by our law givers for relieving individuals from the results of the tantalizing and ruinous mistakes which persons blunder into, even in making incompatible or inharmonious matrimonial compacts. When you wish to enjoy the exalted, you must go where the best reigns supreme. There is much good in the world, but we never can see or know of it if we only search the haunts of evil."

"On the contrary," Mr. Wickham replied, "I am theoretically and practically a devout disciple of Leibnitz or Spinoza—extended. I never see clouds so dark or threatening that I cannot exuberantly optimize. I have never met but one event that would not yield to this roseate treatment, and this involved the transgression of an immutable law of nature. The result of this personal violation is the only thorn that ever pierced my side, and this is irremediable. Optimism must work in harmony with natural laws, as they will brook no obstruction. 'The Holy Creed of Blessed Optimism' is second in power for good only to the law of gravitation. The world owes every invention, every step of evolution, every victory in civilization, to this powerful stimulus, optimism.

"The pessimists are annoying clogs in the wheels of all that is good, beautiful, or progressive. They, like the deadly upas, spread the mist of degeneracy, and dry

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rot all about them. They deserve nothing but dark, sluggish shadows; they get no more.

"The enthusiastic optimist may seem pessimistic about the things of the present moment, but through his exultant confidence in his power to produce better things, he blows the unworthy systems away and supplants them with higher orders. He is constantly proud of his accomplishments. He is ever exhilarated with a knowledge of the limitless possibilities of man. He has ever in his mind the 'World Beautiful.' He finds sunshine in every cloud, joy in every passing breeze, glorious success in every hopeful effort. I am an optimist."

On the way back to the hotel, after an early morning walk, Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell stopped to watch a painter lettering the firm name of Messrs. Bond & Calvin, Attorneys-at-Law, on a large window pane. Mr. Wickham walked in and introduced himself, then presented Mr. Campbell as a young limb of the law. "Ah! ha!" exclaimed Mr. Bond, "I extend to you a fraternal, as well as a personal, welcome. To what branch of the profession do you purpose consecrating your life?" "To all branches," answered Mr. Campbell. "I have just invested one hundred dollars in Blackstone and Kent's Commentaries, Chitty and Stephens on Pleading, Greenleaf on Evidence, Parsons on Contracts, and Jenkins' Forms, and some thirty odd other general books, and have lugged them 2,500 miles. These books cover all phases of the law, and I shall have to devote myself to general practice to get the full benefits of my purchase and trouble. I presume no one has brought any books of consequence away out here?"

"Not many," replied Mr. Bond, "step in to the rear room and look over the few books we have." As they crossed the threshhold into the library room, Mr. Bond pointed out about five hundred text books, covering the most important questions. "Over on the other side," said he, "are the Colorado, Nevada, California, Illinois, New Jersey, and several other state reports and the U. S. S. Ct. Reports and Digests, making about twelve hundred volumes, and if business continues good throughout the year we shall double the number, as we find it very difficult to get along with so few books in this new country, where such a limited number of questions have been settled by our Supreme Court."

Mr. Campbell's face became pale, his eyes set, and his mouth stood rigid and wide open. Mr. Wickham took in the situation, pushed him toward the door and said, "We are much obliged, Mr. Bond. We must be going. Good day," and the two stepped back to the sidewalk.

After a few moments of silence, Mr. Wickham suggested: "Mr. Campbell, you are a very young man and younger still in experience in the ways and conditions common to the New West, and purely for your own good, I should like to give you just such an advisory talk as I should thank your father for giving to one of my children should she visit Tennessee, that is, if you will not be sensitive."

"I shall accept any counsel you may kindly offer me, as a great personal favor. It seems that every time I open my mouth I have good cause to regret it."

"Yes," answered Mr. Wickham, " I observed your great embarrassment when you were forced to compare your out-of-date compass with the modern, expensive solar transit, and a like embarrassment when your forty-book library was contrasted with the twelve hundred volumes stacked on the shelves of Bond & Calvin's office."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Campbell, "at each exposure I felt that I should like to sink through the floor or hurry back to old Tennessee and hide my head from the shame and humiliation that my ignorance and egotism have brought upon me."

Mr. Wickham kindly replied: "My dear young friend, you must not, you shall not, feel humiliated. As the old song goes, 'They all do it, though ofttimes they rue it.' But neither they nor you are to blame for these mistakes, as grotesque as they may seem. The sensational newspapers have always written up this country as a mere rendezvous of Buffalo Bill's Rocky Mountain Hanks, stage-coach hold-ups, and abandoned cowboys, and have rarely referred to the better side of Western life. It is needless for you to make further mistakes. You have observed the superior personnel and equipment of the engineers and of the lawyers in Del Norte, on the very frontier of Western civilization. The same high standard runs through all professions and vocations in the New West. The percentage of illiteracy in the West is not as great as in the boastful New England. Instead of the people here being the offscourings of the Eastern states, they represent the very cream of the energy and intelligence of the States and of Europe. They are not the dull and slothful, but the most spirited and intellectual young men and young women who shake the dust of the old homesteads from their feet, and take Horace Greeley's good advice to go West. The Rocky Mountain states, particularly, have an educated and superior class of citizens, as tens of thousands of the best Eastern people have come here to obtain the benefits of this pure and dry atmosphere, hoping thereby to recuperate decaying constitutions. This is essentially a modern civilization.

There is not a backwoods region in this great Western domain. These people have all travelled and have seen nearly all phases of human life. There is little that is old or old-fashioned here. Everything is new, hence generally of the latest pattern. You noticed, of course, the superiority of the railroad tracks, cars, and equipage as you came west of Kansas City. There is not a country on the globe in advance of the New West in new and improved implements and machinery, in modern methods, in new thought, in advanced laws, or high aspirations. As you become better acquainted, your greater surprise will be to find old Tennessee and her neighboring states a half century behind the New West in everything that makes a country truly great. I am afraid that in trying to enlighten you, I may discourage you. I believe that in ability, in personal and in professional worth, you are the peer of your fellows, but don't make the mistake of concluding that you are superior. Mr. Wallace, of this bar, ranked very high at the bar of Missouri and later of Nevada, and was formerly a close personal and literary friend of Mark Twain. Mr. Rankin had more than a state reputation at the bar and in politics, before leaving Virginia. Mr. Tischner was one of the brightest of his class in law at the University of Virginia. Mr. Lewis ranked very high in his law and literary classes at the Columbian University, and Messrs. Brown & Best were among the most successful lawyers in Georgia.

"A few years ago a wealthy young man from Chicago was indicted for murder in Denver. His friends sent the eminent lawyer, Leonard Sweat of Chicago, to Denver to defend him, and retained Mr. Plunket, of Denver, a brilliant criminal lawyer, to assist. At the end of the second day, the Chicago lawyer turned the management the defense over to Mr. Plunkett, and at the end of a three weeks' trial, at a dinner in his honor, Mr. Sweat said that he cheerfully raised his hat and bowed his head to the superior ability of Mr. Plunket as a criminal lawyer, and added: 'It would be wisdom for my Chicago clients to take Mr. Plunket to Chicago to assist me in their defenses, but it is a gross folly to send me to Denver to assist him in defenses here.' "

Just before ten o'clock a beautiful and richly dressed woman, with a baby, and accompanied by two erect, prepossessing, and stylishly dressed young men, emerged from a room leading into the parlor of the Central Hotel.

"There, there," exclaimed Mr. McCollough, "that woman is the defendant, the heavy-set man a cousin of hers, and the tall, erect, scholarly looking man is her attorney. He is just out of law school and is a gem.

"You ought to hear Colonel Rankin, the senior counsel for the plaintiff. He is graceful, witty, flowery, and a perfect classic, and besides he is as pretty as a New Jersey country schoolmarm.

"Oh my, if he had been a contemporary, Demosthenes and Cicero would never have been heard of. Say, by the way, the plaintiff doesn't know the defendant is here. He thinks she is in Chicago, and that he will get his decree by default. Won't there be weeping and gnashing of teeth when they step into the court house?"

Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell followed the defendant's party into a little hewn-log, dirt-roof, one-story building, called the court house. As the defendant, with her pretty, six-month-old baby, and these elegant looking gentlemen, brushed through the gate and took seats inside the railing, a twitter of excitement permeated the room. The answer was filed and time taken to reply. The little stranger at once became an important personage. The plaintiff disputed the motherhood of the defendant and his fatherhood of the little visitor, and gave it the appellation of a "waif, borrowed or hired for the occasion." The court adjourned for the morning and the excitement spread through the town.

At the end of a week, as Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell were returning from a duck hunt on the Rio Grande, Mr. McCollough emerged from the court house and said: "Give me your guns and ducks and go in quick. The plaintiff's counsel is raising the very roof of the building with his eloquence. He is delivering a philippic that would beggar the best efforts of Wendell Phillips."

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer squeezed into the packed building just as he began the last paragraphs of his peroration.

In language adorned with the most chaste and refined garlands of rhetoric, he pictured this beautiful and graceful defendant in her coy maidenhood days, being chosen by the male wet-nurse now at her side, to entrap the polished, affluent, though childish old plaintiff into a matrimonial net; the consummation of the purpose to be immediately followed by a division of his property, to be used in common by these intriguers in their lascivious intercourse.

He drew a pathetic picture of the probable way in which they secured the babbling cherub boy that the designing defendant held upon her lap, from some overcrowded asylum, on the false pretense that they would honorably cherish, nourish, and train it in the way it should go. Then he bitterly denounced their degradation in using its dimpled, innocent cheeks as a key to open the doors of the sympathetic flood-gates of these jurors, as an incentive to them to plunder the tottering old plaintiff, apparently for its sustenance as his offspring, but in fact for the hellish, evil, designing purposes of the ill-omened pair.

He drew a graphic picture of the hurrying of the defendant and her Chicago paramour from this court house to the nearest orphan asylum, at the close of the case, for a final disposition of this "waif," fraudulently obtained, hired or borrowed, for this occasion. He pathetically pictured the sanctity of the home, and piled contumely after contumely on the unprotected head of the despicable courtesan who had conspired to plunder this old plaintiff after he had reached his second childhood, and appealed to the jurors to uphold the purity of womanhood and the chastity of the home.

When he sat down it was evident to every one that he had judge, jury, audience; and that the defendant's counsel was whipped into comparative silence.

However, the young attorney awkwardly scrambled to his feet after the auditors had ceased wiping the tears from their eyes, and, in a flexible, mellow, and most pleasantly cadenced voice, he said, "Your honor, please, I came into this court for the purpose of defending the rights of a forsaken widow and an abandoned orphan; but I find that it is as impossible for me to keep with the rulings of this court as it is for a Hindoo to keep with the meanderings of the solar system, and seeing that my day of usefulness is over, I now bid you all a most respectful adieu." He put his hat far back on his head and began a long stride towards the door, when the fair defendant dramatically arose, grasped his coat tail, and said, "O do not, do not, do not forsake me in this hour of my distress." He turned with a great obeisance, saying, "My dear madam, I possess no power that can aid you at the bar of this tribunal," then made his exit. The court had to take a recess until it could recouple the defendant's counsel to her case. This dramatic episode would rival the best efforts of Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

The jury was given the case to consider its verdict. It was out a few moments and returned a verdict for the plaintiff. The audience tumultuously applauded this announcement. This public approval of the defendant's downfall almost crushed her. The defendant's attorney immediately applied for a new trial, and argued it, but the judge peremptorily overruled it, and as usual with weak judges, entered into a long homily on fair and impartial trials, exact justice, a just verdict of a jury of peers, etc. This brought him to grief. A cloud of just indignation was observed rising in the face of the beautiful and outraged defendant. She majestically rose and inquired, "Your honor, may I say a word in my own behalf?"

The very courtly young judge replied, "Certainly, the defendant has a right to be heard in person or by attorney. In this court we endeavor to see that every one gets equal and exact justice," and he meant every word of it.

"Your honor, please, you probably thought you were speaking the entire truth when you said that the defendant had been allowed alimony pendente lite, and had been put upon an exact equality with the plaintiff in this case; had had a fair and impartial trial before a jury of peers, etc.; but you will pardon me if I deign to analyze this judicial effusion from so laudable a source, though I am but a simple woman. Your honor, on the application of Colonel Collier, an eminent member of this bar, you allowed me fifty dollars for my defense, and required the plaintiff to pay it into court. This has been my only dependence in this hotly prosecuted trial of ten days. Colonel Collier became discouraged by this small allowance. He said the application for the alimony alone was worth fifty dollars. He took fifteen dollars out of it and paid for clerical work, generously donated his services, and withdrew from the case. I took the munificent sum of thirty-five dollars remaining and peddled it from law office to law office, only to be turned away with the discouraging information that a proper defense in this case would be worth from five hundred to a thousand dollars. In my despair I went to a young man just out of the law school, who had never been in court. He disclaimed his ability to cope with any of the eminent attorneys of the plaintiff, but kindly said, 'If you can do no better, I shall do my very best.' I think, under the circumstances, he has done well, and I am very thankful to him.

"Your honor, I am informed that the law makes it your duty, on a proper application, when a husband sues his wife, to decree her from his funds such an amount as will enable her to be on an equality with him in the contest. My husband, you, you sir, have expended thousands of dollars in employing able counsel, and in procuring the attendance of witnesses. Through the lavish use of your money, you have convinced this jury and these people that my cousin, my only friend in this strange land, the model son of my mother's sister, is my paramour. He has been publicly defamed and grossly insulted in this court by eminent counsel, with the approval or, at least, acquiescence of the court in being disdainfully referred to in the arguments to the court and jury, as my wet nurse. My child, sired by you, sir, flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood, has been bastardized by its own infamous father, dubbed a waif, borrowed for the occasion; and this defendant, your wife, sir, who was bred and reared by pious parents, and shielded from even a knowledge of such sins as your assassins of human character paint, is charged with being a low, cunning courtesan, here on a mischievous mission of blackmail. Shame on such venal scoundrelism. I denounce every charge as an infamous falsehood, established by perjury. This verdict is a purchased debauch. Your honor, you, sir, sat there on that high pedestal, with the cap of justice pulled down over your eyes, while the plaintiff expended thousands of dollars to establish these false charges, and in defiance of the well known law that you should require the plaintiff to put up such funds as would enable me to be his equal in this legal contest. You decreed me the paltry sum of fifty dollars, in the fair name of justice and equality, when you knew my husband was spending thousands of dollars in prosecuting me.

"You, sir, saw four most experienced and astute lawyers mercilessly prosecuting me, and an inexperienced school-boy floundering around trying to defend me, and then, sir, you sat up here with a straight face and talked about my having a fair and impartial trial before a jury of peers, when you knew that justice was being mocked. Can it be possible that an invidious distinction has been made against wives in alleged courts of justice so long, that the judicial horoscope has been shifted to so oblique an angle, that this defendant, struggling here with a thirty-five-dollar school-boy as her only defender, against the plaintiff and four most eminent and experienced attorneys, costing thousands of dollars, photographs itself on your honor's distorted judicial vision as a completely balanced equation?

"Is it possible that usage makes such a slave of the mind, and that these cruel practices have run so long, that the one-sided development of the judicial intellect is ultimately overwhelmed with sex blindness? Yes, I apprehend that my husband will wine and dine your honor this evening, in honor of your matchless judicial impartiality. Doubtless, usage has so seasoned you to the miscarriage of justice that you will sleep your allotted eight hours tonight without a livery of horrible night-mares chasing your polluted conscience to bay.

"Out with this driveling cant and pretentious holiness, ever shrouding the alleged sacred sanctuaries of justice, where cash and venality, rather than rectitude, prevail.

"Sir, your honor, you, sir, have willingly permitted, yea encouraged, the polluting of my innocent and honored cousin's good name, and the bastardizing of my innocent babe, born in holy wedlock and sired by this infamous plaintiff; and my good name has been dragged in the cesspool of corruption here with your complacent acquiescence.

"Why should not my husband and the like of him, whose cash and nefarious villainy always succeed in wrenching from these pretentious, sacred precincts favorable verdicts, be ever defending the judiciary? It is the like of my husband—the like of you, sir—that ever hold up trembling hands in holy horror if any crushed victim deigns to criticise the vile machinations of infamy that are consummated here in the name of justice. This is a den of inhuman debauch. This is your forum where you can get judicial approval of your infamous rapine."

The audience arose and said, "Give her a new trial, and an equal allowance with the husband. She has been outraged."

The very much embarrassed judge quietly said, "Sheriff, adjourn the court," and during the pandemonium, he slipped out the side door and away to his chambers, where he solemnly meditated on the sharp castigation he had received from the outraged defendant. He saw the whole situation now. The young judge was honest, and thought as the case proceeded that every one was having a fair and impartial trial. He had been enlightened.

The judge visited the defendant's attorney and gave him a hint to renew his motion for a new trial. Notice was given at once, and upon re-argument the next morning, the judge set the verdict aside and granted a new trial. He did not have the sweet sleep foreshadowed, succeeding the arraignment of the eloquent defendant. The misfortune of the judge was that the eminent attorneys of the plaintiff had swept him off his feet with the jury.

The disgusted Wickham said within himself: "The woman's condition and story have convinced me that I have committed a dangerous error in disposing of my estate. I have taken unwittingly the desperate chances of giving my estate to my sons-in-law instead of to my daughters. I have, unfortunately, made my daughters, instead of my sons-in-law, dependents. Had I heard this defendant's sad story before I made this disposal of my effects, I certainly should have made my daughters the independent ones. However, I have that strongest of all adhesive qualities of the heart on my side, the gratitude of my sons-in-law, and I had the mortal dread of the eccentricities of that alien blood. I had not the assurance that my daughters would not in time abandon these comfortable surroundings and return to the wild haunts of their mother. Yes, it is better as it is."

At supper Mr. McCollough inquired, "Mr. Wickham, what did you think of that philippic?"

"It was a real baptism in the oily pool of linguistic poses," replied Mr. Wickham, "but was the speech in harmony with the dictates of justice? Could not, and would not, the same advocate have crucified the plaintiff in withering sarcasm if he had gotten the defendant's instead of the plaintiff's retainer? Were those beautiful flowers the spontaneous product of the soil? Did they have the fragrance and perfume of the morning? No, my friend, you were carried away with your star. Had he been for the defendant and had he blistered the plaintiff with withering epithets, you would have been in unison with him there. Those flowers were artificial and odorless, not a growth of the heart, but the product only of the sordid pocket book. They had the musty perfume of the corrupt bribe. They do not bud, bloom, decay, rest, and come again in their season, fresh, cheerful, and fragrant, but are stale, lifeless, insipid imitations of the genuine, that are used to beguile and deceive, in and out of season; are used in a wedding triumphal arch or to decorate the bier of the dead, just according to the prospective profits. These magnificent powers of speech are put upon the market and auctioned off to the highest bidder the same as a bag of potatoes, turnips, or other common commodities of bargain and sale; such gifts of nature would be admirable indeed if used as God intended they should be, for developing justice and equality, and for the general uplifting of mankind; but aggregate greed and the despoilers of justice hire these sublime gifts for the oppression of man, and make them deplorable implements of evil, and a curse, instead of a blessing, to the world. They are hired to convict or exculpate the murderer, or to convict the innocent, just according to the price bid; and because of the abuses of such gifts one can be proud of the possibilities rather than of the achievements of such powers.

"The so-called court of justice, under the prevailing system, is just as subservient to the longest pocket book as is a gambling stock board, or the ordinary, without limit, gambling game.

"If the plaintiff and defendant in this case had exchanged financial conditions and attorneys, the jury would not only have found a verdict for the defendant, but these attorneys would have had the people so infuriated at the plaintiff's brutal conduct toward her, that they would probably have ridden him out of town on a rail.

"Great ability, powers of logic, rhetoric, and magnetism, are constantly inducing men to buy lightning rods and insurance policies, and to make other bad bargains against their real wishes. We read biographies of one great criminal lawyer after another, showing that in his defense of hundreds of the most murderous wretches on earth, he never had a client hung. This is intended as a professional compliment, but it is a terrible indictment of the judicial system. What does this signify? It means this, that no one could engage this man of marvelous powers for less than from twenty-five hundred to ten thousand dollars for a defense, hence none but the rich could employ him, and therefore the rich need not suffer the penalty of death, though they murder. The poor man who cannot employ such an exculpator of criminals must hang.

"Biographers are constantly writing up great lawyers in the civil branch who have rarely lost a case, but it took from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars per day to engage such services, hence none but the rich could employ them, therefore the rich rarely lost their suits, and therefore the poor must have lost theirs.

"In modern practice of law, what is now known as expert evidence, maps, drawings, and models, wield a great influence. These experts charge from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars per day for their services, and it has become notorious that the expert witness becomes a special counsel, as it were, and is as desperate a partisan for the litigant that pays him, as is the general counsel. Only the opulent can have these high priced witnesses, maps, and drawings, hence their great advantage in their suits.

"All that can be said for the present system is, that it is the best so far reduced to a science; but there are so many advantages in favor of the rich, that a verdict or judgment is not even entitled to a presumption that justice has prevailed, until the characters of the witnesses and attorneys used on the respective sides are examined.

"Just see what power the indignant outburst of the defendant had on the judge and the people. They had not seen the inhuman advantage taken of her by the plaintiff or the judicial oppression that was weighing her down, until in her desperation she laid everything bare.

"Suppose she had possessed less ability, power of expression, or womanly spirit, and had kept quiet. Even the judge would never have suspected that a judicial outrage had been perpetrated in the solemn and pretentious name of justice."

"I observe, Mr. Wickham," interrupted Mr. McCollough at this point, "that your change of scenes has not dried up the springs of pessimism in you, or changed your belief in the utter depravity of mankind.

"You are constantly mistaking the spirit of true optimism for the inert, well-enough doctrine of energyless and unambitious pessimism. The true optimist is never contented with present conditions, but regards them as ephemeral, and he hopefully plunges into an effort to destroy and replace them with higher orders. Optimism runs in the same orbit with evolution. I believe in the total depravity of mankind."

"Now that is the very thing I do not believe in," replied Mr. Wickham. "I believe the masses of the people are honest, but they are not versed in a knowledge of human nature. Their leadership is bad, but they seem unable to detect or correct it; that is my complaint of the people in general and of those in this town in particular. You are unquestionably governed here by the alloy or baser element of the body politic, and the masses seem to be oblivious of it. The legal scavenger or shyster is trying your law suits, while your genuine lawyers are waiting in their offices for clients; the fake or quack physician is doctoring your sick, while your good physicians are sitting patiently waiting for you to detect the counterfeit; men without property, business capacity, or strong character are filling your offices, while the tax payers are footing the bills as far as they can, and watching the unnecessary and criminal burden of a great indebtedness pile upon their property, upon their children and grandchildren, to harass them and absorb their hard labor and savings for a half century with absolutely nothing but the monumental folly of these fallacious selections to show for it. Of course this dross will, in a measure, float off ere long, and the sterling element will assume control of the government, but not till these great burdens are fastened upon them everywhere that a great swarm of pilgrims settle and establish a municipal government. It is because these lighter and less substantial elements of society drift to the front and top, assume a great familiarity with their fellows, lock arms with them as they move up the street, and constantly drench their ears with the soft rose water of fulsome flattery, and thereby convince them that these false pretenders were created really to govern their fellows, while their every act exhibits the earmarks of the faker. Will the electors of this earth never learn that the modest, retiring disposition bespeaks true merit and sterling worth, while the officious, obtruding, ever flattering individual presents a true indication of the general faker or of the professional gormandizer at the public crib?"

"I suppose, Mr. Wickham, that you detect a great improvement in the county court atmosphere, as contrasted with the putrid filth of the justice court," said Mr. McCollough.

"Now, my friend, I really feel my weakness—I do not think that I have the courage to express my convictions, lest you should conclude me pestiferously hypocritical. Will you excuse my weakness if I reply by stating a few facts, and leave you to draw your own conclusions? In the former court, a petty justice and constable intrusted by the public with petty matters, attached the team of a citizen, well on his way out of the state, for a petty sum of $7 on the assumption that he would prefer to pay rather than return. This is a despicable system of petty blackmail that is disgusting.

"In the county court we find that an aged rich man has married a poor but beautiful young woman; that she loved a young man, but married the rich one; natural result, application for divorce by jealous husband, opposition of wife, not because she wants to live with him, but wants a handsome share of his property without the torture of this unnatural life. The plaintiff resorted to every art that his wealth could invent to win. Even a beautiful cherub boy was brought in for a share—the reputed father denied his fatherhood or defendant's motherhood, and insisted that it was a waif secured for the occasion, the other insisting that it was the offspring of the twain; the one contradicted everything the other said, yet both were under oath.

"You should not take a little veneering for a genuine article. The fact that a crime is gilded, artistic,and of magnificent proportions often conceals from a casual observer the turpitude involved. The golden scales should be lifted, and the very essence of the inner ingredients examined. When Mark Twain said, 'The government snubs honest simplicity, but fondles artistic villainy,' he limited a universal rule of dominant forces to the heads of the departments of our government. If one people murders another by wholesale, confiscates its ships, its goods, and its country, if a money king wrecks a great railroad or other mammoth institution, and takes it in at one fell swoop, the grand proportions of the murder or the audacity of the act so dazzle and awe-inspire the individual citizen that he is unable to see the underlying crime, though its polluting stench smell to heaven. Yet he will send a petty thief to prison or condemn to death the individual murderer.

"Now, I do not say that that young woman should live with this old man; that would be a crime against nature. Nature never intended that the warmth of May should be chilled in the cold arms of December; but May sold herself to December for a part of his wealth, and now loathes his clammy touch, but shrinks from yielding up the purchase price. It is as utterly impossible to harmonize young and old blood in marriage as it is to mix oil and water, and the constant sale of young girls to old men is not only polluting our courts of justice with the settlement of crimes that these unnatural alliances breed, but it makes the family hearthstone—the very bulwark of the higher civilization—the hotbed of intrigue and decaying chastity, within the holy domain of wedlock. The fact that the plaintiff held the pocket book, and had the cherub little waif legally pronounced fatherless and motherless and brought here on a mischievous, mercenary mission, and obtained a verdict in this man-ridden community against the powerful influence of this beautiful and dramatic woman and her skillful and eloquent young attorney, would indicate 'that Mammon still wins its way where seraphs might despair.' "

As the first of June approached, the floating population of every class, and many officials, gathered their trappings and started for Baker's Park and the Summit, many of them never to return; but Del Norte and the great San Luis Valley kept unfolding, till now this beautiful valley is the great granary of the arid domain, and Del Norte has developed into a well-built town of stone and brick. Early in 1874 the people of Saguache on the Saguache River began the building of the Saguache and San Juan wagon toll road to these mines, and began a very vigorous system of advertising Saguache as the gate-way to the great San Juan mines.

Mr. Wickham remarked, "Well, Mr. McCollough, I have persuaded Mr. Campbell that pilgrim rule in Del

Norte is now going into the 'sere and yellow leaf;' that the real friends of the town will get to the helm and steer it into the harbor of safety, and that the irritable optimist will find nothing to feed upon now, and he reads in the papers that the feed for him promises good at your sister town of Saguache; therefore, at the first opportunity Mr. Campbell and he shall silently fold their tents and go thither, I suppose to the great delight of their many wearied auditors."

"Mr. Wickham," replied Mr. McCollough, "with all sincerity, I unhesitatingly say that no one has ever departed from here that I have missed as I shall miss you. When I first met you I really thought you a little daft—that you were embittered against the world, and could see no good in anything. Every ideal I suggested to you was picked threadbare. But I soon learned that I was only looking on the surface, and considered everything gold that glittered. You are the first schoolmaster I ever had who taught me the advantage of taking things to pieces and examining all of the parts. I had never studied the motives of men, but believed every one honest, and that the complainers were troublesome busybodies; but you have lifted the scales from my eyes and destroyed many of my idols."

"Well," said Mr. Wickham, "that is the greatest stumbling block in the pathway of reform. The mother of prejudice is a lack of knowledge. If people could be induced patiently to investigate existing conditions, they would select worthy representatives of the people who would correct our public evils. As it is, we have self-selected representatives, or those chosen by some great interest, who seldom consider the public weal, but are ever alert to barter away the sovereign rights of the people to private persons or corporations, to the great injury of the public.

"But these things are all righted in time. President Jackson, the optimistic soldier and statesman, enthusiastically said, 'There are no necessary public evils.' "

Late in the evening, Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell took a stroll down the main street, and were soon attracted by screams coming from the upper story of the dance hall building. An inhabitant told them that candidates were being initiated into the "Old Settlers' Society." As they reached the place they could see the halls above and below brilliantly lighted, and inspiring music and many gay dancers had attracted a large crowd to the lower hall. When they reached the threshhold of the door, two men in grotesque uniforms with drawn swords marched a small black Russian Jew into the hall, with a ten gallon keg of beer on his shoulder. They were informed that he had just made some penal blunder in his initiation ceremonies, and that the High Muck-a-Muck had fined him ten gallons of drinkable beer, and had sent two officers with him to see that the purchase and delivery were faithfully and speedily made. When the Jew reached the foot of the stairway he laid down his burden, and one of the guards ascended the stairs to see if the High Muck-a-Muck was ready to receive them. As Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell reached the foot of the stairs, they came within plain view of the dancing platform. Mr. Campbell automatically removed his hat and put it under his arm, out of respect for the ladies. Contemporaneously with this gallant deportment, all eyes were focused on him and every one was giggling. He knew his bare head had something to do with this, as all others were wearing their hats. At the end of the quadrille, instead of the usual call, "partners to their seats," it was, "partners to the bar." Under the regulations of this particular institution, at the end of each dance, each male paid for two drinks or two cigars, and the female could drink, or if she did not, the proprietor would give her an agreed percentage on the value of the drink earned and not consumed. After all were served at the bar, the caller cried out, "Get your partners for the next dance." The women did the soliciting. A good looking young woman tripped over to Mr. Campbell and said, "Come and dance with me this time." He replied, "No, my church does not allow us to dance." "If you have a church, I don't know what the devil you are doing here." She chucked him under the chin and said, "Sonny, you had better go back to your mamma, for you are the most unsophisticated tenderfoot that ever strolled in here. " Mr. Campbell meekly walked over to Mr. Wickham and informed him that he was tired and would go home and go to bed, if the latter would excuse him. "I shall go with you, I have had quite enough of this."

When they reached the hotel Mr. Wickham began reading the papers, and the clerk showed Mr. Campbell to a room with two beds, in one of which some individual was ensconced in a roaring, innocent snore. As Mr. Campbell rolled and tossed in his bed, half frenzied by the droves of nightmares emerging from the many humiliations of the day, he began to lose faith in Mr. Wickham. He said to himself, "Old Tennessee is certainly not a half century behind in the modesty of her women or gallantry of her men. Who ever saw a ball in Tennessee where the women solicited the partners, and drank at the bar, and where men with hats on and in their dirty shirt sleeves, boldly danced with the ladies."

By and by the clerk ushered in the black Russian Jew and said, "You will sleep there with your friend." His friend ceased snoring, and asked, "How was the old settlers' meeting?" The Jew replied, "The High Muck-a-Muck set a trap for me in my initiation, and I valked into it; he vined me ten gallons of beer, they all got trunk, and ve had bushels of vun; but, by shimminy," continued the Jew, "the vunniest ding I ever saw vas a long, lank, sorefoot vrom Tennessee—" "A tenderfoot you mean," interrupted his friend. "Ya, ya, dats vot I told you," said the Jew. "Dat sorefoot vas a young boy growing out of his clothes; his coat sleeves vos 'alf vay up to his helboes, his bants 'alf vay to his knees, his behind buttons hon his coat, between his shoulders, han he jerked hoff his hat, han put it hunder his harm hout hof respect for the dance house girls. By shimminy, hit vas vunny." The two men laughed long and loud about the "sorefoot."

Mr. Campbell was becoming desperate and had determined to ask Mr. Wickham the next morning about the superiority of Colorado society in general, and about the unbecoming conduct of both men and women at the ball.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Campbell said, "Mr. Wickham, I don't think Tennessee is a half century behind Colorado in the modesty and refinement of her women, or in the courtesy and gallantry of her men, if those at the ball last night were a fair sample of Colorado society." Mr. Wickham answered, "I am glad you have spoken of this so early. I saw by the way you bared your head out of respect for those hardened women that you did not understand this place. We should not have been there, but the agonizing screams, and the black Jew with the keg of beer between the two guards, entering there, caused my curiosity to outrun my better judgment.

"These were the very lowest order of scarlet women for whom nobody has any respect. This is why all eyes were turned upon you when you removed your hat out of respect for them." Mr. Campbell remained silent and placed his hands over his face to hide his humiliation. Mr. Wickham came near bursting into tears, went to the window and aimlessly looked out upon the cheerless sagebrush for a moment, then said to himself, "What a change has come over me. Oh, this dispiriting humiliation! This common slough of despond has created an indissoluble bond of sympathy between the very antipodes of pioneer civilization."

CHAPTER VI.

A PEBBLE TURNED THE CURRENT.

On the 24th of June John Campbell and Joshua Wickham entered the town of Saguache, a small adobe village on the Saguache River in the most fertile and best developed portion of the matchless San Luis valley.

The Ute Indians had been located on Los Pinos for many years, and Saguache had been their trading point. The overflow of the Saguache River and the natural percolation through a great area of ground below, had made the native grass grow in great abundance, and had attracted many wealthy cattle and sheep men to the valley; also many discharged employes, discharged soldiers from the Indian reservation and their relatives, had settled here, and while the new comers had not secured possession of public affairs they had made a kind of a filling or fertilizer to the old blood. There were also many old and reliable Mexican families with large herds of sheep and some attractive senoritas and senoras here. There were, besides, a liberal number of pretty and bright American women in the valley. Many new buildings were being erected, and many business men were waiting for rooms in which to embark in some unrepresented lines of business. They were received with open arms by the old settlers who showed them the things of public interest, and gave their ideas of this place as the real gateway to the great San Juan mines. All of the officers of the town and county were of the sterling business class, and they were very vigilant lest in the excitement they might drop into the ruinous habits of extravagance that have ever been such a blighting curse to the new settlements of the developing West. They owed no public debts.

Said Mr. Wickham, "I have jumped from the frying pan into the fire. No healthy pessimist can fatten or even hold his own here. There is even too little to complain of to give him an appetite to hunt for the trail of the dreaded 'octopus,' so I shall take a lay off, live on the stimulating, ambrosial bread of smiling optimism, listen to the enchanting lowing of the cattle on a thousand hills, and sing decadent, dulcet strains to the accompaniment of the dark-eyed senorita's guitar, until the cold blasts of winter waft back my disengaged spell."

Mr. Campbell suggested that he must go and invest in an overcoat, and asked Joshua to defer his visit to dreamland until he saw him properly fitted out with a suitable June overcoat.

They marched down to the only general store there — that of Messrs. Mayers & Grebles in an immense building —and made their wishes known. A very polite, handsome and kindly faced old gentleman, who had had a long experience in Kansas City, Santa Fe, Taos, and many other places, brought out two styles. One a canvas outside and lined with woolen goods for mountain wear, and the other a deep blue coat with a ministerial cape. Mr. Killin recommended the blue coat as most suitable for town wear, and turning to Mr. Wickham, asked, "What do you think about it?"

"As my friend Campbell is an attorney at law, I quite agree with your choice as between the two styles; he may be bothered a little by being accosted occasionally by the anxious candidates for matrimony or the despondent friends of the sick to perform ministerial duties of which

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he is not worthy, but it will be easier to explain his habilaments than to wear one of these midwinter mountain coats on these slightly chilly June evenings; then it isn't altogether inappropriate, as it is a professional coat."

Mr. Campbell paid the clerk $20 and kept the coat.

"Ah, so you are a lawyer?" said Mr. Killin. "You are the first man of this profession who has honored us with a visit. You had better conclude to stay with us. This will be a good town as soon as the road is completed to the San Juan mines. Come over and meet the proprietors of the store. They will be glad to see you both."

The party moved back to the office where the proprietors and two handsome, well-dressed young men were earnestly discussing some papers they held in their hands.

The polite clerk introduced Mr. Wickham all around, and then very deferentially introduced Mr. Campbell, a member of the bar, to the busy four. The older one of the young men said, "I hoky, we need a member of the bar very badly here. We have been trying all day to get up a partnership agreement to go into the hardware business, and every time we would think we had it all right something would suggest itself to one or the other that had not been covered, and the whole thing would be kicked over. What would it be worth for you to draw us one, if you have had any experience in such matters?"

"Oh, about $5," answered the lawyer.

Mr. Gentry remarked, "I'll be glad to give some one $2.50 to do my part of this."

"So shall I," said Mr. Daly, "if this young man thinks he can get up so complicated an agreement."

"Gentlemen," broke in Mr. Wickham, "excuse my interference, but I have been working with this young man for a long time, and have always found him all right, whether engaged in the 'taming of the shrew' or the trial of a lawsuit."

The partners handed him their draft of the contract and five dollars, and asked when they could expect it. He told them he would deliver it at that office at ten o'clock A. M. the next day. This greatly relieved the busy four and they drifted into matters of general interest, while Mr. Campbell and Mr. Wickham hied away to their room to prepare the troublesome articles of copartnership.

Mr. Wickham ventured, "I guess we have gotten into deeper water than we expected so soon."

"Oh no," answered Mr. Campbell, "that is easy; the most arduous part of this undertaking is the penmanship."

"I'll gladly do the writing if it will lighten your labors any."

"Yes, and I should like to have it written in your clear Spencerian hand. It looks so much better than mine." Handsome legal cap, a blue cover, a bottle of black and a bottle of red ink were secured, and Mr. Wickham seated himself as amanuensis.

Mr. Campbell went to his trunk and brought out a nice leather covered volume of "Jenkins' Legal Forms for the Northwest."

"What are you going to do with that book?" said Mr. Wickham.

"This is the legal chisel, the lawyer's jackplane, the symmetrical mould that will enable us to cut out, polish, and mould this contract, as artfully in the little village of Saguache as it could be done in the most pretentious law office in New York City." He opened it at set formulas for copartnership agreements, and there was a short and a long form, one or the other of which was used in most important partnerships all over the world.

Mr. Wickham looked over them and said: "Well sir, that long one is a thing of beauty, and its discovery will be a joy to us forever."

Mr. Campbell suggested that the short one would be quite adequate in this case and would involve less writing.

"Oh," remarked Mr. Wickham, "the long one evinces more legal erudition, and has more of the smack of profundity about it, and when you present it to your clients tomorrow they will feel like paying you more for burning so much midnight oil in casting such a comprehensive and logical form, and I shall quite enjoy the writing in anticipation of the great surprise this artfully constructed instrument will awaken in them."

Mr. Campbell read the form, even to paragraphing and punctuation, as found in the book, and filled the few blanks, such as length of time it was to run, the amount each party put in, the names of the parties, etc., everything else being provided for in the formula. It was soon finished, put in a nice blue cover, entitled on the outside, enclosed in an envelope and addressed to Messrs. Gentry & Daly, City, then laid on the table for delivery next morning, and the happy drafters retired with complete contentment for the night.

At ten o'clock the next day Mr. Campbell delivered the agreement to the bookkeeper at the store, with instructions to hand it to the new firm and tell them that if anything was wrong he would be at the hotel and would gladly correct it on being notified.

About eight o'clock that evening as Mr. Wickham was passing by the store, Mr. Mayers beckoned him to come in. He went back to the office, and found these same four gentlemen —Messrs. Mayers, Grebles, Gentry, & Daly—with the new agreement spread out before them. Mr. Wickham said, "What, is there something wrong with the agreement?" Mr. Mayers raised his eyes and exclaimed, "Wrong! wrong! well I should think not. W'y, Mr. Wickham, by shimminy, if that agreement don't anticipate and provide against all of the possible mistakes or misunderstandings of a whole life time. What I called you in for is to learn who this young man is, and how on earth he ever crowded so much legal information into so young a head? By shimminy, it was worth a hundred dollars to work up such a contract as that." They all joined in pronouncing it a marvelous piece of work.

"I met him by chance," said Mr. Wickham, "as he was coming into the country and have become attracted to him, but really know nothing of his antecedents, as he never parades his personal affairs before others; but I think he is all right."

"We must keep him here, that's all," declared Mr. Mayers. "He can't go away."

The county commissioners were in session, and Mr. Mayers went to them and suggested:

"The immigration and new questions arising make it advisable that you have a county attorney, and by spending $50 a month for legal advice you would probably save $200 per month." He also said that such a thing was imperative under the new conditions. They agreed with him in the desirability, but inquired, "Where can we find the suitable person?"

Mr. Mayers related the wonderful story about the partnership agreement, the order was passed to appoint an attorney and the only name presented was that of Mr. Campbell; he accepted, and as practically the same thing occurred with the town, he immediately had his hands full.

The county furnished him a statute, and he took it to his room and was absorbed in fastening the duties of a county attorney in particular and county officers in general in his memory when Mr. Wickham appeared and said:

"What, have you a charter for some great railroad to the moon to draw that you are appealing to that magical looking book again?"

"No, I have been appointed town and county attorney and this is the State Statute from which I must learn my duties."

"Well, well, 'great oaks from little acorns grow.' I haven't moralized since I left Mr. McCollough at the Grand Central, so you must excuse me if I deliver a short homily this evening on the momentous subject, 'A small pebble may change the course of a mighty river.'

"Think of the number of little links, the loss of any one of which would have prevented you from drawing that contract; if you had failed to buy that book, or had forgotten to bring it, or had used the shorter and less pretentious form, or if it had not been shown to Mr. Mayers, you would not have been county or town attorney, would have drifted away, and the entire course of your life would have been changed, whether for the better or worse no one can tell."

Mr. Campbell remained incessantly at his statutes for six weeks and was little company to any one, when Mr. Wickham re-appeared and began:

"Mr. Campbell, my waste gates have been choked up for a number of weeks, and I must now give vent to my stored energies. I shall, as the reigning optimist *pro tem* of the laughing blue waters of the Saguache deign this morning to sermonize you on the deleterious effects of wasted brain tissue. Do you not know that in time this ever absorbing mental application will cause the candles of the phosphatic fires to burn out, and leave you mentally like the foolish virgins who forgot to fill their lamps with oil, or you will be found desolately groping around in mental darkness, and like a dethroned Ajax you will cry for more light?

"You should drop these books, take your gun and challenge the cunning wild duck in her flight, hunt the hilly haunts of the meek wild hare, or chase the athletic and egotistical jack-rabbit that you may catch the current of the departing phosphorus expended in its swift flight; or if you should prefer the more ecstatic and gentle armor of the archer, then load yourself with Cupid's feathery darts and flee away to the halls of Delsarte and there bend yourself gently forward, then backward, to the left, to the right, then around and around, at the dreamy beckoning of some dark gazelle in the entrancing mazes of the Spanish fandango; or, if that be too mild a remedy for so great a spirit, then trip the light fantastic toe in the sprightly polka with some smiling, imperious American beauty, and from her sparkling eyes replenish your depleted fuel vats. Excessive mental work, excessive grief, love, or worry, will seal the pigeon holes of the memory with hardened carbon sheets that, until softened by some pliable solvent, will admit no impressions of occurring events.

"The pollen from the conjugal affections is almost a sure specific for an impaired and fading memory caused by an excessive mental strain, and the pollen arising from a wholesome exercise of the reasoning faculties fertilizes a memory impaired by excessive love, grief, or worry, so if you desire to keep your faculties normal you must give each a reasonable play, or the neglected ones, with that green-eyed jealousy permeating all nature, will grieve themselves into empty shadows and weird stalking apparitions that will glut their vengeance in chasing and worrying the favored ones into a hopeless decay."

"First," suggested Mr. Campbell, "go with me to the Chronicle office that I may announce myself as an integral part of the body politic, then I shall abide by your decision. Now, sir, what do you order your ward to do?"

"Lay down that musty statute," and follow me into the refreshing ozone beds of the tinted prairie, or join me in ascending the mountain steeps where you may inhale the resinous aroma of the pitch pine and sleep in the rugged crags with the Rocky Mountain goat.

"You must help me into the excitement of such scenes as will keep my thoughts scattered. Of late the grinding of my brain has been confined to so narrow a surface that I can distinctly feel calloused creases in which everything is wont to run. If the current is not kept spread until these grooves soften and fill up, I fear thoughts emanating from any portion of the brain will inevitably gravitate to these chasms, and be prematurely poured off and lost forever."

CHAPTER VII.

ENTREE TO SOCIETY.

Mr. Campbell suggested to Mr. Wickham, "We are invited to a house-warming tonight in San Isabel, and to a Mexican fandango at Wheaton Hall tomorrow night. Shall we go?"

Mr. Wickham hesitated a moment, then answered, "The mind has worried this tired body into an appeal for a few days' truce, and for the opening of negotiations for the old time harmony. What a merciless tyrant the mind is to persist in grinding these cowardly, desponding thoughts through the helpless brain, keeping it so inflamed from incessant friction, that the whole body is impotent. Why did nature give the mind complete mastery of the body, instead of making them co-ordinate members, that the body might protect itself from the abuse of power of the headlong mind? I really need the excitement, but treachery to the 'Holy Creed' of late has disabled me, but if you think you can gather some of the gangleonic glame from the aromatic damsels skirting the banks of the San Isabel, you go."

Eight or ten men and three young women started at 2 P. M. to drive twenty miles across the country to the house-warming. In those days the settlers for thirty miles were regarded as neighbors, and it was common to attend the dances within these limits.

About 5 P. M. the Saguache contingent reached the place. The family lived in a dugout, or cellar. The visitors entered the new house situated about two hundred yards from the dugout; there was not a person in sight and no furniture in the new house except a cook stove and an ordinary nail keg sitting in the corner. A son of the minister of the gospel, a certain Mr. Paine, was the rudest, boldest, and most reckless one of the party. He opened the stove, and there was a well baked jack-rabbit ready for the carving knife. He lifted it to the top of the stove, carved and apportioned it out, and it soon disappeared. He went to the keg in the corner, and it was filled with nice red apples. He took one in his hand, held it aloft, and was telling the assembly how it grew in his mother's garden in Missouri, and how she had just forwarded it to him by mail, when the lady of the dugout entered the door without speaking to anyone, placed the keg on her hip and descended to the dugout. There did not seem to be anyone expecting visitors until eight o'clock in the evening, and no one welcomed them or paid any kind of attention to them.

As the host and hostess seemed absorbed in preparing supper, Mr. Paine called for volunteers to go and visit some Mexican plazas while waiting for the ceremonies to begin. All went. The buildings of the peasants were made of sun dried brick or thick-walled adobe, with numerous buildings for numbers of families joined together, evidently for mutual assistance in case of attack by Indians. Their fire-places were built in the corner of each room and formed a complete semi-circle. They had no fire-irons—they used pinon or pitch pine wood. They would set a stick on end in the fire-place and touch a match to a heavily resined part and the flames would shoot up the stick of wood and up the chimney as from a dry tree ignited in a forest fire, making a cheerful and inspiring scene. They found quite a number of women, also several men. The Mexicans had no chairs, but sat around the walls on little mats; the women wore their shawls over their heads, and were modest and comely in appearance. Both men and women were under-sized, compared with Americans.

Every family had a patch of corn, beans, potatoes, citron, and red pepper, the chief articles of the native diet, which they grew to great perfection under a system of irrigation, as it very rarely rains there.

The ground sloped gently to the south. They took the water out of the natural stream into an artificial ditch, and checking the flow at the upper end of their truck patches, turned a trickling little stream down furrows made by the side of every row, permitting it to run until the ground was thoroughly soaked; this they repeated every three weeks. Farming by irrigation is the only scientific farming. No drought, no excessive dampness; and the mineral and new soil in the water is continually fertilizing the ground. Those accustomed to the humid regions may think it tedious and very expensive, but this is an error. Nature, not supplying the arid region with natural rainfall, has so shaped the surface of the earth and so constituted the soil that it can be easily and cheaply irrigated without washing.

The visitors were welcomed and very courteously and hospitably entertained.

When the Mexicans saluted one another they embraced instead of shaking hands, but shook hands with the visitors.

At eight o'clock in the evening, about twenty couples met at the house where they had found the baked jack-rabbit, for the ball. The owners were old pioneers who had lived in the dugout many years; they had just completed the house and wanted it properly christened. The way the Saguache party came to be there was, that a young merchant of Saguache occasionally visited a young lady at San Isabel and Mr. Hearn had invited him to bring over eight or ten couples for the dance.

The party at the dance was conglomerate. There were gray-haired men and gray-haired women, little boys and little girls, young men and young women, and the middle aged. The nationalities were German, French, English, American, and Mexican.

The host and hostess were not society people, so they gave the visitors possession of the new house and the management of the gaities, while they looked after supper.

At the beginning, the nationalities were a little clannish, which gave a good opportunity to distinguish the different shades of style. The corpulent Germans were energetically whirling and jumping flat-footed at the entrancing time, and driving everything out of their track like the cow-catcher of a mighty locomotive; the French were artistically touching the floor with the balls of their feet, and turning in the smallest space with the grace and regularity of a top, avoiding every possible contact; the Americans were recklessly striding and gliding into others; while the Mexicans had both hands around the waists of their partners—the Mexican custom—slowly swaying the body to the right, then to the left, then weaving around and around, flat-footed, and beating down every strain of the inspiring time like a ventriloquist keeping the sound of a bumble bee under his foot.

The gentlemen from Saguache were strangers, and no one offered to introduce them, so the irrepressible minister's son came to their rescue. He would take a gentleman by the arm, lead him up to a lady, and say, "Senorita, this is Mr. Jones," or "Senora, this is Mr. Campbell," or "Mrs. Waxelbaumer, this is Mr. Smith," and they would ask for a dance, be accepted, and move on.

He said this was all right, for the women took no more chances on the men than the men did on the women, as they were all utter strangers.

At twelve o'clock the host appeared and said:

"Supper is now ready at the dugout and there is room for all."

The company marched to the dugout and partook of as palatable and dainty a repast as could be gotten in any country; the jingling of solid silver and the click of delicate china were heard everywhere; these articles had been heirlooms of the family for generations, and had been hauled across the plains by bull teams.

Before the party dispersed, the incorrigible Paine addressed the dancers, saying, "The Saguache contingent has had a most delightful time with you. Every member of our little group has personally met every one of your party. Such sobriety, courtesy, and democracy as we have witnessed here tonight could not prevail elsewhere than in the shadows of the majestic Sangre de Cristo range. I trust that the friendships and mutual regard emanating from this informal house-warming may result in business partnerships, life-long friendships, and happy marriages. I know that you all feel that no one has been tarnished or contaminated by being informal and generous to strangers in a strange land."

The following evening Mr. Paine and Mr. Campbell gleefully joined twenty American couples for the Wheaton fandango. Mr. Wheaton was a sterling American who had some years previously married a fair senorita, and had become the patriarch of his plaza and the political power of a large Mexican settlement. Nothing has a greater tendency to draw the heart of the Mexican to the political leader than the gentle mazes of the Spanish fandango.

Mr. Wheaton had built an adobe dance hall on his premises to be used for political purposes.

When the invited guests were tabbed it was found that twenty American and thirty-five Mexican couples had assembled. Only about half of these couples could occupy the floor at one time. Almost immediately, that innate antipathy of nationality against nationality, began to crop out. Mr. Wheaton saw the gathering storm and set about to avert it. He called the leaders of both nationalities together and proposed that they alternate in the occupancy of the floor. This met the approval of both, and Mr. Wheaton was very cheerful over the prospects of complete harmony where a few moments before it seemed impossible. The redoubtable Paine was not subject to discipline. He insisted on pushing into the Mexican sets, and assumed familiarities with the senoritas, to the great irritation of their male devotees. About one A. M. he made some slighting remark about a short, rotund senora, which was heard by her husband. The latter became enraged, consulted with his countrymen, and in a few moments the thirty-five Mexican couples, in an orderly and solemn manner, left the hall and marched away to the plaza.

The Americans were delighted as this gave them complete possession. While they were enraptured with the strains of an entrancing waltz, the Mexican men returned with their pockets and hands filled with boulders, and without warning began shattering the chandeliers and the American heads.

The women fled to the rear of the hall. Fortunately the Americans had two local pugilists among their number. They threw off their coats; dropped their suspenders from their shoulders, spat upon their hands, and called upon the others to follow the charge. Robert Green led them upon the left of the hall, and John Hill on the right.

The Mexicans were in possession of the front end of the hall and the means of egress and ingress, and four or five of their number were stationed just outside of the main door, throwing in rocks to their warriors. The Mexicans were under-sized in comparison to their competitors, and as these pugilists struck one after another of their smaller foes, he was left limp and helpless upon the floor. Mr. Green cleared his side of the hall first. As he reached the door he observed four or five Mexicans gathering and throwing in stones to their countrymen. He whirled to assist in clearing the right side of the hall, when he ran into Mr. Campbell with his 22-caliber, three-inch-barrel pistol in his right hand. Green fairly jerked him onto the threshold of the door, and ordered him to "shoot the head off the first one of these —— greasers that offers to straighten up or move." Mr. Campbell was as stiff from fright as a metallic cigar sign, but Green had jerked him into position pointing his pistol in the right direction, and had given the necessary orders to kill. Every Mexican was half bent, with one hand upon the ground feeling for boulders when the order was given, and no one changed his position further than to look directly into the barrel of this formidable implement of death. After the shoulder strikers had cleared the hall of the enemy, they passed from one of these rock-gatherers to another and gave him a jolt under the ear which sent him winding in the dark; he would then gain his feet and run for the plaza.

When the Mexicans were finished, an American who had married a Mexican woman, drove his wagon up close to the door and was trying to get his senora into it for an early escape. Some one cried out, "There is a squaw-man. Give him a tap under the ear as a tribute to his poor matrimonial taste." Mr. Hill gave him a left hander which sent him sprawling upon his face under the wagon.

The Americans returned to the hall chuckling, and immediately attempted to quiet the frightened women. To their utter surprise they found in the midst of the women the pestiferous Paine, who had brought on the riot. Green exclaimed, "Well, Paine, you are the only black sheep in this flock. Through your cussedness we had to meet greater numbers, taking us by surprise, and no man turned his back to the enemy except you, the starter of the disturbance."

Mr. Paine mumbled out that the women held him, and that he couldn't get away from them. The women indignantly denied this.

While one after another was looking down upon him with scorn and denouncing his cowardice, the musicians slipped down from a high railed platform and were trying to make a quiet escape from the hall. Among them was an old peg-legged Mexican who was passing the crowd just as someone was denouncing Paine for not joining in the battle. Mr. Paine quickly turned and saying, "It is not too late yet," hauled off and knocked the peg-legged old Mexican down. Mr. Green then took him across his lap and paddled him as a mother would a child. Mr. Hill jumped to the music stand, tore the sharp-cornered, two-by-four railing from its posts, had Mr. Paine thrown astride of it, and they rode him on this rail until the carriages were all ready to be filled, and he was left upon the prairie six miles from home in the dark alone.

When the injuries were figured up among the Americans several were found with bruised heads, and one had his hands and fingers badly cut, while Mr. Hill, one of the pugilists, had one cheek laid open from a large knife.

Mr. Campbell was in the wagon with the pugilists, still stiff from fright. He was mentally pledging himself that if he could get home alive, he would never again attend a Mexican fandango.

Mr. Hill was asked how he got his face slashed open. He replied: "W'y, I did this to save Campbell's life. While he was standing there so bravely holding the rock-gatherers with their noses to the ground at the muzzle of his gun, that big black Mexican slipped up behind him and was just about to sever his jugular, when I let him have a right hander under the jaw and on his way to the floor he slashed me in the face. One more second would have been enough for him to sever Campbell's head from his body." Mr. Campbell went into a regular chill, which he could not throw off until the next day. This ended his society engagements in the San Luis valley. The next day in telling Mr. Wickham about it, he said, "Mr. Wickham, I can't see how anyone ever lives long enough in this civilization to become a pioneer."

When the janitor cleaned up the hall, he reported the finding of blood spots, mats of hair, and Mexican teeth about every part of the premises.

Mr. Campbell sneered, "What a contrast between these and the fluffy rosettes, little tufts of chiffon, and garlands of withered flowers, the insiginia of the departed dancers in old Tennessee."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WORLD A GLASS HOUSE TO THE FALSE.

Saguache now began to be the gateway of travel for the mines of Lake City.

Three gentlemen from Kentucky, all well dressed, but one rather flashily so, stopped over a day to rest. The showy one spent money freely and created the impression that he had much to spend.

After this party reached Lake City, eighty miles south, there appeared in the "Silver World" an obituary stating that forty miles south of Saguache this lively and apparently wealthy member of the party ate an exorbitant meal of mountain trout, took the colic, died, and was buried on the banks of the Saguache.

The old pioneers looked at the notice, shook their heads, and said:

"There are suspicious things about this. In the first place the water was so high they could not catch the fish; then it is not probable that he could have eaten enough of this wholesome diet to kill him; and lastly, it is not the natural thing for a comrade like this one to be buried without coffin or ceremony in a wilderness, while within one day's travel they could reach all of the conveniences of a decent funeral and burial. Well," they suggested, "It shows all of the ear marks of 'foul play.'"

The attention of the coroner was aroused, and he concluded to summon a coroner's jury, take a few witnesses and Mr. Campbell, the county attorney, and hie away to see what evidence of crime this newly made grave might contain. Near the place, on the banks of the Saguache, was a cattle ranch, and the proprietor was the father of three of the prettiest girls in the country, and their admirers were numerous. Every beau was trying to get subpoenaed as a witness or juror that he might go. A newspaper man, a surveyor, Mr. Campbell, and a liveryman, secured a spring wagon to which was hitched the best team in town. The driver suggested that some of the lovers of these girls had induced the officers to subpoena them, and that their sole object was to visit the girls at the county's expense. "There will not be room for more than four," he remarked, "and if you prefer I will drive you in first, and you can engage all the room and keep the lovers in camp."

"Yes, by all means, get us there first," answered one of the party.

The liveryman seemed to think such a trip as this at the county's expense would knock him out of hiring them teams.

Mr. Macready, the oldest one of the party, remarked, "Here, if we find that dead man, it will be stifling to move his body. I suggest that each passenger be required to take a quart of whiskey, as medicine, you know."

"A quart of whiskey?" inquired Mr. Campbell, "I never drank that much whiskey in all my life, and don't expect to drink that much, if I live forty years longer."

"Very well," answered Mr. Macready, "If you don't have to drink it you will be fortunate, but those who have to handle that putrid corpse will sorely need it. Those who escape this ordeal can well afford to furnish this little amount of medicine." They all went to the saloons, and each purchased his quart of "medicine."

The rain was pouring down in torrents, and the spring wagon was without a cover. Mr. Macready got a box of tacks and a hammer, and with the driver's assistance moved the seats close to each end, stretched a buffalo robe and tacked it thoroughly to the tops of the seats as a shelter. The four passengers climbed in, took seats on the floor of the wagon box, under the buffalo robe, and began a game of seven up for the drinks. Whenever a member should lose a game, he was to pass his quart of "medicine."

When the first game was lost, the victim passed his bottle. When it reached Mr. Campbell he replied, "No, thank you, I don't drink at all." The other three insisted that he must, that it would warm him up, and prevent his taking cold. Mr. Campbell insisted that he preferred the cold to the effects of such "medicine." His companions took hold of him, pinioned him to the floor, poured some of it in his ears, in his nose, and one of them was prying his mouth open, while the others were saying, "Open it if you have to knock his teeth out. He is the most unsophisticated tenderfoot we ever saw." One suggested they pour it all into him.

Mr. Campbell soon became exhausted and yielded to their persuasion, saying that if he must have that vile stuff inside of him he would take it in an orderly way. They made him drink heartily, and at the end of every game they did not fail to see that he drank deep and well.

When the driver reached the Hodding Dairy, twelve miles up the Saguache River, he got out and looked under the buffalo robe, and his four passengers were squeezed in like sardines, sound asleep. He aroused them, but none of them were able to navigate. He went to the dairy, had a quart of greasy sweet milk sent over for each one of his passengers, saying, "Boys, it won't do to go to Mr. Wayne's house in this condition. Each of you take a cup of this sweet milk, and you will be as sober as judges in a half hour." All of them except Mr. Campbell took the proffered cup, and drank the contents. It acted as an emetic, and each one immediately obtained the necessary relief. Mr. Campbell resented the offer, and said that he was no blatant calf that every passing herder might stuff with milk at his pleasure. He said that he was not drunk anyway, and stretching out in the bottom of the wagon, returned to his slumbers. The other passengers reached Mr. Wayne's house in good condition, and suggested to the Misses Wayne that Mr. Campbell was a little in his cups. The young women expressed their utter astonishment, and suggested they did not suppose that he touched the vile stuff. They ordered Mr. Grill, an English helper about the house, to pail a quart of warm milk, arouse Mr. Campbell, have him drink it, and as soon as he should be sufficiently relieved escort him to the house. Grill prepared his milk, aroused Mr. Campbell, and informing him what his orders were, proffered the cup of warm milk. Mr. Campbell indignantly refused the cup, said his comrades had vilely slandered him, that he was perfectly sober, but had had a little slumber, that was all.

With much confidence he started to climb from the spring wagon, but the ground was much nearer than it seemed, and he dropped in a heap by the side of the wagon. He scrambled to his feet, and made a bold plunge for the house. The road was not wide enough for him. His feet were as far apart as the wagon tracks, and it seemed impossible for him to go through the wagon gate without hitting a post. The front door was directly before him, but he boldly passed it, went around the house to the kitchen door, and pushed himself in without knocking. Miss Emily welcomed him with her usual welcome smile. He began an awkward apology for being sick. Intoxicated as he was, he never has been able to forget the gentle irony with which she told him that she had seen a great many persons suffering from his malady, and had always found that a comfortable couch and wholesome sleep were a complete specific for the disease. She placed him on a lounge, and threw some blankets over him. The next morning he was duly sober, but overwhelmed with chagrin and humiliation. His shirt bosom looked as if a hose connected with a cesspool had been turned loose on it. He sidled around and explained that he had on a flashy necktie the day before, and that the drenching rain had transferred the color from it to his shirt. Miss Emily quietly replied, "You stay here today, and I will give you one of father's shirts, and will have yours washed while we go fishing. It isn't best for you to be out with those ruffians anyway." He shook his head and answered, "I must go."

When the teamster went to put away his horses he found the barn was on one side of the Saguache River and the house on the other, a light foot bridge connecting them, and that the Saguache River was overflowing and not fordable.

The party loosed their horses and put them up, and as they were crossing the bridge for the house, Mr. Sharp asked the old gentleman if he was through milking and feeding for the night. He answered that he was.

Then Mr. Sharp told him he had seen a mighty cloud descend to the mountain peaks, shatter and disappear in the twinkling of an eye, and he was very fearful of a water-spout coming down there and taking out the foot bridge and cutting them off from their horses.

"If you don't mind," he continued, "we will pull the bridge over to the house side and thoroughly anchor it, and then replace it in the morning."

The old gentleman replied that he would be very much obliged if it would not be too much trouble.

They pulled the bridge over the river and made all chance for the beaux reaching their sweethearts impossible that evening.

During the evening the coroner was beckoned to the river's edge and let into the plot, and none of the passengers in the front wagon could be seen next morning until the other wagons drove away. Then the bridge was replaced. They searched the banks of the Saguache far and near, but could find no trace of a newly made grave, and returned convinced that foul play had suggested a secret burial place.

When the party started home the astute liveryman avoided the road leading by the house, and as the beaux had lost four days and had not seen their girls, their disappointments had increased their anxiety, and the next Sunday the ingenious and business-like liveryman hired them a team just as he expected he would do if they could be kept away from the house, at the county's expense.

On the way back to Saguache they visited a rich and highly cultivated colony of English dairymen, cattle, and sheep men, who, like Abraham, left the dry and sterile pastures of their native land and settled on the banks of a strange river. How singular that these foreigners, living five thousand miles away, should have realized the great value of the nutritious native grasses before our own citizens did. Their dairies and herds were models of perfection. Their houses were good and luxuriously furnished. They gave the visitors a most dainty and excellent lunch, and vividly described the acknowledged great value of native grasses from the days of Abraham. They said it was far superior to Australia, and then they had a monopoly of the markets of the Cantonment and Indian agency just beyond.

About the middle of the afternoon the party stopped at a large Mexican plaza. A corpulent and intelligent white man had married a senorita and was regarded as the patriarch of the plaza. In the plaza they found a white man who had long been used as an interpreter of the Ute Indians. This tribe spoke the Spanish, or Mexican language. He told them many interesting things about these Indians. They had just had a conference with some American commissioners in which Mr. Heaton acted as interpreter. The whites wanted them to move over to the Uncompahgre Valley. They wanted to remain at Los Pinos. The whites insisted. The young bucks wanted to go to war with the whites. Finally Chief Ouray took the platform and pathetically told the tribe of their numbers during his father's days, and how other tribes and the pale faces had mowed them down, thinned them out, overpowered them, and driven them back; that his tribe had been as brave, loyal, and patriotic, as any tribe of the plains or mountains, but that there were too few of them to face the great tribe of the pale faces. He told them he had just been to Washington to see the Great Father, and described the size of their guns and how they could make them, and their great destructibility.

He told them that the white men were as thick as the grass of the valley, and the more you cut them down the thicker they would come. He said the tribes of the pale faces were like the prairie dogs; if they got into a country they would take it, and no power could exterminate them. If the Utes should try to stay where they were, he explained, the pale faces, with their great guns and greater numbers, would kill them all and have a great war dance over their dead bodies, while if they moved to the Uncompahgre Valley they could live in peace for a number of years, at least.

The middle aged and the old men all voted to move and live, the most of the young bucks voted to stay and die, but the older men carried the day, and they moved. This is not strange. Every generation of young men insists upon war.

Mr. Heaton also told them many interesting things about the English colony. He told them that one young Englishman had been there off and on for two years who enjoyed a fixed income of over $100,000 per annum. He was a confirmed bachelor. A sweet-voiced, very witty, intelligent, and rosy-cheeked American girl had been visiting the Indian agency, and she was going East about the time that this Englishman was expecting to start for England. The book-keeper of the agency arranged with him to look after her on the long stage ride to the railroad and to see her safely on the cars, and particularly warned him to be on his guard against the blandishments of her charms. The bookkeeper said he was not certain but what every man at the agency was in love with her.

The Englishman, shaking his head, had replied:

"I have moved in the highest circles of English society for fifteen years and every inducement has been nded me for a revel in the emotional dalliance of nen, but my heart is too frigid to warm up under the ving fires of the best English blood, and I shall hardly captivated in the rugged wilds of the Rocky Moun-s."

The rich Englishmau, Mr. Henton, made the hard with this charming girl, and when he met the book-per again he said:

"I have often pondered over your parting injunc-, 'Beware of the blandishments of that young lady's rms,' and I had often heard the proverb, 'You should camping with a man to learn if he is worthy of your ndship.' I would add another. 'If you want to learn ther a woman is worthy of your affections, chaperon two hundred miles over the Rocky Mountains in a e coach in the snow and wind, riding day and night, ng at all kinds of tables and at infrequent hours.

"Miss Fane adapted herself so resignedly to the ditions, looked so hopefully upon the cheerful side very inconvenience, was so thoughtful about the horses, ver, and everyone else, and so unmindful of herself, withal so charmingly entertaining, that at the end he trip we all really felt that she had been in charge horses, driver, and passengers. She occupied the po-on of a healthy, even-tempered, cheerful captain of a .

"When bidding her goodbye I felt as one does after ugh sea voyage when saying farewell to a kind captain has been at all times oblivious of himself and sacri-d everything for his passengers without expecting ever ee them again.

"She quietly said, 'I do hope, yes I am sure, you have a very, very pleasant voyage.'

"Unconsciously I stammered, 'Yes, yes, thank you. I should be delighted to write you of the trip.'

"'I should be very glad to have you write me of it,' she answered, 'I know it would be very interesting.'

"As I moved away the boldness of my offer scared me. I tried to be sorry; tried to think I was sorry that I had made such an offer; felt that it might be troublesome.

"Her image, her exemplary disposition, her principles of unselfish devotion, her easy ways of finding sunshine everywhere, followed me. I tried to banish her and every reminder of her from my memory, or thoughts. I was so trying, but I never saw a person show an impatience, make a complaint, or do an unseeming thing, that my mind did not make a chaste picture of how she would do or act under such conditions. As soon as I was presented to a lady I would find myself comparing her with Miss Fane, and always to the disadvantage of my new acquaintance.

"When we landed I could not wait. Something impelled me to write her about the trip. I gave her a glowing description of the voyage. With her in mind I could not write of storms and angry waves. When I finished I collected myself and read it over. I had certainly surprised myself. I had had an inspiration. I had no idea till then that I possessed such descriptive faculties. I observed that when closing a glowing paragraph, I quite frequently added by way of parenthesis, 'I wish you could have been with me; I know you would have enjoyed it so much.' This scared me again. I thought it would be construed as an inference. I wondered, 'Will she reply to it?' I tried to wish she would not; I thought that would cure me.

"I timed the mails, and by and by an answer was due. It failed—one, two, three days. My anxiety increased. I remembered what the bookkeeper at the agency said about all of them being in love with her. It occurred to me, is it he? I sought gay female society as a specific for my malady, but it aggravated it. I continued to compare everything they said or did with what she would do or say under the same circumstances and always to the detriment of my country-women.

"By and by the answer came, a free, cheerful, dignified, non-emotional epistle. It troubled me. I tried to drive her from me. She would not go.

"I walked down to the London bridge and gazed at the flowing river and at the passing crowd, hoping to forget her, but her image hung to me like a pest. I became desperate, went to my room, opened the floodgates of my emotions, and unreservedly wrote my feelings. I never read it and never knew just what I wrote, but mailed it to America and resignedly awaited a reply. The writing of this letter had the same relaxing effects on my strained emotions that a flood of tears has on a grief-stricken mother.

"In due time a kind, dignified reply came, thanking me for my good opinion, but reminding me that we knew very little of each other, and suggesting that we correspond without any definite answer until my return and see if I was then of the same mind."

In early spring Mr. Henton returned to America, and the following fall recrossed the Atlantic and introduced this sparkling, dignified, complacent, traveling companion into London Society, as his bride. This girl of nature, found in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, made, during one short stage ride, a deeper impression upon the adamantine heart of the confirmed bachelor than all of the mothers and daughters of the best London families in fifteen years. There is quite as much difference between the fresh, natural charm of such simple, pure-minded girls of nature and the pampered up society belles of the 400 in some great city, as there is between the beautiful, full blown rose in the sunny corner of a fertile garden and the odorless, insipid hot-house plant. One is the pure, fresh, natural product and the other the sickly and artificial.

The searchers for the dead man returned to Saguache in the evening, and the coroner wrote the sheriff at Lake City to arrest the survivors of the Kentucky party.

He replied, "I arrested the Kentucky party and soon found that I had your corpse with the living. The story published in the Silver World was a pure fabrication. The man alleged to be dead had left his wife, and fearing she would follow him, had his obituary published and sent to her to keep her in Kentucky."

CHAPTER IX.

RED BUCK.

At the neighboring town of Milton, the inhabitants kept up a splendid half mile race track, and Mr. Penn, the principal merchant, possessed "One-eyed Riley," a race horse that for many years had taken the sweep stakes of the San Luis valley. Early in the fall some of the losers brought in a gray mare from Trinidad and matched her with One-eyed Riley. She beat him and cleaned up for her admirers some $18,000 from Mr. Penn and his friends.

Mr. Penn went up and consulted Mr. Campbell about the possibility of recovering his money. Mr. Penn said that the managers of the gray mare assured him and his friends that she was not a professional, but only an ordinary blooded animal out of one of the valley herds, and on this assurance he and his friends bet some $18,000 against this amateur, which turned out to be one of the best known race animals in the West, and, of course, they lost.

Mr. Campbell advised that the whole thing on both sides was illegal; that if Mr. Penn had forbidden the stakeholders paying over the money, and they had paid it to the winners, after such warning, then they would be liable on the theory that if at any time before the illegal act was fully consummated one or both of the parties repented and desired to repudiate the forbidden act, the courts would have lent a helping hand, but after a wager has been made, lost, and paid over without objection, the courts would not lend their aid to either of the equally guilty parties in the culpable, consummated act; hence there was no remedy for him in law.

Mr. Penn arose, paid Mr. Campbell $5.00 for telling him what he could not do, pulled on his gloves, and moped out of the office, saying, "You probably state the law correctly, but this great rule of conduct, presumed to maintain what is morally right, and to punish what is naturally wrong, in this case stands in with a gigantic fraud."

Mr. Wickham followed Mr. Penn into the yard. "Sir, I heard your statement to your lawyer and his reply, that technically in law you had no remedy, and I saw your depression. I never wager anything on a game of chance or on speed and never encourage the same in others, but I am interested in your case, because villiany is permitted to prevail. I think Mr. Campbell is quite right, and as neither of you have clean hands, the courts of justice will aid neither of you, but this does not signify that you are without redress. You are justified in working out equity on the same field where injustice prevailed, even if you cannot get aid in the judicial sanctuaries. The end demands the means, that villiany may not triumph over comparative honesty, even on this forbidden field." Their voices were dropped to a confidential whisper for a few minutes, then Mr. Penn and Mr. Wickham shook hands, the owner of "One-eyed Riley" cheerfully saying, "All right, whenever you say so I shall make the race and bet them to a standstill, and I don't want any mistake about it." Mr. Wickham replied, "If I get him, he will save you, unless he drops dead on the track, and that is hardly probable."

As Thanksgiving approached, great preparations were being made for a proper observance of the day at Milton. Mr. Wickham sent a note up to Mr. Penn, "Make the match. The horse is here in superb shape."

The owner of One-eyed Riley leisurely went over to the stable where the gray mare was kept and carelessly said to the manager of the gray mare, that he had an old horse out on the range that he had never tried on the track, but he would run him against the gray mare on Thanksgiving for a small amount, simply to draw a crowd to town and to assist in entertaining it. The manager of the gray mare said he would not run her for a stake less than a hundred dollars. "Well," said the owner of One-eyed Riley, "If I can get a big crowd in town I can make the hundred dollars out of trade in the store. If you will promise to thoroughly advertise it and bring a big crowd here, I will put up a hundred dollars against the gray mare." Her manager eagerly agreed to the terms and one hundred dollars was put up by each of them. All of those who had recently won on the gray mare, with their friends, started out at once soliciting bets.

This was exactly what the owner of the new horse expected and desired.

He put a liberal supply of money into the hands of a number of his lieutenants with instructions to take all offers. As the money on the mare would be confidently covered, the bettors would hesitate and say, "Well, what do you know about the old horse anyway?"

The backers of the horse would answer nothing except, "We are all betting on the 'bull luck' of old 'P.' "

All of the loose money, and much jewelry and live stock of the valley were up by Thanksgiving.

The gray mare came on the track, pawing the ground, champing the bit, and cantering around the track sidewise.

The horse, a magnificent, toppy, muscular, large-boned animal of the greyhound form, sleepily walked around the track, smelling of the ground and cunningly observing the number and kinds of horses he was expected to meet.

The old racers shook their heads and said, "That horse is no tenderfoot; look how he is sizing things up. I am afraid the old man has set a trap and we have walked into it."

As the new horse started up the track beside the gray mare, an old Irishman, a trusted lieutenant of Mr. Penn, shoved fifteen dollars under the nose of Mr. Campbell and cried out, "Three to one on the new horse." Mr. Campbell eagerly put up his five dollars against the fifteen and excitedly cried, "Do you want more of that?" The old Irishman flourished under his nose a hundred dollar bill and said, "Four to one on the new horse." Mr. Campbell excitedly beckoned Mr. Wickham to one side and said, "I can get you a hundred on the new horse to twenty-five.. Hadn't you better take that?" "No, no," said Mr. Wickham, "I would not put up one to a hundred against the new horse. Can't you judge from the confidence with which Mr. Penn and his lieutenants place their money on him, that he must win? They are the only ones here who know just what each horse can do. Never bet against a sure thing, however much odds may be offered. The backers of the new horse are playing their own game today, and a lot of suckers are being caught on every side." Mr. Campbell, humiliated and disgusted, slunk away vowing to himself that until he familiarized himself thoroughly with this mysterious civilization, he would never again make a move or express an opinion before he had sounded the pioneer on the subject.

The judges were not long in getting the horses started. They came down the track "nose and nose." The new horse's style was magnificent, and the backers of the gray mare became very much excited. "Look, look, the new horse has his mouth wide open. The boy is holding him. If he would let him out, he would outrun the wind. We are gone, ruined, taken in."

The racers came in neck and neck until within about thirty yards of the end of the track, then the rider of the horse loosed his rein and tapped him with a rawhide, and he spurted to the lead and crossed the score with a twenty-two-foot jump.

The backers of the horse went wild with joy, while the backers of the gray mare assumed the attitude of those who try to do something smart and get in jail. There was no interest taken in the second heat except to admire the grandeur of the new horse. This heat resulted the same as the first one had.

The bets were promptly paid, and it soon leaked out that this was the famous "Red Buck," procured and brought in especially to play even with those who brought in the gray mare with which to dethrone One-eyed Riley.

The evening promised much for the little town. The winners generously asked their friends to eat, drink, and be merry with them.

After supper Mr. Thompson, an old gray-haired and gray-bearded gentleman, also a liberal winner and one of those who could recite Webster's, Calhoun's, and Clay's speeches, and who could repeat the Declaration of Independence, climbed upon a dry goods box in front of the store and said:

"My dear followers of Red Buck. The hand of Providence has been magnanimously opened to us today, and as we made good use of the talents entrusted to us, they have been doubled.

"When destiny doubled our abilities, it doubled our responsibilities. Now, sirs, let every favored one, in accordance with his ability, load himself with the necessaries of life and go forth to feed the hungry and clothe the naked according to their several necessities."

The winners poured into the store and started every clerk to putting up sugar, coffee, bacon, and flour, until all were loaded. They took the end of a box, inscribed upon it in large letters, "The Red Buck Relief Corps," appointed a boy to carry it as a banner, then every winner got a broom, strung his groceries upon the handle, and marched out and distributed liberally to every poor family in town; wherever they observed a child poorly clad they marched it to the store and clothed it.

About the time their charitable work was completed, Mr. Campbell, a member of this spectacular army who was wholly unaccustomed to strong drink, fell by the wayside,—ailment, too much liquification. His comrades brought him into the store and searched for his pulse and heart beat, but could detect neither. They pronounced him dead.

They immediately began preparation for the burial. They brought up a long, deep broom box as a coffin, bought white sheets and wound him in them as a shroud, then gently laid him in the rough box.

One of the corps asked Mr. Thompson where they could bury him. Said he, "Comrades, the ground is frozen and the ice is four inches thick on the deep pool under the bridge across the Saguache river in the southern part of the town. I would suggest that we secure an ax, cut a vault in the ice, and bury him in the Saguache." Everyone thought this a happy idea. Mr. Thompson appointed pall-bearers. They secured ropes to lower the coffin, an ax to cut the ice, picked up the coffin, and "The Red Buck Relief Corps" solemnly marched to this watery cemetery. The pall-bearers put the coffin on the ice, took the measure, moved it, cut the vault, then waited for the final ceremony.

Mr. Thompson arose: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one member of 'The Red Buck Relief Corps' to dissolve the pleasant bonds that bind him here, and to assume among the powers on high the separate and exalted station to which the laws of nature, nature's God, and the tenets of the 'Red Buck Relief Corps' entitle him, a decent respect for the memory of the departed requires that we should declare the regrets that we feel at this unexpected dissolution.

" 'The Red Buck Relief Corps' hold these principles to be self-evident, that all men are not created equal as proven by the early fall of our brother; but while we are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are the privileges of eating, drinking, and wearing whatever is most congenial to our pursuit of happiness, every individual is responsible for the abuse of that exalted privilege. To secure these inalienable rights, tailor shops, restaurants, and saloons, are licensed by law, that a man may have his liberty or have his death by the consent of the governors as well as of the governed. But when a long train of dissipations evinces a design on the part of a free man to submit himself voluntarily to the absolute depotism of some vile wine-vender, then it is the right of the Creator and a benefit to the creature to have the unhappy union existing between his body and spirit, dissolved; all of which has been wisely attended to in the case of our erring comrade, his spirit has gone thither, and we, his mourning associates, are now about to consign to the dust whence it came, this vacant house of clay. The pall-bearers may now lower the coffin to the bottom of this pure, chaste, ice vault, where the pallid worm and solvent elements of dissolution cannot enter for a season."

The pall-bearers lowered the coffin to the bottom of the river, and as the cold water poured over the victim he raised his head, there being no lid on the coffin, and, between spasmodic coughs, screamed to the top of his voice. Mr. Thompson said, "Raise the coffin," and the wet inmate sat up crying, "What are you doing with me, and where am I?"

Mr. Thompson answered, "My brother, you were as dead as Lazarus when we brought you here, but when your vile and filthy body was immersed in and purified by the magic touch of these Ganges-like waters, you were born again, as it were. This is the resurrection morn with you; the spirit that took its flight from that body of corruption and left it tenantless, returned to the body washed clean in these purifying waters."

"Well," whispered the man of the second birth, "if you do not get me to a fire pretty soon I fear it will go again. My bed clothes are covered with a sheet of ice." They pulled him out of the frozen winding sheets, got him on his numb feet, and dragged him to the store,

COLD WATER BRINGS THE DEAD TO LIFE.

got him some dry clothes, and warmed him up. The shock made him the most sober man in the relief corps.

This day will always be remembered as a time when the wealth of San Luis valley was re-distributed; the time when the intriguers, who brought in the gray mare to destroy the idol and humiliate the owner of One-eyed Riley, received their just retribution. The old pioneers nod their heads and say, "This is the day when everyone's chickens in Milton came home to roost."

Mr. Wickham said, "That vindicates the losers on One-eyed Riley, that vindicates 'The Holy Creed,' though on somewhat questionable grounds; but I had to have the excitement."

CHAPTER X.

THE LOST PAY-STREAK.

r. Wickham returned to Gushing Springs after years absence, and found Mr. and Mrs. Marks in a frazzle-edged, leaky old tent, and they and hildren in rags and existing on fat bacon-sides and Daily Mr. and Mrs. Marks worked on the ld Isle expecting to cut the pay-ore-streak that d lost half a dozen years before. They were not hire miners, so the husband went down in the rly in the morning and drilled the holes, and put blasts at noon. The smoke cleared from the hile he ate his fat bacon and bread. After din- filled the buckets with the results of his shots at tom of the deep shaft, and Mrs. Marks wind- hem to the surface. At night the shots were put in, and after supper Mrs. Marks brought the the surface, and so they worked day after day. the times of windlassing the rock from the aft, Mrs. Marks was bending over the wash tub, the money to buy the powder, fuse, flour, and o keep the good work going.

ter supper Mr. Wickham went over to the tent nd Mrs. Marks, and was horrified at the wild, hag- untenance of parents and children, and at the squalor everywhere.

e topsy-turvy tent, the dishevelled hair, the bleared e gaunt, emaciated forms, the naked and unwashed and the intense concentration of all minds on cutting the pay streak of the Emerald Isle, made this seem more like the abode of a family of infernal fiends than that of an ordinary American household. Mr. Wickham anxiously inquired, "You haven't been here all these years?"

Mr. and Mrs. Marks excitedly ejaculated in concert:

"Not one of us has been off Bald Mountain since we lost the pay ore, but two of the children have been buried here since, and we've taken an oath that we will all be planted here, or find that pay streak again. We'll stay till doom's day or catch it. We know that it is here and how would we feel to have Eastern tenderfeet come along here and find it after we are gone, and enjoy all of our hard work. Oh! we will, we must have it ourselves."

Mr. Wickham inquired, "Why did you move out of your residence?"

The old man replied: "Oh, the mortgagee got impatient for his money, and wouldn't wait until we cut the pay streak in the Emerald Isle, but took our house and Sally's jewelry on the mortgage; we can get another house and more jewelry when we strike the pay streak, and maybe we will build in Denver where the children can go to school, and get better jewelry next time."

Mr. Wickham asked what was the use of working themselves to death for wealth they would not enjoy by reason of broken down constitutions, if they found it?

"Well," answered Mr. Marks, "we go for it with all our might because we know that it is there, that's all. I don't care for myself, but Sally looks so tired at night that I'm ashamed to look her in the face. I am so crippled up with kidney trouble that I can't work over seven or eight hours a day, but Sally works fifteen or sixteen hours every day. She makes a hand at the windlass, a hand at the washtub, then does the cooking and looks after the children. When we cut the pay streak, she shall have the lion's share,—she ought to, because she has done the lion's share of the work. All I want in the future is to see her and the children comfortable and happy. I want nothing more for myself except to cut the pay streak in the Emerald Isle; that I must and will do."

Sally modestly answered: "You have done all that you could. If it hadn't been for your kidney trouble, we would have had the pay streak a long time ago. While I am strong I don't mind fifteen or sixteen hours of work a day, and then the harder I work, the sooner we will get the pay ore. Whatever we get, I want divided equally. I don't want it all."

Mr. Wickham suggested that it was very well to be confident. "But, suppose that you don't cut this pay ore, then what?"

Mr. and Mrs. Marks both began, "There is no question about cutting it. All we want is time. If we don't cut it our children will soon grow up and they will find that pay streak. We are working day and night now to catch it in time to educate them."

Mr. Marks said, "If the older ones hadn't got married and gone back to Kansas to starve, it would have been cut before now. But never mind, we shall will every foot of it to the younger set if they stay with us. We would not think of selling it for less than $1,000,000. We know our successor would uncover a fortune right away if we should sell."

"What if he cut the big ore chute in three or four feet from where we quit? Wouldn't it be awful?" The woman said, "O me, I must go back now and windlass up the rock broken in the last two shots. It will take me until eleven o'clock tonight, but it will bring us just four hours nearer the pay streak, and it may be that we will catch it tomorrow, who knows? There is always something to work for in the Emerald Isle."

As Mr. Wickham moved out for Saguache the next morning he soliloquized:

"Ah! I find myself treading on the threshold of lean-bellied pessimism. I should feel like an apostate, should these excited people fortunately cut the pay-streak in the Emerald Isle. But this is not a case under the Holy Creed. It is the mining fever in a desperate form. Yes, a craze, a double craze. What channels must be worn in those excited brains from this narrow concentration of intense, monotonous thought! What objects of pity! What cruelty to the poor, thoughtless children! These deluded, excited, misguided parents, need a little trip of brain-scattering excitement on the frontier."

CHAPTER XI.

TROUBLES OF A TRIFLE.

The toll-road had just been completed to Lake City, one of the San Juan mining camps, and the pilgrims had gone thither in swarms, Mr. Wickham with them, and Saguache had assumed its old appearance as a mere supply point for the great cattle and sheep industries of the valley.

The cooperative system has been more generally practiced and its benefits have been more generally realized in the cattle industry on the Western plains than in any other industry or part of the United States, barring the state of Utah.

The cattle here run on the commons, or vast areas of public domain which are not fenced, except by great mountain ranges. There is no way to tell one man's cattle from his neighbors' except by the brand which every one must put on his range animals before they are a year old, or lose ownership, in which case the animal becomes what is known in range parlance as a maverick, and must be sold for the benefit of the cattle association.

The law requires each owner to select a brand and have it recorded, and it must be one that is not used or recorded in the office of the Secretary of State by any other person.

The brands are often symbolic of a man's name, or are letters, or figures, or a combination of both, indicating the number and initials of a firm.

A gentleman by the name of Boot may have a stamp of a boot; a man named Bell, a stamp of an ordinary cow bell; a man by the name of Shoe, the stamp of a shoe,—all made of iron. This, only heated sufficiently to kill the roots of the hair, is stamped usually on left shoulder, side, or hip of the animal, and identifies it as the property of the owner of the brand.

Under the laws of Colorado, and probably those of the range states, the cattle owners organize themselves into district cattle associations, and each member carries a copy of the brands of all of the members.

In May or October of every year this association elects a captain who is the authorized executive officer of the organization that year. He appoints his lieutenants and fixes days and places for rounding up, branding, and returning all branded strays to their usual ranges, and taking up mavericks and selling them for the benefit of the association.

The captain organizes commissary departments, employs cooks, and directs the place where different ones shall ride and what each shall do.

When a central place for a camp has been selected, the captain directs the riders to go in every direction and to bunch all cattle found at this camp. Fires in which to heat branding-irons, or rods, are built in a convenient place, and adepts are appointed to do the branding.

When all of the cattle of this region are bunched at this common point, the riders hold them there, and the captain selects a number of good ropers and brand readers to go into the bunch and rope and take to the branding-fires all unbranded calves or mavericks. The ropers observe the brand of the cow the calf is following, and usually the mother of the calf follows it to the branding-fires and pathetically pleads for its release;

the brand of the mother is quickly put on the calf, and this is continued until all calves are branded.

Every cattleman selects some general headquarters, builds cabins, corrals, and pastures, and expects to keep his herd in this neighborhood; but some are constantly straying away to other localities.

At these round-ups they organize what they call the day herd, which is composed of such cattle as are found off their range, these being returned to the camp of the owners. Throughout the year men riding on the range brand such calves as they see that were missed at the round-ups, whether belonging to the rider or to any other member of the association, and in this way great savings are made.

With the sheep industry it is quite different. Sheep being less persistent in their nature will not overcome difficulties without help, and they are the prey of the coyote, wolf, mountain lion, and dog, hence they must be closely herded in the day and corralled at night.

As sheep graze in bunches, they tramp out and clean up the grass very effectually if kept in one place. Also their contact with shrubbery and the shedding of small particles of greasy wool, leave a smell distasteful to cattle, and they are inclined to leave the sheep range; hence the cattle growers are strenuously prejudiced against the moving of sheep onto ranges they have been using for cattle, and many unseemly conflicts arise between the two branches of the industry.

As a result of moving sheep onto ranges heretofore used by cattle-men, the latter killed one night 500 head of the herd of Messrs. Dayton & Co., and injured a great many more. The sheep-men contended that as the public domain belonged to the government they had an equal right to occupancy; the cattle-men conceded this, where the sheep-men occupied a range first, as the tendency of sheep is to drive cattle from the range; the cattle-men claim that they are effectually ousted by the putting of sheep on their range and insist that by all rules of ethics, other things being equal, the first in time is superior in right, and that the injury done by putting sheep on the range, which the owner knows will drive the cattle off, is quite as effective for the owners of the sheep and as injurious to the cattle-men, as if done by the force of arms. Say the cattle-men, "You might as well set your dogs on our cattle and drive them from the range as to set your sheep on them and drive them off."

When Mr. Campbell re-entered his office, after a most delightful and rejuvenating vacation, a German merchant followed him and abruptly throwing a bill against John Benton upon his desk, said:

"I vant you'l sue, right quick avay, on dis pill."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Campbell, "it will cost you twenty dollars to collect three, leaving you seventeen dollars worse off when you have made your collection."

"Val," said the merchant, "hacording mit your logic, hi vil, but hacording mit mine logic, hi vin. Shon Benton hoes mit me tree dollars; hif I not sue mit im, he no pay mit me; one hundred men more owe mit me tree dollar; hif I no sue mit some of em, none of em pay mit me, han loose mit me tree hundred dollar. Ven hi sue mit Shon Benton for tree dollar, one hundred men mit out suit, pay mit me tree dollar; ont hi spend mit suit on Shon Benton $20 ont get mit me tree hundred dollar."

Mr. Campbell replied, "Your logic is sufficient. I shall bring your suit in the county court, which will sit in a couple of weeks."

Immediately on the German's departure, another man appeared and ordered a replevin of two cows and two calves in the county court at once.

Next came Messrs. Dayton & Caldwell, and told the thrilling story about the way the cattle-men drove off their herders, killed 500 of their sheep and drove others from the range, greatly damaging many of them; they wanted suit brought at once for damages.

Mr. Campbell worked all day and late into the night, getting his suits started, and spent a number of subsequent days in gathering testimony.

When court convened, the defendants had a very good attorney present from Canon City. He moved for a postponement for one day that he might look into the papers.

When the coach arrived in the evening, a buzz of excitement spread through the town.

Everyone was saying, "John Heald has brought in Joshua Wickham, the optimist, formerly from the Arkansas Valley, to settle these lawsuits."

Mr. Campbell asked the sheriff why the return of his old friend Wickham created such a hubbub in the town?

"From his past history in settling disputes and substituting tranquility and sunshine for turmoil and dark shadows," replied the sheriff. "The people have been expecting the most exciting trial between the sheep and cattle-men that ever occurred here, and probably a dead man or two, but the arrival of this man means we shall have no trial. That man has superceded the courts wherever he has lived, and has settled more difficulties than all the courts and juries in the valley. Instead of the cattle-men and sheep-men joining in a tug of war to-morrow morning or killing each other, he will have them walking up and down these streets with their arms around each other before night."

After supper the disputants and their attorneys were invited into the parlor of the hotel, and the famous Mr. Wickham arose and related his trip across the plains with a bull-team in 1849, and the settlements in this country when they had no officers or courts, and the manner in which they compromised their differences. He gave case after case where greater differences existed than were involved in this suit and telling how mutual friends advised the contestants to make mutual concessions, settle the same, and continue to be friends and neighbors.

He contrasted these primitive and unofficial methods and their results, with like difficulties which arose after courts were organized and officers installed. He said the court-cases dragged along for years, keeping the blood of the litigants at fever heat, and often resulted in murders, widows, orphans, and murder trials, ultimately impoverishing all of the parties and destroying the comfort, tranquility, and happiness of their families, and in the end, usually, the one with the largest bank account prevailed.

He graphically described the facility with which persons could get into individual and property difficulties, commit crime, etc., and mix up in litigation, and the great expense and annoyance involved in extricating one's self from its persistent coils.

He said men rarely get into lawsuits that do not bring them sore regrets, but after they have been in a short time the cost-bill becomes so enormous that it becomes a more anxious matter of contention as to who shall pay the costs than the original matter of dispute, and this prevents a settlement until a judgment of a court of last resort is obtained, generally ruining one party, if not both.

He said: "No man ever committed a murder who would not in one hour afterward give all of his possessions if thereby he could undo it.

"The people must be educated in the moral hygiene of the avoidance of crime and ruinous mistakes against their wives, their children, and themselves."

He pointed out the inclination of disputants always to look at the contention from the selfish point of view, and to make no kind of a concession to induce a settlement, knowing at the same time that after they pay a large fee to a lawyer, much court expense and witness fees, lose weeks of time at the trial, and endure the disturbance of mind incident to such disputes, the court and jury will make concessions for them, and compromise the difference between them and their neighbors. "Why should not you, without price, do for yourself what you dearly pay the courts and juries to do for you? Do not feel humiliated at concessions or compromises. The very government under which we live—the Constitution itself—is the result of a compromise."

He then turned to the attorneys, saying:

"Now, my legal friends, I do not want to invade your province or disturb your legitimate business. It is the duty of these litigants to pay you liberally to assist in this settlement. The learned profession to which you belong has ever been a bulwark to human liberty, and a stimulous to individual and national progress. You have doubtless observed in the unfolding of the higher civilization that the more advanced the individual citizen, the less theology and the more Christianity is preached by the ministers of the Gospel, with an increase in the number of exalted precepts and examples applied to every-day life; the higher the civilization of the masses, the less the physic given by the doctors, and the more general the dependence on temperance in diet and drink, personal cleanliness, wholesome exercise, pure air, nutritious food, and a general application of hygienic laws; and the more advanced the people are in intelligence, the fewer the lawsuits and the greater the number of amicable settlements,—the number of court trials decreases in proportion to the increase in the average intelligence of the masses of the people.

"These changes do not foreshadow a decadence in the professions, but rather a transition from remedies appropriate to a stage of civilization when the individual was not amenable to remedies that did not partake of drastic forces, intimidating fear, and magical superstition, to the more exalted stage of development, where the beneficent sunlight of reason is the guiding star for both the professionals and the laymen. It is the inevitable evolution—the execution of the law of the survival of the fittest, scientifically applied.

"Now, I should like to have the views of all of the litigants, not regarding your griefs, injuries, or any exhibitions of your malice,—these things pertain to the past. Let us consider only the logic of using your own free intelligence, and the making of mutual concession yourselves, instead of hiring at fabulous prices the intelligence of courts and juries to make concessions and compromise for you, for they will adopt conciliatory methods, and act for you just as you should act for yourselves."

Mr. Caldwell, the oldest of the litigants, arose and said:

"I have been much affected by the common sense talk of our friend, and feel that he is another Daniel brought to judgment. As for myself, I am willing that each party shall briefly state his case, and let Mr. Wickham render a final judgment."

One after another arose and informed the Pioneer that Mr. Caldwell had expressed his sentiments, until all had been heard.

The parties made their statements. Mr. Wickham required the defendants to pay for the sheep killed and a reasonable sum for maiming others; he required the sheep-men to move south of a line he designated and not to cross this line in the future; and each party was adjudged to pay its own costs.

The parties all shook hands, wined and dined together, carried out the judgment, and ever afterward lived in peace and harmony.

The parties in the replevin suit for the two cows and calves, imbibed the general spirit of conciliation and asked Mr. Wickham to pass judgment on their case. They had been in copartnership and failed. One claimed the cows as his personal property, the other, that the firm owned them.

Mr. Wickham awarded one cow to the plaintiff and one to the defendant, and suggested that if the attorneys would accept the calves in payment of their fees it would be a happy settlement. They cheerfully accepted the offer. The litigants drove their cows together to their homes and were good neighbors and friends in the future.

While everybody was intoxicated with the beneficent fluid of amicability, some one suggested the settlement of the $3.00 suit and the breaking up of the court.

Several of the most enthusiastic compromisers hurried away and brought the merchant and John Benton before the august tribunal, and informing them how the other cases had been compromised, suggested a like settlement of this little case, and the adjournment of court.

"Vel," said the merchant, "Shon Benton vas me owed tree dollar for a year or more, and if he vil pay tree dollar han costs, hi de suit dismiss."

The defendant flew into a passion, said he had paid the plaintiff hundreds of dollars, and would have paid this when able, but as the plaintiff had sued, he never would pay it, that he had nothing but his muscle and that was hardly attachable, and that he should not be at court, as he expected to leave the county the next morning.

"Well, Mr. Benton," replied Mr. Wickham, "this is none of my business, but I really think that man resembles the divine most closely in the faith he keeps with his fellows; and not only this, but honesty is certainly the best policy. The whole evolution of Nature tends toward the ultimate prevalence of justice, and the visiting of penalties on all who walk in crooked paths. In days to come a judgment for $3.00 and a large bill of costs and interests will overtake you at an inopportune time and cause you bitterly to lament the day you could have paid an honest trifle and refused, thereby calling down upon yourself a severe retribution."

The defendant looked at him with a silent contempt, rose and walked away, and the next morning took the coach for the Gunnison country.

The old veteran exclaimed: "But a partial victory!

I lost only in proportion to my apostasy to the Holy Creed.

When Mr. Benton's case was called in the county court the Judge asked:

"Do you wish to prove up before the Judge?"

The plaintiff shook his head and answered:

"I vant a ury."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Campbell, "the defendant will not be here, and we might as well prove up before the Judge."

"Vel," answered the plaintiff, "dot mides be ef et vas unly de tree dollar hi vant—but hi vant to hadvertise to de hundred men more, howing mit me tree dollar—hi vant de ury to hear all habout de tree dollar suit, and tell mit de oder men dot owe mit me tree dollar."

"Yes," suggested Mr. Campbell, "we shall ask a jury, if your honor pleases."

The jury of twelve men was organized, the case proved up, and judgment given the plaintiff for $3.00 and $22.00 costs.

The plaintiff hurried off to the Chronicle office and gave the publisher $10.00 to write up the $3.00 suit and the fact that the plaintiff had hired Mr. Campbell to bring suit on all little bills which had been outstanding for more than a year, and the paper incidentally referred to the wise settlement of the stock cases, and, as a disinterested organ of the dear people, urged them to pay these little bills at once and save these useless and ruinous costs,—and sent each debtor a paper.

Within two weeks the German had collected more "as tree hundred dollar" on his little bills, and rejoiced in the discovery that he was a greater advertising genius than was P. T. Barnum.

Two years later some extensive stock growers from the Cebolla brought their wagons over the range to ge their winter supplies of Saguache merchants. They arranged to pay for them when they sold their steers. After they loaded their wagons, one of them said to our German merchant that he would like to borrow forty dollars in money until he shipped his steers; that he would pay a good rate of interest for it; in fact, he said, he had to get it as he owed forty dollars to one of his herders, John Benton, who the next Sunday was going to marry their cook.

The merchant said:

"Blease excuse mit me ha moment."

He stepped over to Mr. Campbell's office, told him of this conversation, and hurriedly got the sheriff to go over and attach the forty dollars the stock growers owed John Benton, for the purpose of paying the $3.00 judgment, $22.00 costs and the interest and subsequent costs, which about consumed the forty dollars.

When the stockman returned home and showed John Benton the notice of the garnishment for this forty dollars to settle his old judgment and costs, it created great consternation in his mind.

He had to postpone his wedding for two months until he could earn forty dollars more. He was constantly soliloquizing during this time:

"Yes, truly, honesty is the best policy. Yes, 'the whole tendency of Nature is that ultimately justice shall prevail, and penalties are visited upon all who try to walk in crooked paths.'" He would subtract $3.00 from $40.00 and then say: "The penalty is $37.00—two months' hard work. What a 'penalty' for refusing to 'pay an honest trifle of $3.00.' Now I must pay it thirteen fold."

Forever after this John Benton was a devotee of the honest and amicable principles of Mr. Wickham and the stockmen, if not from principle, from a fear that the inexorable laws of Nature would visit condign punishment on all transgressors.

These examples and salutary results so indelibly imbedded their lessons in honesty, amicability, and conciliation to the very fiber of the community, and the wisdom of using individual intelligence and making individual concessions and compromises of differences between neighbors in the same way, were so instilled into them, that courts of justice thereafter were more ornamental than useful on the Saguache River.

Mr. Wickham said: "Bloodshed, poverty, and lifetime enmities are avoided. The cursory reasoner persists in claiming that no man falls out of the line of duty here, but some other just as good will come forward to take his place; but all history shows that these rare individuals, such as Washington or some great general, influence the current of affairs for good and make more impression on civilization than combined thousands of their fellows, and at the death of such an one often a real void is left unfilled for generations."

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT IN A COW-CAMP.

Mr. Caldwell, an extensive stock grower, an old Bourbon Democrat, an educated, polished, and gallant bachelor, felt so good after the settlement of the stock suits that he decided he must celebrate Christmas a little more royally than formerly. He had a splendid round log house or cabin, built in one of the canons of the mountains twenty-five miles away, a man cook and a large number of cowboys; but such a luxury as a woman in that canon was unheard of.

Mr. Caldwell invited Mr. Campbell, the book-keeper in the principal store, and two young lady friends to drive up to the "cow-camp" Christmas morning and witness a roping and branding tournament, and to eat a bachelor's Christmas dinner with him. The young ladies said they would be delighted if it would not make them too late in reaching home for the evening.

Mr. Caldwell informed them they could start early, reach the camp by eleven o'clock, rest until noon, see the branding tournament, eat dinner at 2 p. m., leave at 4 and get to Saguache by 8 P. M. They all accepted.

Early Christmas morning the invited guests climbed into a two-seated carriage and started for the canon, reaching there a little after eleven. Mr. Wickham followed on horseback.

They were ushered into a room about 20 by 25 feet, with two large beds in the rear, a large open fireplace at the other end, the floor covered here and there with wolf or bear skins, two nice easy chairs with foot rugs of gray wolf-skins prepared for the ladies near the large fire-place with its roaring fire, and three tables covered with new Navajo blankets; on one was a large bowl filled with egg-nog; on another a bowl of orangeade flavored with sherry; and on the third there was a variety of whisky, brandy, wine, cigars, and a couple of boxes of candy, etc.; hanging on the walls were the pictures of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and other noted statesmen.

Leading off from this large room was a very handsomely furnished smaller room into which the ladies were ushered to lay off their wraps and to arrange their toilet.

When they all got around the fire they had a Christmas toddy, and when they had finished this the foreman of the cow-herd appeared in high, sharp-heel boots, with large, clicking steel spurs, dark pants stuffed into his red boots, a blue shirt, with a leather belt around his waist, and a large white sombrero on his head. He was presented all around, then in a low, mellow voice said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you will step out to the rear of the corral we will show you how the dogs, horses, and boys do their several parts in working a bunch of cattle."

All present went to a dry field near the barn and there saw eight or ten cowboys on their cow-horses riding around about two hundred head of cattle, which were moving around in a circle, or in "cowboy" parlance, "milling." There were also five or six shepherd dogs walking around in the same way. If any animal attempted to leave the herd or circle, the cow-horse and dog nearest, without being told, eagerly started to turn it back. About fifty yards away a couple of cowboys had a glowing fire with their branding rods in it and two fine dogs near. After watching the herd "mill" or turn in the circle of riders and dogs a short time, the party went to the branding-fire.

The foreman suggested:

"Mr. Johnson, you go into the herd and bring out one of those large yearlings; Mr. Boggs, you can help him at the fire."

Mr. Johnson fastened one end of his lasso to the horn of his saddle with a bow knot and a long end so he could instantly loosen it, should he get into a close place, took the other end of his lasso, made a large loop, and swung it over his head until the loop became as round as a barrel, then gently dropped it over the head of a yearling.

The anxious cow-horse was watching every move, and the moment he saw the catch was successful he balanced himself on his hind feet, and gently turning toward the fire, hurried to it, dragging the calf after him. As the calf neared the fire, Mr. Boggs rode up, and swung his loop over his head until it formed a circle, then gently dropped in on the ground under the calf's belly, so that with the next step its hind feet would come into the loop. Mr. Boggs pulled up the other end of the rope and it tightened around the hind legs of the calf. The moment his horse saw the throw was successful, he gently backed up in the opposite direction from the horse that was pulling it with a rope around its neck, leaving the calf suspended between these horses, one holding a tight rope around its neck with his head toward the fire, the other, with his head toward the calf, watching its every move, pulling a rope tight around its legs.

The riders hurriedly dismounted, went to the yearling and laid it on its right side, then the branders with a hot bent iron ran or wrote upon its side "J. C.," burning it just enough to kill the roots of the hairs. This being finished, the cowboys gave an exhibition of the intelligence of their horses. They called the one by name that had his head toward the calf and said, "loosen up." The horse took a short step toward the calf; as it began to struggle to get up, the man said, "tighten up," and at once he tightened the rope. Finally they called to the horses to loosen up, and the men removed the ropes and made the calf arise; it started to run for the open prairie, but two shepherd dogs were on guard and turned it back to the herd.

Mr. Johnson then rode in and whirling his lasso, threw his loop as before, but intentionally failed to drop it over the head of the animal. The anxious horse never offered to turn for the fire, but anxiously followed the animal at which his owner feigned to throw the rope, until the lasso was dropped over its head, then he instantly whirled and made for the branding-fire again. They loosed the ropes, turned it toward the prairie, then let their horses out after it. They would shoot by it and whirl in front of it, and the moment it turned and started for the herd, they would quiet down.

They rode into the herd and indicated that they wanted to get some certain animal out of the herd. The horses incessantly followed that one throughout the herd of two hundred until they got it out.

They saddled an old stiff horse called Jimmie, and Mr. Johnson went out into a herd of wild horses and lassoed a large, wild stallion, fastened his rope to the horn of his saddle, and dismounted, leaving Jimmie to look after him. The wild horse bucked, jumped, and ran around in a circle, but old Jimmie kept his front feet and his head at all times facing the pitching animal, and as he would run around him, Jimmie would turn, always keeping his eyes toward him and never giving any chance to wind him up in the rope.

Every time a horse did his part, the owner would stroke and pet him, which the animal seemed to appreciate thoroughly.

Mr. Campbell went to the foreman and said: "If you have an outfit, I would like very much to ride with you, but I want a horse that is perfectly gentle."

"Very well," replied the foreman, and he told one of the boys to throw a rope on old "Bart" and lead him out of the herd. The foreman brought out a saddle, bridle, blanket, and spurs, and the young man led old Bart up, handed the rope to Mr. Campbell, and said: "Throw that saddle on him and you will find him all right." The men then went away to the cow-herd.

Mr. Campbell sat down and put on a pair of large spurs, got up, and looking over his outfit, picked up the bridle; as he walked up near the horse, the rowell of the spur on his right foot caught in his left trouser leg, threw him down, and tore the wide hem on the left leg of his trousers almost off.

He grated his teeth, and jumping to his feet, gave the horse a vicious larrup in the flank with the bridle, though, of course, the animal was blameless. Whereupon the horse, with his eyes glistening and his ears thrown back, shot his nose right into Mr. Campbell's face and snorted.

In great fright Mr. Campbell back-stepped to his saddle, his spurs caught in the blanket, and threw him

A BRANDING SCENE.—MR. CAMPBELL BADLY SCARED.

sprawling on his back. The horse kept right up to him, and when he fell over the saddle, the horse walked astride of his legs, stuck his nose in his face and gave an excited snort.

Mr. Campbell yelled for help, scrambled to his hands and feet, and leaping to the fence, scaled it, looking back at the pursuing horse all the time. After he had his hands on the top pole, he reached for an imaginary one higher up, and the small resistance of the light air caused him to take a header and fall in a heap on the other side of the fence. The horse pushed his head against the fence and gave a sonorous snort. Mr. Campbell gained his feet and ran like a frightened wolf, though there was a ten-pole fence between him and the horse.

Mr. Caldwell and his foreman hurried to the young man's rescue and asked what the trouble was.

Mr. Campbell said the men had put up a job on him and had given him an old outlaw that came near trampling him to death before he could get the bridle on him.

Mr. Caldwell replied, "Oh, no, my dear sir. I beg your pardon, that is the most gentle horse on the ranch. I see your trouble. That horse has been whip broken, that is, taught to walk right up to one who motions a whip at him, to avoid punishment, and when you struck him that blow with the bridle he crowded right up on you to avoid further punishment."

Mr. Campbell replied that if whip-broken horses always wanted to ride the man, then he preferred one broken with a club, that would allow the man to ride him.

Mr. Caldwell expressed his sore regrets, and Mr.

Campbell hobbled off to the house, and borrowed a needle to sew up his crippled pants.

Mr. Wood then went in and threw a rope on a mare that had a young colt, tied her to a snubbing post, and turned the horses all out; they scampered to the branch, drank there, hurried back, and one by one came up and saluted the colt and then walked away. One of the young ladies asked the very natural question, "Doesn't the mare drink water, too?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Woods, "I shall now show you the object in keeping her tied here." He loosened the mare and turned her out with the horses; they all made a run for the range and it gave two of the cowboys a lively chase before they could turn them back.

Said Mr. Woods, "That colt is a tie that will hold every horse here; every one considers it his particular duty to protect it. Many inexperienced persons think that horses have none of the finer sentiments of general tenderness, sympathy, responsible care, and the finer emotions. They possess all of these to a marked degree. Every one of these horses has been as tender with that mother before and since the colt was foaled as ever the Greek fathers were with motherhood there, when they delighted to boast of the most perfect and handsome progeny of earth, through a superior regard and care for motherhood; and that bunch of horses makes as much of the little embryo horse in their midst as ever a regiment of soldiers did of a baby in camp."

"Well," said one of the young ladies, "I was always taught that only man has reason, but these horses seem to reason as much as the men."

"They certainly do," replied the foreman. "The men who write the books do not use the horses and dogs, so they are excusable for their ignorance. The old comparison made in regard to a very practical person that he or she 'has good horse sense,' is not an idle or senseless one. The brain of a well broken horse does not have convolutions as fine as those of a philosopher, but it has the coarse, deep convolutions, showing not only the power of thought, but that he has done much methodical and deep thinking. Sometime ago, while riding old Jimmy, I had a long lariat securely fastened to the horn of my saddle. I threw the noose in the other end over the neck of a five-year-old Texas steer, ran around him and tripped him in the usual way, and left Jimmy to hold him there while I ran to tie him. Just before I reached the steer, he gained his feet, discovered that he was securely tied to the saddle on the horse, and seeming to regard the horse as the author of his misfortunes, made a vicious assault on him; the horse dodged the steer, then ran around him and tripped him up with the rope in the usual way, tightened it up, and tried to hold him there, but the steer got up the second and the third time; this horse persisted in throwing him until he held him down the third time, till I could get there and tie him. When I loosened the lariat and went up to this faithful animal, he showed his joy at our success as much as any one of the men could have done; that horse actually laughed in his gleeful enjoyment of our success.

"Many times in chasing cattle about dark in the hills, where the contour of every hillside and ravine, monotonously like every other one in that vicinity, so confused me that I would lose my bearing, I would alight, and carelessly dropping my rein, which would indicate that I had no pressing work and was done with the chase, would then slowly and carelessly mount and without touching the rein, say, 'Get up;' my horse would invariably turn, and take a direct course for the camp or home, showing that he has a much stronger power of location than his master. The memory of a horse is something marvelous. I have halter-broken colts when three months old, and not touched them again till five years old, yet everything I taught them when young they remembered perfectly. Some time since I was standing on a high point of the mountain overlooking a little valley, and saw twenty-five or thirty horses in a great commotion. I thought some one was rounding them up, but I soon noticed them forming in a circle, alternating; one would turn its head outward, the next inward, all around, Two stallions then went out and took each colt by the mane and pulled it inside of the circle, with their eyes fixed on a patch of quaking asp trees at the head of the park.

"I moved down to the quaking asp thicket to see what was attracting them there, and two big mountain lions skulked across the valley and over the hill on the other side. The stallions kept their eyes riveted intently on the lions till they were out of sight; then they looked at the circle, gave a low neigh, and trotted briskly over the hill in the opposite direction from the lions. The circle broke at once, and the herd followed them; they did not stop until they reached a valley six or eight miles away, and I never saw that bunch of horses on that range again. All of their movements for defense against these enemies were as orderly and systematic as those of a company of trained soldiers would have been, and they seemed to appreciate fully the power and necessity of cooperation."

Just before the party reached the house a fine black shepherd dog, called Billy, that had not been with them, came out wagging his tail. One of the ladies exclaimed:

"That fellow must be a dude, to sit here in the house while the others do the work."

"Now," answered Mr. Caldwell, "you are very much mistaken. Billy is one of the hardest worked dogs on the ranch. We have a complete division of labor among the dogs. Those two belong at the branding-fires to turn the animals just branded back into or away from the herd, as directed.

"Billy watches the house and if any stray stock comes he chases it away. He goes from a mile to a mile and a half for the milk cows every evening. When the men irrigate the hay or pasture, he goes with them to catch prairie-dogs.

"These dogs burrow in the ground and then make an outlet some thirty or forty feet away from the inlet, which lets in a circulation of air and gives them a chance for escape if an enemy appears.

"When irrigating, if we find a hole with fresh signs of prairie-dogs, we turn the water into the hole to drown them. They would go out at the escape if not guarded. The moment the water is turned into a prairie-dog hole Billy finds the escape and crouches down within four or five feet of the hole till the water drives the dog out, then he destroys it.

"We bale a good deal of hay for convenience in moving it from cow-camp to cow-camp. The baler is pulled around by a mule. Billy follows and drives that mule around from morning till night, and if he did not do this one of the men would have to; so you see Billy is not a dude, he will do his work; but he will not do that of the other dogs any more than a carpenter will hire out to saw wood, nor will they do his."

"Mr. Caldwell," suggested one of the young ladies, "you must have some new or improved strain of blood in your dogs and horses. I haven't seen them anywhere else so well trained and useful."

"No, they are the ordinary cow-horses and the ordinary shepherd dogs. They are not only trained to their work, but they are trained to like it. Every time they do a nice thing they are petted, stroked, and often fed. Those horses and dogs enjoy the excitement of working a bunch of cattle just as much as do the men.

"You speak of the 'strains of blood;' let me illustrate. Billy had two brothers, the three apparently exactly alike. We took him and trained and encouraged him to help us—never punished him, and he earns as much as any man here. The men who got the other two, kicked and cuffed them around and made no effort to teach them patiently what they desired done, and their dogs timidly skulked around the neighborhood, afraid even to follow the men or go about the house when they were there, fearing a beating, and both are utterly worthless. Horses are the same,—by kindness and encouragement you can teach them almost anything, but the use of force makes them so nervous and confused that they can not be trained."

When they reached the house all hands were presented to the Pioneer, all took an egg-nog, then a rosy-cheeked young man with a blue flannel shirt, dark pants held up by a yellow leather belt, and sharp heeled boots with his pantaloons stuffed into them, came to the door and announced:

"Dinner is now ready."

Mr. Caldwell insisted that the Pioneer should go first, then the older young lady, and so on by seniority. The Pioneer was placed at one end of the table, the older young lady at the other, the other young lady at the Pioneer's right, and the other ten or twelve gentlemen filled the center. With grave and reverent unction the Pioneer asked the usual blessing, then as elegant and bountiful a repast as could be partaken of anywhere was served in the round log cabin with a dirt roof, by cowboys; when all returned to the large room the cigars were passed to the gentlemen, and the candies to the ladies.

While they were at dinner, massive dark clouds had gathered, the snow was falling in sheets, and the wind was blowing at a velocity of forty miles an hour.

This cast a gloom over the Christmas party. Here were two young ladies in a rugged, isolated canon, twenty-five miles from settlement, with a band of twelve or fourteen men, mostly what the world would call tough, ungentlemanly, and uncouth cowboys.

Every one would say:

"It will quit directly;" but it was 4 P. M. and if they should leave then they could not reach home before 8 o'clock. To divert their minds from their perplexing situation Mr. Wickham declaimed, then some of the boys who were good singers were called in, but the wind continued to rage and the snow was so deep that it would be unsafe to try to get out of the canon that night. The ladies were almost hysterical. "What if it is not snowing so fiercely in Saguache? What will the folks at home think has become of us? If it is snowing there as here will they think we are lost on the way? Will they not be up here hunting us before morning? What will the world say? What will the gossip-mongers say about us staying all night in this cow-camp, and no one here but a dozen or more men?" But it was useless to worry. It was not possible to make the trip in that storm, either by day or night.

Mr. Caldwell organized a euchre game and tried very hard to remove the depression from their minds, but the nervous, restless feeling was constantly depicted on their brows.

They were not at all afraid of the cowboys; they had seen them—they were perfect gentlemen. They were not afraid they would not be comfortable, because the room that was assigned to them for the day, had every comfort they could have had at home except their night gowns,—such articles were not common in cow-camps,—but these they could do without. But what will "the folks" think—what will the world say? These were their troublesome forebodings?

At ten o'clock Mr. Caldwell said:

"Well, girls, the angry elements have placed you in my care tonight and I must insist that you go to bed at the usual hour that you may be equal to that hard trip tomorrow." He placed the key on the inside of their door, adding:

"Now, lock yourselves in and go to bed, and we four gallant young knights will act as protecting sentinels at your door." They bade them goodnight and retired.

"How is the egg-nog?" inquired the Pioneer.

"O,!" replied Mr. Caldwell, "It is all right and an abundance of it. I haven't passed it since dinner because I saw the young ladies were very nervous when they learned they must stay here till morning, and I was afraid if we were free with our cups it might add to their discomfort."

Mr. Wickham answered: "That is another evidence of your gallant manliness."

The men sat up, smoked, and talked till one o'clock. Then all undressed for bed. None of them had night dresses, so every one took off his outside garments down to his undershirt. The Pioneer undressed first, went to the table of bottles and took a drink of orangeade, then walked over and began to survey Washington's picture on the wall.

Mr. Caldwell suggested that all take one more nip before retiring.

Mr. Campbell, in a butternut undershirt, was at the orangeade table pouring a drink, the book-keeper, with a blue undershirt, at the egg-nog table dipping out a drink; Mr. Downing, in a white undershirt, at the table of bottles, while the Pioneer, in a blood-red undershirt, standing under the picture of Washington, was earnestly appealing to his spirit to return and drive from power the depraved Tories, who were so shamefully staining the bright escutcheon of the grand government he so gloriously contrived.

The three auditors, at the same time scanned the four with their variety of clothing, and the earnest orator and his silent auditor, and all involuntarily burst into a loud laughter; immediately one of the young ladies gave an agonizing scream. The laughter hushed as involuntarily and as suddenly as it started, and the four courageous gentlemen sprang to the door of the room of the young women and eagerly tendered their assistance, without it's occurring to any of them that these short undershirts were hardly a becoming uniform in a lady's chamber.

As the gallant Chesterfields reached the door of the ladies' chamber, they heard them convulsed with laug ter. The explanation elicited was that when the gentleme broke into that loud laughter, one of the young ladie dreamed that the herd of cattle they were reviewing in th morning had stampeded and was about to run over her

The next morning dawned bright and clear, but th snow was deep. They got into Saguache a little afte noon. It was rather a quiet quartette going down. Th ladies were thinking:

"What will the world say about last night?"

The gentlemen were thinking:

"Would their father let them explain at all or would he just kill them on sight without an opportunity to pray or explain;" but neither public nor father expected that they could return in the storm. When they reached the home of the ladies the gentlemen took the father aside and began to explain, but he did not allow them to finish. He said:

"I knew you would not bring them out in the storm. We knew they were all right at the cow-camp. The world speaks of the wild and reckless cowboys, but I never heard of any women in Colorado receiving an indignity from a cowboy. These hardy sons of nature, in daily communion with her, breathing pure air, and working for a living, are the defenders, rather than the offenders, of the gentler sex. It is the man who lives in the stifling atmosphere of the alcoholic and narcotic fumes of the great city that is the dreaded foe of sexual rights. These crimes are perpetrated, not from the pressure of abnormal passions, but as a result of the paralysis of all moral sensibilities through dissipation, or of an abnormal deprivation of the necessary will-power to control any ordinary propensity. Occasionally you find a temporary cowboy who is a fugitive from justice, or a real cowboy of very small intelligence, who, when under the influence of whisky, seeks to run the town, shoot out the lights, or defy the marshals, but even he yields all deference to the personal rights of women. As a class, the cowboys of the West are most worthy and law abiding citizens. Yes, I am very glad you stayed all night and I should have lost confidence in your good judgment had you attempted to face such a storm."

As they drove the team to the barn the book-keeper said:

"I believe that old gentleman would make an ideal father-in-law, and of course you know I am a poor forlorn orphan."

Before the snow fell the next winter he had, indeed, ceased to be an orphan, and addressed the kind old gentleman by the respectful appellation of "father."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WILD IMAGINATIONS OF A NEW COUNTRY.

The developments of the San Juan mines were sufficient to cause the Great Over-land Stage and Star Route mail magnates, managed by Messrs. Barlow and Sanderson, to establish between convenient railroad points and the principal towns in the San Juan a most splendid line of Concord coaches, and an industrious, efficient, and most courteous corps of agents, messengers, and drivers, and an army of the most intelligent and superb coach horses that was ever mobilized on this globe. Color, size, form, and temperament were leading requisites. Every horse had to stand as critical an examination by an expert judge, as is required of an applicant for Annapolis or West Point before he could pass muster, and if the animal developed any kind of weakness or unfitness after purchase he was discharged from his role and put into a draft team, or sold.

The coaches were run on as close time and with as much system as are the cars on the Pennsylvania railroad, and they had no more accidents or break downs, and passengers were treated with as much consideration by employes. Many of the horses lived from thirty to thirty-five years. A trained veterinary was always looking after their feet, teeth, and general health. It is doubtful if such perfection in the equipment of so extensive a line ever before existed, or will ever again exist, anywhere on earth. The whole equipment was simply ideal of the kind, the very nonpareil of perfection.

This very costly equipment, together with the general ideas of great profits on western investments, made the fare very high—twenty cents per mile. It was the ambition of every one to ride on these elegant stage coaches. In the west if one could enjoy the best the country afforded, this gave complete satisfaction. Mr. Campbell was an inveterate lover of horses and could not withstand the temptation of a stage ride to Canon City, a distance of eighty miles, and return. Going east the travel was light and he succeeded in getting an outside seat with the driver. On the level portions of the road they drove fours, and on the hilly portion sixes, and always used the most stylish and showy teams for the drives going into and out of the railroad stations and into the biggest interior towns. They made from eight to ten miles an hour and changed horses every eleven miles. The trip was one of unbroken charm. Canon City was a most beautiful town in a warm, fertile and expansive valley on the Arkansas River after it emerges from the famous Royal Gorge, and was a place of ideal homes, schools, churches, etc.

On the trip back their load was quite different. There were nine persons squeezed inside of the coach and eight on the top, including the driver and the messenger. On the inside they had the young attorney of the stage company. He rode upon a pass and was what was deemed well travelled. About one trip a year was all an ordinary passenger could stand, so we might all be said to be untravelled except the breezy attorney. He called the driver Tom, the messenger Oscar, the agent Ed, and the stock-tender Jimmie. One without some knowledge of human nature would have presumed that he certainly owned the stage line, if not the country over which it ran. He replied to every question addressed to the eight and agreed with no one who expressed an opinion before his was announced.

Toward noon Mr. Campbell pulled from his pocket a piece of buffalo meat and some crackers and began his mid-day lunch. By and by he threw a small piece of cracker out of the coach window. The stage attorney straightened himself up and said, "We'll stand some things, but we'll hardly stand that." Mr. Campbell, in confusion inquired, "What harm will that do?" "My dear sir," replied the attorney, "it will allow the mountain lions to trail us up, and eat up the whole coach load of us as soon as the shades of the evening shelter them." Mr. Campbell meekly folded up his lunch and returned it to his pocket. He had blundered into tenderfootism so often that a mere accusation of any blunder was sufficient to bring a plea of guilty and a complete humiliation to him.

The coach cheerfully glided along Poncha Creek until the steep pass was reached. "I should think that the coach would run very rapidly coming down here," ventured Mr. Campbell. "Yes," said the stage attorney, "It is marvellous how it spins down this hill. You wouldn't think it, but at the top of the pass, they hitch a Babcock Fire Extinguisher to the coach on the downhill trip, fearing that the friction of the wheels on the rocks might cause a conflagration and burn up the whole outfit, without an adequate fire apparatus at hand to extinguish the flames."

The inquisitive and nervous Mr. Campbell turned and twisted in his seat, and looked out of the window, but the topography of the country presented such a sameness that he could not find a pretense for a question. In time they reached the top of the hill, which was very refreshing to all of the passengers. They were in the great San Luis Valley, with its vast and expansive plains. But a short distance out stood prominently in bold relief certain small mounds near some hot springs. These immediately challenged Mr. Campbell's attention and furnished him the basis or another inquiry:

"What causes all those little mounds out there on the open plains?"

The stage company's attorney answered: "You have seen the coral reef or the mountains of fish and whale bones belched up by the sea in one of its little spells of gastric dyspepsia and deposited as the uppermost strata of a mighty mountain range, which finally congealed into mighty cliffs of corallaceous rock or into the great beds of calcium carbonate creamily cresting the surface of so many of our southern mountains. Such a metamorphose is passing strange, but not more strange than those mounds. By those mounds are large hot springs where thousands of cattle come to drink when the water is frozen elsewhere. Those mounds are composed of petrified bovines. If an animal dies here in cold, freezing weather, and disintegration can be held back by the aid of zero temperature for ten days, the elements of petrifaction get such a possession of the carcass that disintegration never takes place and after a year the animal can be sawed into blocks of most beautiful variegated marble, every vein, artery, ligament, intestine, and other part retaining its color and form the same as when they belonged to the animal kingdom. Petrifaction in the vegetable kingdom is almost as wonderful. Five years ago the people of Colorado City generally built hewn log houses; now they are all petrified and penciled off into brown stone fronts."

Mr. Campbell stared at the stage company's attorney hazily, expressed himself by an audible grunt, shut his eyes in bewilderment, and took hold of his head, indicating that his temples pained him.

The weight of the last new discovery seemed to benumb his sensibilities for an hour or so. He then aroused himself and ventured:

"I have heard that you can see a long ways out here.

"Yes, it is indeed astounding how the vision will stretch out here. How far do you suppose it is to those foothills?"

Mr. Campbell guessed it was about half a mile, and he missed the distance very little. The stage company attorney, with great earnestness, replied:

"Thirty-five miles, sir, thirty-five miles. How far do you suppose it is to that little forest over there?"

Mr. Campbell answered that it looked like about three miles, and he was not much out of the way. The young stage company attorney answered:

"Seventy-five miles, sir; seventy-five miles."

Just at this time they were driving up to where a ranchman was setting some fence posts eight feet apart. The young stage company attorney asked:

"My young friend, how far do you think those fence posts are apart?"

Mr. Campbell, for the first time, received a vision that he was being imposed upon; his whole system relaxed, the paralyzing pressure of the brain was removed, a twinkle came into his eye, and a ray of cheerfulness played over his brow, as he gleefully smiled and answered:

"I should guess about fifteen miles."

The crowd laughed, rested, laughed again and again until tired out. The young attorney threw his hat down in the coach and said:

"Boys, if you will say nothing about this, I shall buy you a keg of beer when we get to Saguache."

Every one promised till the beer was bought and drunk, but from that day to this the passengers have been telling of this unique and hilarious ending of what had been a very serious affair up to that point, at least with the young Pilgrim.

When the coach drove up to the hotel in Saguache Mr. Wickham appeared, locked arms with Mr. Campbell, and walked off up the street, saying:

"I have come to help you pack up and shake the dust of this dear little city from your feet, and to assist in putting you on the road that will lead you to an early fame and a certain fortune."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Campbell. "Do you expect me to assist in holding up a stage coach, the United States mail, to break into a bank, or go into the gold brick business?"

"O, no; things more pleasant, respectable, and profitable than these. I have found a place where Dame Nature can be held up and made to yield her gold and silver willingly and without crime, as a benefit to all mankind. The pioneer road builder, Enos T. Hotchkiss, has discovered at the foot of Lake San Christobal, the richest mine so far discovered in the great San Juan and a body of the richest tellurium so far discovered in Colorado. The ore carries silver and gold in a ratio of seven to eight, and the owner has just received returns of seventeen dollars a pound for a shipment. This mine is called the Hotchkiss. They have also discovered lead and silver mines called the Belle of the West, the Ute, the Ule and the Big Casino, all in close proximity to Lake City, which must make it a most prosperous and thriving town."

"You startle me," responded Mr. Campbell. "Your proposition is so sudden, so unexpected, that I really ought to have time to consider it, but as I have followed your advice in the past with profit, I may be excused for judging the future by it, and fleeing with you, for better or worse, to the mountains of Tellurium."

"Yes," answered Mr. Wickham, "you will hardly be so fortunate as to emblazon your path to fame and fortune by some effulgent piece of work as you did here, but I shall, Homer-like, sing your greatness from place to place till your great merit is acknowledged; then we shall have a splendid opportunity to go. Mr. Reynolds has a livery outfit he is going to move up tomorrow and offers us seats in a buckboard for half price, though he has picked up an entire stranger for a driver and says we shall have to take chances on him."

Mr. Campbell bade his friends good-bye, packed his books and office furniture and put them into one of the livery wagons, and at sunrise next morning he and Mr. Wickham mounted the buckboard and waved Saguache a regretful farewell.

The driver proved to be a quiet man, gentle and courteous, also very careful and kind to his horses, until after they reached a camp where a saloon outfit, moving into Lake, was stopping for the night, and whisky flowed as freely as water. The driver imbibed freely and it was with much persuasion that they induced him to leave, but the world would not call him drunk. As soon as they left this whisky joint he became very loquacious. He deprecated the fact that he had to come down to driving two horses. He said that in California he drove sixteen for the Great Over-land Stage Company, and was such a favorite that J. L. Sanderson, one of the owners, always rode with him. When he was punishing his horses, Mr. Wickham entered a mild protest.

"Oh!" answered the driver, "You are evidently ignorant of the curriculum of the equestrian. I was educated under J. L. Sanderson and one of his fixed maxims is, 'When a horse is obstreperous pat him on the back with the keen lash of a sharp whip.'"

Shortly after dark he lashed his team into a furious run through a toll gate, and down a steep hill. Mr. Wickham said:

"Driver, you may care little for your own life, but a very small amount of such recklessness will do me."

The man answered:

"Necessity is the mother of many dangerous escapades; that off horse hasn't got a thimble full of sense, and a small brained horse is just like a small brained man, it is just as hard for him to unlearn a thing as it is for him to learn it. With great difficulty when young, that horse was taught to let down and put up the bars, and as you may have noticed, the pole of the toll-gate lay off to one side. I passed here last week with him, he saw that pole and made a surge for it, broke his check rein, seized the pole with his teeth, dragged it around, and was determined to put it up; no punishment would cause him to abandon his determination. I got out and assisted him to put it up, then he trotted off with a clear conscience. You needn't laugh; a small-minded horse may have a strong conscience the same as a weak-minded person may be very conscientious. That is one reason against mis-educating such persons or horses. It is just as foolish to educate wrongfully a small-brained horse as it is to educate falsely a small-brained man. It is just as hard to beat an idea out of a little head as it is to beat an idea into such a head, and they are incapable of particularizing or discriminating at all.

"I am much obliged," replied Mr. Wickham, "your reasons were quite sufficient for the great chances we took."

The passengers dozed along quietly for hours and finally were awakened by the sound of the lashing of the horses, the squeaking of the wheels on the ice, and the slipping of the horses as they went like chariot racers over a gorge of three hundred feet of spread out ice in the ford of Los Pinos Creek. When he checked his team Mr. Wickham in a low whisper inquired:

"Driver, are the Indians after us?" (We were crossing their old reservation.)

"Hades, no," answered the driver, "there is no more harm in these Indians than there is in a tribe of Presbyterian deacons."

"Then what did you mean by that dangerous run across that icy gorge?"

"Well," responded the driver, "you are certainly from near the Equator, or I should not have to explain this self-evident fact to you. If you had been awake you would have seen sags here and there in that wide sheet of ice where the sun has partially thawed it and made it weak. If a wheel had been permitted to settle in one of these sags we should have gone through the ice out of sight. By driving at this wild gait the wheels only hit in the high places, hence saved you from a watery grave. Whenever you see a danger, charge it, that is my motto."

Mr. Wickham answered:

"I must be one of that small-brained class, as the more you teach me the less I seem to know. You must be right, because you have had an unbroken run of success while going right through the jaws of imminent danger."

They rocked along monotonously, cat-napping, until they were aroused again by the surging and leaping of the horses in a mad flight down the long hill leading to the Cebolla River, also a stopping place. The buckboard was running upon the horses and no attention was paid to the brake.

"Let me there," said Mr. Wickham, "and I'll hold the brake."

The driver frowned and motioned him back. At the foot of the hill the former said:

"I see you do not understand horses at all, especially these weak-minded fellows. They would not allow you to hold that brake. A few days ago in going down a hill like this I pressed the brake with my foot; they got mad and snapped their check reins, seized the neck-yoke with their teeth, and fairly set the ground afire, pitching down that hill. You must treat a horse according to his education or you will always have a rebellion on your hands."

As the passengers climbed out of the buckboard for the night, they felt the same kind of thankfulness for their preservation that a soldier feels after passing uninjured through a bloody battle.

The next morning the horses and the driver looked care-worn and haggard. Nothing unusual occurred on the drive from this point. Just before reaching Lake City, the driver said:

"Gentlemen, we have gotten along nicely, and I want a place with the livery-stable and should be much obliged if you would speak a kind word for me or give me a letter."

Mr. Wickham answered:

"If you ate tobacco leaves saturated with the deadly, poisonous nicotine as a cow eats hay, or if you smoked opium as the nervous Cherokee Indian smokes cross vine, I might recommend you because, while it might make you stupid, enervated, and dreamy, your sins would be probably only of omission; but any man who will saturate his blood and brain with that devil's water, alcohol, the only morpheus fluid known to man, that sings to sleep all of his moral checks, care, precaution, judgment, and the instincts of self-preservation and the preservation of others in his keeping, and turns loose without restraint all his lower propensities, and augments his inclination for viciousness, heedlessness, and destructiveness, should not be recommended for any position of trust. I never realized till yesterday what a difference there is between Philip sober, and Philip just a little drunk. If a little of this vile poison will make you criminally reckless and negligent as you were last night, what would you be should you get really drunk? No, I shall feel honor bound to warn your employer against trusting you in the future, not as a punishment to you, but as a duty I owe to the traveling public."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN A TYPICAL MINING CAMP.

Lake City was nestled among beautiful mountain streams, lakes, and over-towering hills, which made the site one of the most charming and picturesque places in the Rocky Mountains. It was in a little mountain park more than 8,000 feet above sea level, skirted on the east by the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River, on the south by Henson Creek, and on the north by Beaverdam Lake; three miles south of the town is Lake San Christobal, three miles long, one mile wide, and five hundred feet deep, filled with fish. The latter lake gave the town its name.

The streets were so level and smooth that they would have made ideal race tracks. Tents, cabins, and camps were on every side, and the streets were alive with all kinds of people—American, German, Hebrew, Irish, Cornish, Swede, Canadian, French, Italian, English, Negro, Chinese, Japanese, etc., and all tongues were spoken there.

They stopped at a hotel, so-called. Mr. Wickham said:

"Mr. Campbell, this place is wholly unlike Saguache. This is a typical mining town, controlled by pilgrims; and most of these people are merely sojourners and care for nothing and nobody. They are here for what they can gather in, so you must be on your P's and Q's for two weeks and take in the whole situation before you attempt to start business. It will be a regular variety show and the scenes will change as often as the magician's leger-demain, but I think this is best for you."

"All right," said Mr. Campbell, "I am in your charge for two weeks. Do what you will with me."

When evening came, the blowing of horns, the hilarious laughter, the occasional ring of the revolver, echoed from hill to hill, finally dying away in some acute canon, with a faint disappearing sound, bringing to memory the chimes of mellow church bells in the stillness of early morning. The Pilgrim and the Pioneer occupied a double-bed in a room under a transom, and another bed in the room was occupied by two of the leading business men of the town. About eleven o'clock a regular concert began—the picking of banjos, the squeaking of the violin, a chorus of voices, and a pounding upon the door, causing a regular bedlam. The business men knew what this meant and sprang to the door, appealing to the visitors not to break it down, but to allow them to open it. By a dextrous move the door was opened and fifteen or twenty of the leading citizens of the town walked in and passed bottles of whisky and demanded that all drink, dress, and join the crusade. Mr. Wickham took in the situation and suggested to Mr. Campbell that the better and quicker way out of this was to join them and appear to enjoy it until they found an opportunity to escape. They then arose and Mr. Wickham soon dressed himself. Mr. Campbell got one foot through a trouser leg and was hopping about over the floor with the other foot elevated, trying to force an entrance into the other trouser leg. His suspenders had become wound around this and closed the opening like a puckering string. Some of these night marauders concluded that the young man was feigning impotency, gathered the unfilled trouser leg, and dragged him into the presence of Mr. Stevenson, a huge young attorney, who had just received the appointment of Justice of the Peace, and asked him for a warrant against the confused young man for treason to the crusade.

Mr. Wickham saw the young man's perplexity and parried it by joshingly appealing to the young Justice as a conservator of the peace to protect this weakling from the insults and impositions of the strong.

The young Justice grasped one after another of the intruders by the shoulders and flung them into a heap in one corner, sat down upon them, and said: "By the strong arm of the law I protect this Pilgrim."

Every one present was forced to drink, or pretend to drink, from the bottles on tap, and all were ordered to the next house.

In the midst of the confusion the Pioneer and the Pilgrim slipped away from the mob. The latter was trembling like an aspen leaf. He exclaimed: "My ——, Mr. Wickham! What next? Is this what you call pioneer civilization? If so, if God will permit me to escape, I shall never again be caught among such ferocious wild beasts."

Mr. Wickham replied: "The best way to avoid these evils is to pretend to join in with them; and don't appear to be annoyed or bored, and they will soon drop you."

They retired and soon were asleep. At peep of day the next morning they were startled by four or five of the crusaders piling through the transom into bed with them. They began: "Yes, you tenderfeet, you tried to shake us last night, but we have you. Get up and dress; the boys are at the bar having cocktails made for you."

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer dressed and repaired to the bar of the hotel and there were twelve or fifteen merchants and bankers sitting in chairs on the top of the bar, while five or six were behind the bar assisting the bartender in mixing the cocktails. After all were served they paid the bill, got a cocktail for old Aunt Martha, a three hundred pound colored cook, and told her they wanted an early breakfast.

The old woman laughed, slapped the donors on the shoulders, and told them to run up to the attic and call the waitress and they should have their breakfast immediately.

Two of the leaders went to the girl's room, called her, and told her if she would get down in ten minutes and wait on them, there would be a dollar in it for her. In a few moments the girl was down, her face glowing with smiles. Mr. Allan Crandall, the leader, said: "She is a nice girl and ought to have a solid fellow," and tried to induce one after another to lay claim to her, but each made some plausible excuse. Mr. Crandall was not to be outdone. He went to the bar room, secured a screwdriver, walked across the street to a handsomely painted metallic cigar sign, with a tempting havana in his mouth, and unscrewing it from the sidewalk, called two assistants, and ordered them to carry the metallic Indian to the smiling waitress's room and to tuck him snugly away in her bed, as her "solid fellow."

While Mr. Wickham was the best type of the Pioneer, the leaders got the impression from his slipping the crowd the night before, and from his shy, sedate demeanor, that he was an unsophisticated tenderfoot and needed disciplining. They gave their impressions to a bronzed-faced, semi-rapid maid of about thirty-five and persuaded her to seat herself beside him at breakfast to try his susceptibility to feminine charms. They took the head-waiter into the secret that he might seat them properly at the table.

When Mr. Wickham came in, the head-waiter took him to a corner table near the screen which cut off the view of the kitchen, and as Mr. Campbell was about to be seated, the head-waiter tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "I am sorry, but that seat is taken," and ushered in the short-haired woman, introduced her, and seated her with Mr. Wickham; and the leaders of the crusade, the waiters, and Aunt Martha, hung about the screen to see the tenderfoot taken in by the short-haired woman. She guyed him and sneered at the effete East, and he played the greeny and tenderfoot to perfection. She flattered him, coyly looked askance at him, chucked him under the chin, and talked baby talk to him, and he played the game admirably. The crowd behind the screen were overjoyed, and were ready to bejewel the short-haired damsel for the complete sway she had so soon obtained over the tenderfoot.

After a long sitting Mr. Wickham began to rise to go, but the brazen woman, in a pettish attitude, puckered her mouth, caught him by the sleeve, and said: "Now, my dear Mr. Wickham, you are not going to leave me unprotected here among all of these hateful, rough men, are you?"

"I must, I must!" said he. "This is very pleasant, but the best of friends must part, you know."

The woman turned her parted lips up toward him and in an imploring, babyish tone, said: "Who is going to love me when you are gone?"

Mr. Wickham hesitated a moment, raised himself to his natural grandeur, and gently said: "Jesus is going to love you when I am gone, if you are good."

The spontaneous outburst from behind the screen was too quick for the disappointed woman to reply, if she could have said anything. Old Aunt Martha's voice rang out: "Jesus is guine to lobe you. Well if dat ain't the doggonest smartest tenderfoot dat eber come to dis here hotel, den I'll gim you my head for a football. Men ain't what dey used to was nohow."

The leaders of the crusade jumped to Mr. Wickham, took him upon their shoulders to the bar and offered him anything in the house, while the short-haired woman slunk away upstairs.

From this moment the Pioneer was a hero with "the old-timers." In the midst of the hub-bub the old German cigar-maker was seen walking up and down in front of his shop across the street, shaking his fist at the place where his sign used to be saying: The man vat stoled away mine Indian, I kill mit him. — —."

The waitress, for some purpose, went to her room during the excitement, and immediately began to scream for the proprietor to come quick—a man was in her bed. The proprietor grabbed a Winchester, the clerk a baseball bat, and the bar-tender a revolver, and all burst into the waitress's room, and began to pound the ringing metallic Indian with their weapons. They soon saw the joke, and feeling the humiliation, picked up the cigar sign, and pushed it through a skylight to the top of the house, saying nothing.

The Pilgrim was extremely shy and nervous. He inquired: "Mr. Wickham, is this the usual life out here? If so, I should think ten years a ripe old age, if anyone could even live that long. Tell me, what has converted these people into a drove of common wild beasts?"

"My dear young friend," replied the Pioneer, "there is a most valuable lesson bound up in this unbroken pandemonium. You will observe that there are fifty men here to every woman. If a modest, neatly dressed woman should walk up Silver Street, five hundred men would come out and quietly and silently admire her, as long as she was in view. This chaotic civilization is the standard that men fix for themselves when alone. The superiority of older societies is a tribute to womanhood. When man and woman are associated, man greatly elevates the standard of civility and morality for both. Oh! it is here that man can adequately estimate the magnificent attributes of the Caucasian woman. What superb mothers they make! I can hardly conceive that men of this age and sons of exemplary dames can become even temporarily so degenerate. The result of lack of woman's influence here is an ocular demonstration of her great worth. It is only sires that have been deprived of the beneficent influence of refined womanhood in the maternity of their children, who can adequately measure their real worth. Here you may actually observe the reason God gave for creating woman. He said truly that it was not well that man should be alone. Again this is a demonstration of the innate weakness of men. They are moral cowards. Two-thirds of this motley crew would have preferred better things. The saloons and dance halls wield a potent influence here. The proprietors of these dens continually harp upon the generous qualities of the individuals who visit their places and treat the crowds, and these dive-keepers are constantly advising their patrons to buy at their customers' stores. To keep the finger of scorn on the part of these interested venders from being pointed at them, and to get the influence of the appellations, 'one of the boys,' 'a good fellow who spends his money freely,' 'the man to trade with,' etc., they pollute themselves in these nightly debauches."

CHAPTER XV.

THE JUDGE.

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer stepped into a bar-room where all kinds of games were in progress and many men risking their jingling cash on a favorite card or number. As they got well into the door a man approached Mr. Campbell, held up his hand with a large parlor match between his fingers, and said:

"Mister, I have a match, have you a cigar?"

Mr. Campbell handed him a cigar.

He hurried along to Mr. Wickham, who was near the bar and, with a smile, exclaimed:

"Hello, stranger, what kind of a ship do you sail on?"

"A double-decker, sir."

The young man took him by the lapel of the coat and, facing him up to the bar, said:

"Cast anchor, sir."

Mr. Wickham smiled and told the bar-tender to give him a drink, which he did; then the young fellow moved out at the door, soliloquizing as he went:

"One cigar and one drink without paying a cent, and it isn't a very good day for suckers either."

The Judge, a square, well formed, middle-aged man, with a large mustache and Arkansas chin whiskers, was taking a drink. He chuckled at the amusing incident, and introduced himself as the Judge. Mr. Wickham in turn introduced Mr. Campbell as a young limb of the law. The Judge insisted that they must visit his court.

He told them they had an excellent bar and it was making the term very interesting. The visitors promised, the Judge wiped his mouth and hurried off to his judicial ermine.

As the new-comers walked up the street they met a brisk, loquacious individual, who seemed to be on the entertainment committee. He inquired:

"Boys, do you want to have a bushel of fun without its costing you a cent?"

"Yes," answered the Pioneer, "the cheaper the better, if the quality is good."

"Well, sir," replied the entertainer, "I have a lawyer friend here who has more imagination than John Bunyan, more pathos than John Calvin, more eloquence than Wendell Phillips, and more fun in him than there is in Tom Corwin. The opposition's counsel is a typical product of the pawpaw thickets of Missouri, talks the Missouri dialect, has the general attitudes of a kangaroo, seems to be annoyed with the mange, and has never been able to find a comfortable place in which to locate his hands. Both of the attorneys are strangers here, but my friend is a 'Joe Dandy,' and I told him what kind of a looking fellow his opponent was, and I said: 'Look, a-here, that is a little case of no importance, but I'll tell you how you can make a big fee out of it, not in money, but in reputation. You just get a big crowd there and let your powers loose and let them compare your great abilities with your opponent's poor abilities and great awkwardness, and inside of a week you will have to drive clients away from your office.' He said: 'You furnish the crowd and every time the limb of the pawpaw district presents a point, I'll buff it in so many directions that it'll make him hurry to agree with me to save himself from being utterly belittled.' Now, I want to furnish the crowd for a first-class free entertainment."

Said the Pioneer: "Mr. Campbell, we might go over. This is some parrot-tongued, police-court lawyer who talks like a magpie and thinks like an oyster, and he will throw his whole resources into the show windows. It might pay you to go over and study the manner of man you will probably have to measure swords with in the legal arena, though I think I can write his biography without seeing him."

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell, "I should like to go." They went over, found the house crowded, and the Judge viewing it with astonishment.

The question involved seemed to be the location of the northeast corner of a mining claim. The stake at this point had been moved. The plaintiff swore to one place. The defendant swore to a different place. The defendant's attorney then asked the defendant if he could recall any incident that enabled him to remember this corner definitely. He answered yes, that a large jack-rabbit used to delight in resting his back against that stake, and that he had gone there time and again to kill it and in trying to take advantage of that rabbit he got a lasting impression of the very spot. The attorney for the plaintiff jumped to his feet and said that facts brought out of the defendant's own witness in that way were "illegitimate" evidence.

This was the great lawyer's opportunity. He stroked his whiskers, looked at the ceiling, chuckling vigorously, then arose to his feet and said:

"Your honor, please, I have enjoyed an active practice at the bar for twenty years, but I have never heard of such evidence as the gentleman names, before. I have often read of 'incompetent' evidence and 'illegitimate' children but never until now have I heard of 'illegitimate' evidence and 'incompetent' children, and this counsel is lead to believe that such is indigenous to the pawpaw thickets of Missouri, and not a part of the statute law of this state, and certainly no part of the common law." The crowd laughed, the court scolded, and the plaintiff's counsel blushed, and scratched vigorously first the rear of one leg, then the side of the other.

The Judge withheld his decision and ordered the plaintiff's counsel to argue the case on the merits. He hammered the table, talked about the ejectment law, and tried to explain away some apparently fatal admission that the plaintiff had made in a verified replication, and finally closed, scratched the rear of his legs vigorously, and sat down.

The hero of the occasion arose and every one leaned forward with an intent smile as all expected the show to begin.

"Your honor, please, counsel are employed for useful rather than for ornamental purposes."

The crowd construed this into a sarcastic thrust at the personal appearance of the plaintiff's attorney, and broke into a hilarious laughter. The Judge pounded his desk, and lectured the crowd on its bad manners. The counsel proceeded:

"Your honor, please, does the plaintiff's swearing that there was a misunderstanding between him and his counsel make it so? He might swear his counsel was the Angel Gabriel. Would his swearing that it is so, make it so?"

"Yes, it might," interposed the plaintiff's counsel.

The defendant's counsel, with great vehemence, cried out:

"Yes, your honor, if our brother from the pawpaw thickets could only get wings to match his tail feathers, he might make a bird of paradise!"

The crowd laughed and stamped the floor. The Judge arose and rebuked them severely, and threatened to clear the house if it was repeated.

The plaintiff's counsel jumped to his feet and said:

"Your honor, I should be glad if you would confine the defendant's counsel to a discussion of the facts and the ejectment law applicable to this case. No lawyer can follow the worming in and worming out arguments of this seemingly raving maniac." He scratched the back part of his legs, then sat down and, in his embarrassment, platted them like an ornamental willow.

Before the court could speak, the defendant's counsel jumped to his feet and with great rapidity and fervor, replied:

"Yes, and if this counsel adjudges aright from the angular action of the plaintiff's counsel, his progenitors must have been using angle worms, instead of Japanese tea, when the gentleman was sired."

The Judge had to laugh with the spectators, and when the explosion was over begged of them to be decorous, and insisted that the defendant's attorney should get down at once to the law and facts of the case, or take his seat.

The counsel proceeded, telling stories, quoting poetry, comparing plaintiff's attorney to all kinds of animals, for half an hour, and had not even referred to the case.

The Judge lost his patience and inquired:

"Sir, are you not about ready to close your argument? It is getting very late, and it seems that you have covered everything in the case."

The sarcastic reference to his "covering everything in the case" before he had reached the case at all, stung the counsel and, as quick as a flash, he answered:

"Yes, your honor, I, too, believe that I have covered everything in the case, except that jack-rabbit, and I am now ready to pay my respects to it."

The crowd broke into a general pandemonium, the Judge ordered the court adjourned, and here ended as comical a farce as will ever be presented on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River.

The Judge kindly escorted the visitors to the hotel. As they approached the platform some fifteen or twenty leading business and professional men lined up in front of the Judge and informed him that they had shut up their shops and come over to give him a mid-day serenade. The Judge took a position in front and led the singing, beating time with his cane. With great zest they sang:

"The old sow, she went a-rootling, a-rootling,
The old sow, she went a-rootling, along the road, high 'o."

At the end of the singing the Judge invited all of the serenaders to the bar and they drank round after round. After dinner Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell returned to the court with the Judge.

The love of order is an innate attribute in our make-up. No lodge, society, or other educational or deliberative institution can long thrive without a liberal recognition of decorum. Institutions will crumble more often by reason of too much, than by reason of too little, democracy. "Too much democracy" is not an attribute of the pioneer, but an attribute of those coming after him, and desiring to "outpioneer the pioneer." They often spoil the dish by trying to be "too democratic."

The district court was organized in Lake City, and there, as elsewhere, the people had the utmost faith in its integrity, but the people were very democratic; they called the judges, "Tom," "John," etc., off the bench, but were usually very circumspect and deferential while the Judge was wearing his judicial ermine, though these unusual familiarities sometimes caused the laity to overstep the bonds of propriety. The District Judge was fond of getting out with the boys at night and pretending that he was very democratic, and sometimes playing a few games of draw, and when lushed up a little he became inspired with a desire to sing. While in court he usually sat with his feet elevated on a table, smoking incessantly, with everyone talking and joking as though no court was in session. The murder trial of John York for killing Burkett was taken up and hotly contested for days. The seriousness of this case made it easy to retain good order. The defendant was acquitted.

The next case was that of a Frenchman charged with malicious mischief in killing a Durham bull. The evidence showed that he had cleared a tract of land, had spent several hundred dollars importing seed from France; that it was growing nicely; that his neighbor's Durham bull broke in and was destroying his garden. He stepped up close to the bull, shot him in the face, and the bull dropped dead in his tracks. The case was submitted to the jury. It was out a few moments, then returned a verdict of guilty, as charged.

The Judge called the defendant to the bar of justice and asked him if he had anything to say why the judgment of the court should not be passed upon him. The

Frenchman arose and, in a very excited manner, told how he had worked, and how much he had spent on that garden, and how his neighbor persisted in allowing his bull to trespass upon him, and how aggravating it was, and said that he, like the defendant that had just been acquitted for murder, shot in self-defense, and in defense of his experimental garden which was his pride and his life. He said he was surprised at the verdict; that he was astonished to learn that it was a greater crime under the laws of the great western republic to commit bullicide than it was to commit homicide. The crowd shouted and cheered lustily, and the Frenchman seemed more astonished.

The next case was an important suit of Mills vs. Wilson for possession of valuable grounds. An able lawyer from Illinois, and a very able lawyer and politician late from Kansas represented the plaintiff, and the "entertainment friend's idol" represented the defendant; he was also from Kansas. This divided the admirers from Kansas between the two legal lights from that state. A big crowd was on hand. The Judge looked haggard and worn. The gentleman lately from Kansas representing the plaintiff, with a cartload of books before him, addressed the drowsy looking Judge on the insufficiency of the defendant's answer.

When the defendant's attorney arose to reply he took a position between the two attorneys for the plaintiff. The loquacious, poetical, and flowery advocate talked about almost everything but the case. He said he was Attorney General of Kansas while the senior counsel was speaker of the lower house of the legislature of the state. He said the plaintiff's senior counsel was elected speaker to keep him off the floor, as he was given to much speech, but through his power as speaker he kept off all bills he was opposed to until within ten days of the close of the session, then called another to the chair and talked till the session expired by constitutional limitation, with his speech unfinished. The speaker suggested that this was probably a continuation of that famous effort, as it seemed to have no application to the case in hand. He then deliberately turned, and pointing to the attorney for the plaintiff sitting on his right, then as deliberately to the one on his left, he said:

"But these Siamese twins claim—"

"Yes, your honor," interrupted the senior attorney for the plaintiff, "let him designate us as the Siamese twins, there is only one set of 'gutterials' between us," pointing his finger directly at the speaker.

The Judge, lawyers, and audience laughed hysterically. The speaker stammered, halted, tried again, gave up, uttered an embarrassed chuckle, and bowed to the new star from the Sunflower state. The new hero was enthroned in the hearts of the large Kansas constituency, and the old stand-by was allowed to die in neglect like a vanquished gladiator. Everyone broke into pandemonium, and jollied one another, and the Judge, who was now becoming serious from a retrospect of the week's events, scratching his head, soliloquized:

"These proceedings are very funny, but are they not too democratic and indecorous to be effective or respectable?"

An important mining case was called, and while the Judge was in a brown study about the hilarious proceedings of the past week, twelve of the leading business men of the town marched solemnly into the court room and lining up in front of the judge, sang at the top of their voices the first verse of that rich old melody:

"Here's to the health of General Jackson, God bless the
the bold hero."

The Judge hammered his table, and cried aloud: "Stop, stop, stop that!"

The sheriff jumped to the rescue and, when they were silenced, the Judge inquired:

"Gentlemen, what can you mean by this unseemly conduct in this court? Can it be possible that a dozen of the best citizens of this town are crazy at the same time?"

The leader, Major Bentley, answered:

"No, it is out of our profound respect for this court that we are here. You taught us to sing this beautiful song last night, and we are here to show you how much we have improved since you left us at five o'clock this morning."

The Judge whispered to the sheriff, "Take them out, and place a guard at the door to prevent their return."

As they marched away the Judge sololiquized again: "Yes, truly, familiarity does breed contempt; yes, there is such a thing as too much democracy."

This exciting day so revived the drooping spirits of the Pioneer that he felt really attached to the Judge, grotesque as his court proceedings were.

It was in this court house that Edward O'Kelly was tried for the murder of Bob Ford.

In Creede, near the head waters of the Rio Grande River in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, sought safety for body and composure of conscience, in vain. He here learned that this earth is too small a hiding place from a guilty conscience. He was always shy, nervous, and expectant.

He never would sit in a game of cards unless he could get his back to the wall so no one might get behind him. He was ever expecting the Fates to demand his life in return for the treacherous taking and selling of the life of his confidential associate in crime. On a spree one night he shot out the street lights. On getting sober he apologized in the public press and faithfully promised good behavior in the future. He earnestly tried to throw off his burden, but no inaccessible retreat, no mountain fastness, no rough and tumble excitement, could bring ease of conscience or peace of mind. . He had hourly premonitions that his Missouri pardon, his secluded wildness, could not save him here on earth from an inexorable, stern, retributive justice. Ultimately Edward O'Kelly appeared on the scene with a double-barrelled shot gun. As Bob Ford nervously walked from a dancing platform to a bedroom, O'Kelly exclaimed, "Hello, Bob," and as Ford turned his head quickly, he received a charge of buckshot in the neck and fell a corpse. No one, not even O'Kelly, has been able to give any pertinent reason for the killing, unless perchance he expected to be extolled and celebrated for the removal of such a character. But lo! the public said O'Kelly was probably the worse of the two and must be removed also. The community prosecuted him to a conviction and sentence for life in the Colorado penitentiary. The Fates finally get their own, no matter how we may try to avoid them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COLORED DELEGATE.

During the forenoon of Saturday, there was an under-current of excitement over a delegate convention to be held at the court house in Lake City at 3 P. M., to nominate a candidate for the legislature, who, if successful, would have a vote for United States Senator for the Centennial State. The interest was augmented about the court house, because District Judge ——— was an active candidate. He was perambulating among the country-men, slapping them on the shoulders, and calling them Tom, Dick, Harry, Old Boy, Old Fellow, and other familiar appellations. The Judge had dressed himself grotesquely for the occasion. He had regaled himself in an unstarched white shirt, without a collar; an old pair of dark trousers, without suspenders, were bagging from below his hips. He wore a pair of rusty boots, with one trouser leg stuffed in one boot top, and the other dragging on the ground over the other boot. A well-worn slouched hat was pulled down over his eyes, and a long, weather-beaten canvas overcoat covered his body. He had every appearance of the veritable tough. His advertising agents were constantly calling attention to his unostentatious personal appearance, and always ended up by saying that no office, or ten-dollar-a-day salary could inflate him; that he would always be one of the boys. The Judge's opponent was a young republican attorney from Georgia, clean, handsomely dressed, and deferential in his social relations.

The friends of the Judge sought to make the contrast as striking as possible. The delegates generally were miners and laboring men, dressed in their talc-stained working clothes, and the Judge had an impression that unsoiled garments would be offensive to them.

The Capitol City delegation came down solid for the clean, tidy Georgian. This created quite a consternation among the delegates, and they began devising means to break this solid phalanx. The Judge accosted Dr. Sawyer, the county chairman, saying, "Looky here, there is a —— nigger in that delegation, and I can take him away from that reconstructed rebel, if I can get a quiet place to talk with him."

"Very well," answered the chairman, "my rear room is at your disposal, whisky and cigars can be had for the asking, now do your work well."

Mr. Jack Hoyt was despatched for the colored delegate; a bottle of whisky and a box of cigars were conveniently placed in the room.

The colored man was soon ushered in, deferentially introduced as a leading owner and the manager of the Morning Star Mine, and an influential delegate from Capitol City. He was given a dram and a cigar. The Judge told him that he was a northern man, and had been a general in the Union Army during the Rebellion, and recounted one hair-breadth escape after another, while fighting for the freedom of the negro race; that at the same time his opponent was leading a brigade in the Rebel Army, trying to hold them in bondage. Turning to the colored man, he looked him squarely in the face, and said firmly: "I expect, yes, I demand your support. You cannot, you dare not, commit treason to your race by voting for this slave-driving Rebel."

The colored man's eyes rolled in their sockets, exposing only their chalky white. He pushed the muscles of his thick jaws and lips out with his rigid tongue, and the froth exuded from his mouth for a few moments before he composed himself, then he turned squarely toward the Judge and said:

"Now looky here, white man, what du ye take me for, anyhow? De war wus done ober and it wusunt fought for de nigger neither. Don't youens all say youens wus fighting all de time for de Union, and ye didn't kere fur de —— nigger at all? Didn't President Lincoln, when de war wus half ober, offer our old Massas all of der slaves, all de time, if dey would bring de states back into de Union? Ain't it bout time youens wus telling de truth 'bout dat war? Youens knows ye just set us free to spite de rich soudern Massas, ca'se dey seceded, and ca'se de nordern people wus jealous of deyer great power and riches. If wes to be slaves again wed take our old Massas ca'se we knows theys high toned gentlemen. They never told a story to no slave on de hill, but my Lordy how dese here nordern people does prevericate! Judge,' you says Mr. Brown was leading a rebel regiment in de rebel army. Massa Brown was just a little kid during de war, working in de corn field ebery day, or hiding out de stock in de thickets to keep de Yankees from stealing em all. I knows ca'se I seed him ebery day. O, Judge, you did told a whopper 'bout Massa Brown, and I specks yus told one 'bout yerse'f, and dat ye wusen't in de war yerself, or wus in de rebel army. I'se not guine to vote for no big story-teller like you is for U. S. Senator, no sir-ee. Now there's Massa Brown, he talks, dresses, and acts like a real gentleman, and is fitten for U. S. senator. Excuse me Judge, but you dresses, talks, and looks jest like de poor white trash down south, and no nigger eber votes or associates with sich cattles."

The Judge lost his temper and said, "You can go to ———. What more can be expected from a ——— nigger? I wish the Democrats would get in power, and re-enslave every black scoundrel in the United States. They don't deserve to be free, anyway."

The colored delegate fairly cackled, shook his head, and said, "Umph, wouldn't I be a fine honey-suckle to vote for such an old rapscalion as you is? If you wus not a reb in de war you is one now shore. Shucks, my white folks wouldn't make a door mat of such a dirty ting as you is. You wants to free us from de high toned gentlemen dat was our massas, and wants to make slaves of us to de likes of you. No sir, not in a tousand years will Ezekiel trow hisself away by voting for any poor white trash!"

The convention was called to order on time. The chairman made a grandiloquent address, constantly referring to the great manhood that was found under soiled linen, and pictured the beautiful looking apple that was so often rotten at the core, making the application to the miners in their talc-stained suits, and the dressy professional and business classes of the country. He highly commended the superior intelligence of the western delegates, and often lauded the Judge for his genial and democratic proclivities. He said, "I want you to look at him, boys, he is the poorest dressed man in the room, and does not feel himself above the common scavenger in the street, which bespeaks his worthiness to receive the vote of every laboring man in the state."

At the end of the Chairman's speech, a committee on credentials was appointed, and sent out to determine what delegates were entitled to seats in the convention. While the committee was out the Judge was invited to address the delegates. He dilated on the glorious achievements of the grand old party, and particularly for the emancipation of 4,000,000 black slaves. He flattered the delegates on their manhood, intelligence, and pure hearts. He said that the like were rarely found elsewhere than under soiled garments. In closing he turned to the colored delegate, and said, "There is duly commissioned here a sole representative of the emancipated negro race. While you white delegates represent less than 100 persons each, this colored delegate represents a race of 6,000,000 persons. He is on trial today, and his acts in voting for one who fought four years for his freedom, or for one who gave aid and comfort to his oppressors, will show whether he is worth the great sacrifice." When the Judge closed, the delegates almost raised the roof from the building with the force of their vociferous applause.

His managers folded him in their arms, and carried him to the rear of the building to the seats set apart for them. In the struggle they pulled the buttons from his top shirt and exposed another of the same type. They unbuttoned it and found a third one; they opened this and exposed a filthy undershirt. His admirers stood him on his feet and carefully separated and exposed one shirt after another, until four were counted on his back. They commended his slovenly demeanor and dirty linen, and his aspirations for a low social standing, as eminent qualifications for a U. S. senator. They glowingly contrasted his lovely filth with the despised cleanliness of the Georgian, and finished by proclaiming that the colored delegate could not and dared not, if he could, vote against the emancipator of his race, especially when his rival was a constructive, if not an active rebel.

Ultimately the voices of the Judge's friends called for the colored delegate from every part of the house. When he stood upon his feet every one in the house, except the Capitol City delegation, greeted him with tumultuous applause. They thought that the colored delegate had weakened, and was about to declare himself for the Judge's candidacy for the legislature.

When the noise ceased the colored delegate said, "I'se but a despised, colored ex-slave, but I'se thankful to God that my old massa wus a real southern gentleman, who learned me dat 'cleanliness is next to Godliness.' *I'se* in filth and rags ca'se I'se too poor to buy soap and clothes, but as soon as I gits some pay ore out ob de Morning Star, I'se guine to buy a box ob soap and some clean clothes, den I'll t'ink more ob myself. If de Jedge wus a candidate in Chicago he'd appear in silk stockings and broadcloth, ca'se he's all tings to all men. He spects to get our support by showing us dat he loves to be nastier den we has to be. Our work requires dirty clothes, and we can't keep 'em clean, and we are dirty from necessity. De Jedge's work requires clean clothes, and he's filthy from choice, or ca'se he tinks we'll love him for his dirt. Delegates, dis is not de Jedge's ebery day clothes; he has dressed up like a circus clown, and he has got on all dose shirts jest to make us tink dat he's onery and too common to carry a valise, or brush de dirt off of hisself. Dis idea dat he's trav'lin de circuit wid tree or four pair ob cheap socks and paper collars and shirts in a paper, and dat ebery time dat a pair of socks or a collar gits dirty, he trows dem away, and when his shirt gits dirty he slips another ober it until he has tree or four dirty shirts on his filthy back, and I spects some oder filthy tings creeping ober de back, shows dat he is more shiftless dan de trashiest ob de southern white trash. Maybe you wants such a candidate for de white folks, but I won't disgrace de nigger race, or trow myself away by voting for such a dirty hoodlum as he is; sides, Massa Brown is jest as good a 'publican."

The delegate reported his experience with the Judge, and how he told a "whopper"on Massa Brown, a high-toned southern gentleman, "fitten for anybody to vote for." The Judge interposed, and asked the delegate if his southern friend would eat or sleep with him. The colored delegate indignantly said, "No, sir, no more den I would eat and sleep wid de poor white trash, ca'se we wurn't raised dat way. The difference between Massa Brown and you, Jedge, is dat you would eat or sleep wid me or any oder filthy nigger who would pay for his own bed and board, but if I come down from de Morning Star, broke, hungry, and sleepy, and asked you for some grub and a bed, when you wusen't running for office, you would turn on your heel and say, 'go git your own board and lodging, you lazy black scoundrel;' but if I went to Massa Brown and told him dat I was broke, hungry, and sleepy, he would say, 'Why, come right ober here to Mr. Jones' hotel,' and he would say, 'Jones, gib Ezekiel a good square meal and a bed and bring de bill to me.' You nordern people make a great fuss about de little social fixins dat cost you not'ing, but when it comes to givin' a nigger something substantial you are not dare. What de nigger wants is someting to eat and a place to sleep. He is not after someone to eat wid or to sleep wid. Now I will leave it to you delegates which is de real friend of de nigger, de Jedge, who's willing to eat and sleep wid de nigger when he pays his own board and lodgin', and kicks him out to starve and freeze when he's broke, or Massa Brown, who won't eat or sleep wid a nigger, but if dat nigger sufferin' for victuals or sleep, will go down in his pocket an' dig up de grub and de bed for him to eat or sleep by hisself. I ask you delegates who is de real frien' of de nigger's freedom, de man who tooked him from his massa, and now wants to own and use him hisself for de balance of his life, or his old massa, who says, 'Ezekiel, youse as free as I is now and can do as you please. I'll hire you and pay you as much as anybody else, you ken work for me, or go whare you like;' and when election day comes he says, 'you is got as much right to vote for who you likes as I has. Look ober your ticket, and vote for dose dat you tink will treat you best.' Is de soudern folks dat gib de nigger work and personal freedom all de time, or de nordern people dat don't care for him 'cept at 'lection, and not den 'less he votes der ticket, de real frien' to de nigger?

"I knows some of de nordern delegates tink we's ungrateful to de north for freedom, but if de nordern people hadn't sold us to de soudern people, dey wouldn't a lost all dat precious blood undoing deyes own wrongs. Dey is two sides to all dese questions. De nigger am not complaining of nobody, and dey are not tanking many people. If de nordern speculators hadn't stold us from Africa we'ens 'ud be in barbarism dere now. If dey had not sold us to de high toned soudern gentlemen we'ens wouldn't 'a had such fine opportunities to grow out of our ignorance. It looks like dat we'ens is under no obligations to nobody but de Lord, who tooked dis debious way of delibering de nigger from barbarism. De nigger whose been in slavery is a tousand times better off dan de nigger dat was never stold, and dat was never in slavery, so I jest guess de Lord is responsible for all dis. Now, gentlemen delegates, I has jest one request to make. Youens has hearn de Jedge's coarse harangue, and I wants youens to jest invite Massa Brown to address dis convention so dat you can see de difference between a high toned soudern gentleman and poor white trash, before youens vote."

When the colored delegate took his seat, he was surprised at the generous applause and the hastening of delegates from every part of the house to congratulate him.

"Massa Brown" was invited and addressed the convention.

In chaste, modest language he heartily thanked the delegates for the courtesy extended to him, and told them that he believed that office should seek the man, but that after much persuasion from his good friends he had consented to become merely a receptive candidate; that he had been informed that the only objection urged against him by his opponents was that he was dressy and aristocratic. He declared that his work was all among books and papers. The very preservation of these required a spotless cleanliness; that every man's vocation called for a suitable kind of apparel, and his work was such that it was easier to be cleanly than otherwise, and the clean linen had no terror for him whatever; that if he should engage in mining, or other labor where cleanliness of garments was not practicable, he would not think of wearing other than the talc-stained suits common to this work, and that he had as much and even more regard for the man who wore clothes suitable to his calling than he had for the man who persisted in being filthy where his work required neatness, or for some aesthetic individual who attempted to keep a spotless apparel where the character of his vocation made it impracticable. He said that when they were invited to appear before this convention his opponent and he had each changed his apparel; that his adversary thought that he could do greater honor to the convention by appearing in his most filthy and grotesque apparel, while he himself had concluded that he could show greater respect to the convention by appearing in his cleanest and best attire. "If I should be favored by your votes," said he; "and should be elected, clothes would not be considered by me one way or the other; but I should make it the point of every effort to cast my vote and influence toward the men and measures that would redound to the greatest good to the greatest and most deserving number."

When Mr. Brown bowed himself from the platform the house fairly shook from the force of the applause. A delegate jumped to his feet and nominated Mr. Brown candidate for the legislature, and he was nominated with but few dissenting votes. It is a debatable question until this day whether the quaint eloquence of the colored delegate, or the cleanly appearance and methods of the Georgian stampeded the convention from the filthy Judge.

When the nomination was announced the Judge slipped out alone and dragged himself to his room mumbling to himself, "Another fatal mistake—too much democracy again."

Mr. Wickham met the Judge at dinner and expressed his sore regrets that the delegates to the convention should have been so unstable and erratic in their political convictions as to allow the harangue of an ignorant negro delegate to stampede them. The Pioneer looked consolingly into the eyes of the Judge and inquired, sympathetically:

"Does your defeat here put you out of the race?"

"Oh, no," replied the Judge, "I have a dead cinch on the nomination and election; I am in the impregnable combination you know, which makes success as certain as death. Defeat is impossible. This local defeat led by a negro is humiliating, that's all."

Mr. Wickham, thoroughly interested now, anxiously inquired:

"Have you any objections to giving me an outline of this wonderful combination?"

"Oh, no! not to you sir, a close personal friend and a good Republican like myself," replied the Judge.

"You know we have about 4,000 non-English speaking voters in this state,—about half employed in farming and stock growing, and the remainder in coal mining. This vote is the balance of power between the factions of the Republican party, and between the Republican party and all opposing parties. As goes this vote so goes the state. All parties but ours are pessimistic, and constantly annoy and menace capital, and keep it so intimidated that we can always go to the banks, the railroads companies, and the large employers of labor, and show our great fears of the prestige that some of these calamity parties are obtaining with the voters, and they will shell out a liberal campaign fund to us. We then go to the leading merchants who furnish supplies on long time to the non-English speaking farmers and stock growers, and arrange with them for a liberal part of this campaign fund or some good offices for themselves or friends; then we go to the managers of the coal mines and tell them the great favors being shown for the candidates of one of these pessimistic parties, and suggest to each manager that he had better help our ticket to avoid strikes and labor troubles. The manager generally stilts himself on a high moral pinnacle, utterly declines to interfere with the free ballot of his employes, but adds, parenthetically, 'I will send a letter to the superintendent that you be given every facility to talk to the men.' This is just what we want. The letter is so worded that the superintendent is shown the bias of the manager for our ticket. The superintendent gives us a like letter to the foreman of the mine. We go to him and show him the natural vote outside of the mine, and tell him that the manager and the superintendent are for our ticket, and that for every majority vote for us, we will pay him, say $1.00. He sees the opportunity for a great day's work, goes to his shift bosses and offers them 10 cents each for every such vote. The rounder in our executive committee calls these leaders to Denver, and instructs them to call all of the manipulators together, including such local Democrats as can be arranged with, to agree on judges and interpreters who will stand by the combination, though the heavens fall. They then agree that all of the non-English speaking classes, though some may understand English, shall call for interpreters. One of the combine is on hand, and is selected interpreter and fixes up the tickets as per agreement, regardless of what the voter requests. The leading local Democrats are compromised and taken care of, so there is no one to object to or to challenge illegal votes. Democrats and Republicans request that no speakers be sent or arrangements made to get out the vote. Each says that any campaigning will hurt his ticket; that they want all of the funds to employ these influential ones. This furnishes a combination that beats the world. This is what is called 'practical politics,' which means that you must get there by whatever means necessary. I have this machine both for the nomination and election, and I know as well now what the vote will be as I will know when it is counted. I hope that you appreciate my happy position."

The Pioneer arose, looked the Judge directly in the eyes, and replied: "I scorn your 'happy position,' and denounce as a despoiler of human liberty any one who countenances or accepts the fruits of such infamous villainy. Is it possible that my party, the Republican party, the party of Lincoln and Sumner, founded on the rock of eternal justice, must perpetuate itself in power by wholesale bribery, forgery, and the utter pollution of the very fountain of human liberty? Is it possible that even the local organization of the great party of Jefferson and stalwart Andrew Jackson can descend to such diabolical political venality? Can the bleached bones of these great men remain inert while such scoundrels, their alleged devotees, masquerading as their disciples, are sapping the very foundation of the institutions they so justly contrived? Is it possible that there is no longer such a thing as a public or political conscience among the people? Do they approve of partisan office expectants putting up public places at public auction? Is this constant clamor for a free ballot and a fair count a hypocritical cant to muddy the water, that the people may not see the undermining of popular government? The negro delegate was wiser than I suspected. His strong instincts took your proper measure. God forbid that you or your nefarious combination usurp the powers of an honest majority rule in this republic. If the people would demand the same strict rectitude in those charged with the transaction of their political business as they do of those serving them in their non-political duties, and would ostracize a political thief the same as they would an ordinary convict, political conscience would soon develop so that the people would have faithful service in public office instead of the too usual betrayal of the public weal to serve some great private interest."

CHAPTER XVII.

NEVER MAKE A BLUFF YOU ARE UNWILLING TO BACK UP IF CALLED.

Messrs. Mayer & Grebles of Saguache did a large jobing business among the merchants of Lake City. Mr. Mayer, who spent much time in Lake City, was in the town when the Pilgrim and the Pioneer arrived, and lost no time in seeing the county commissioners, and informing them all about the drawing of the famous partnership agreement and the wonderful amount of legal acumen that this Pilgrim had in his youthful head, he soon convinced them of the advisability of appointing him county attorney. The salary of the office was at once fixed at $1,000, and the appointment was made, tendered to Mr. Campbell, and accepted.

The most sedate, handsome and dignified personage about the court house was the under-sheriff. All of his attitudes and movements were models of grace and dignity. It was said that he never made a pretense at laughter until he was over 40 years old. At the latter age he married a gushing widow who tried to teach him to laugh. His efforts at merriment were senseless mockeries, detected by all who heard him. However, he had a keen insight into the ridiculous, though he did not express it through laughter. He saw clearly the absurdity of the partnership agreement story and the consequent appointment of the Pilgrim as county attorney. On the very day of the appointment, the board of county commissioners disallowed the bill of Dr. McIntosh for doctoring the poor, without a request from the board. The doctor heard of his misfortune and repaired to the court house and inquired about the cause for the disallowal. The under-sheriff told him of the appointment of this wonderful attorney, the reference of the bill to him and his report against it and detailed to the doctor numerous harsh things that the county attorney had said about him. Dr. McIntosh hunted up the county attorney for the purpose of holding him personally accountable for the insults. The county attorney denied everything and told the doctor that he had been imposed upon. Later in the evening the under-sheriff and Dr. McIntosh met and the doctor explained the mistakes as related to him by the Pilgrim. The under-sheriff told the doctor that he had just left the county attorney and that the latter had related to him how he had thrown the Doctor off his guard, and told him many other disparaging things the county attorney had said about him.

The doctor inquired of the officer as to what could be done to make this young limb of the law atone for these grave insults.

The under-sheriff answered, "There is but one honorable way for a gentleman and that is to challenge him to mortal combat under the Code, with shotguns, at twenty paces."

This coincided with the views of the doctor, hence the challenge was forwarded at once by the under-sheriff.

Saturday evening, the Judge and visiting members of the bar were smoking and discussing how they might amuse themselves during Sunday, without any feasible plan of diversion being in sight.

The dramatic under-sheriff suggested that if they would visit Dead Man's Gulch at ten o'clock A. M., they could witness the settlement of a grievous dispute between two hot-headed Southerners, with shotguns, unless that was too mild an entertainment to satisfy their desires. He explained that the county attorney, in officially passing on the doctor's bill for treating the poor, was not satisfied with reporting against him, but had gone beyond the legal limits and criticised him to the board, depicting him as a worthless and dissipated product of the gum-swamps of the South, raised upon persimmons and polk-salad, placing him in the first rank of the "low white trash," so common to that region. These charges have always been sufficient cause, in that sunny land, for an appeal to the Code of Honor, but the inflated young attorney had added insult to injury by further declaring that the doctor was self-employed, showing his low breeding, and that ethically he was a mere quack. Such an insult to a Kentuckian must be avenged. If we do not let them go and orderly shoot it out, the first time they meet at church, court, hotel, or crowded street, they will open the duel and probably kill a half dozen innocent persons as well as themselves. When men get into a condition that nothing but a little blood-letting will satisfy them, the officers should see that this gory ordeal is so conducted that all of the blood will be taken from the aching veins. I am going up to protect the innocent."

The Judge inquired:

"Why do you call this place 'Dead Man's Gulch?' Is it a regular dueling ground?"

"O, no! Your question calls for a long story. In the winter of 1873 and 1874 twenty odd miners left Bingham Canon, Utah, for the great San Juan mines. In the Uncompahgre Valley they separated into three parties and started for the Los Pinos Indian agency for supplies. Two of the parties turned up in due time, but the third party was not heard of till in the spring of 1874, when Alfred Packer came in alone. As soon as Chief Ouray saw him he said, 'That man has been living on human flesh.' This proved to be true, but how he was able to detect this from the mere appearance of Packer has always been a mystery. General Adams turned Packer over to Constable Lautter and had him questioned about his five companions. He said they got lost, and their provisions became exhausted; that they existed for awhile on their shoe leather, which they boiled, and on rose buds, roots, etc., and finally the oldest man in the party, Mr. Swan, died, and they ate him; they then agreed to, and did, draw cuts to see who should be slaughtered from time to time, until Humphries, Miller, and Noon were consumed, leaving only Packer and Bell, and they had a battle in which Packer killed Bell and ate him.

"General Adams told him to go back with the constable and some others and verify his story, and he should be protected. He retraced his steps to a few camps, then claimed to be lost, was sent to jail in Saguache, but escaped.

"When the prospectors swarmed in here in the summer of 1874 they found in a dense thicket of hemlock about two miles above Lake City on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison river, four of his comrades dead in bed with their blankets pulled over their heads and hatchet-cuts through the blankets and on through their skulls, showing that they were murdered while asleep; Bell was lying about thirty yards from the others with a bullet-hole through him.

Many human meat-stakes had been cut from the thighs and breast of a fat Irishman among the murdered.

"They were taken upon a high bank above the river, five graves were dug side by side, and five solemn headstones mark the resting places of these foully murdered victims. From that day this has been called 'Dead Man's Gulch.'"

Since that time Packer has been apprehended, tried, and convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged; but before he was executed, the Supreme Court held that the murder statute in force when the crime was committeed had been repealed, without a saving clause, and that he could only be sentenced for manslaughter, hence the court sentenced him to eight years for the murder of each of his five companions or to forty years in the penitentiary. He is now planning an acquittal on the ground that it was Indian Territory where the crime was committed, and that the state court had no jurisdiction to try him. However, the commissioners and the Indians had signed a treaty ceding to the United States the land where the crime was committed; after the crime congress ratified the treaty and the general current of authorities is to the effect that the state's right relates back to the time of signing the treaty, which would seem to make the conviction legal.

It may seem strange to those with a casual knowledge of this famous case that Alfred Packer should be incarcerated for killing under such trying circumstances, especially as it is well known that starvation will soon create in the mind of its victim an uncontrollable desire to kill and eat a companion; but the penalty in this case is put exclusively upon a bad name. The traveling companions of the prisoner said he was without money and wanted to fight on the early part of the journey; and that he had plenty of money after the murder and spent it in riotous living and in unseemly dissipation. Forty years imprisonment for a bad name! Probably there are but few, if any, cases in history, where a good character would have yielded such a rich return.

When the challenge was sent by the physician to the county attorney he was so irritated at Dr. McIntosh's challenge, after he had denied all knowledge of the alleged insult, that he wrote the following curt reply:

"You doggoned fool, you; you will die soon enough without begging me to kill you."

The under-sheriff read it and said:

"Now, look here, that won't do. If you send that reply he will think you are afraid of him, show it to all his friends, and whenever you meet him in public he will heap such indignities upon you that you will have to kill him in self-defense. I would suggest this answer:

I cheerfully accept your challenge to mortal combat and as the Code permits me to select the weapons, time, place, etc., I choose double-barrelled shotguns at twenty paces, duel to take place at Dead Man's Gulch at ten o'clock next Sunday. If he has any religious scruples he will decline to fight on Sunday; the designation of Dead Man's Gulch will bring vividly to his mind the horrors of the tragic butchery of those five men at that lonely spot; and choosing double-barrelled shotguns at twenty paces will give him warning that you mean that both shall be reduced to a common level by an early return to mother dust. He will find some excuse to decline, he will be humiliated, and will be sneaking around like a whipped cur, while you will imperiously walk the streets in open defiance of the whole world."

The county attorney replied that he was not a fighting man, did not believe in the Code, did not want to kill any one else, and did not want to be killed himself. He asked: "Now, suppose he should accept those bloody terms, then what would I do?"

"Oh! now," responded the under-sheriff, "let's not imagine the impossible, then throw ourselves into a brain fever trying to avoid an empty shadow. Now, you get your pen and write and I shall dictate!" The reply was written as suggested and given to the under-sheriff, who took it over to the doctor's office; the doctor read it and unconditionally accepted the terms in such an unconcerned way that it threw the under-sheriff into complete consternation. He began siding with and encouraging the doctor, and finally got himself chosen as his second. He withheld the answer from the county attorney until Saturday morning, fearing that two nights of fear might break down his nervous system.

When the reply was delivered it completely upset the county attorney. He wrung his hands and exclaimed:

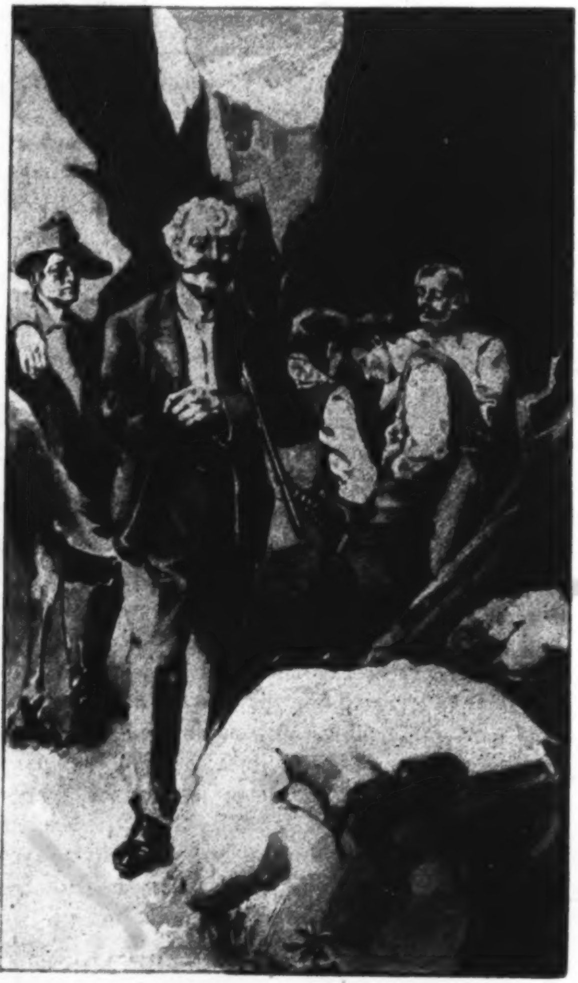
"Oh, Heavens! You, a high peace officer, instead of protecting me have dragged me into the very jaws of death. What will my poor father and mother think? Oh, Heaven save me!"

"Now, look here," said the under-sheriff, "he is playing the very same game that we are playing. He is bluffing. You must make him think you are hungering and thirsting after human gore, then he will lay down. I have worked into his good graces and he has made me his second, which will enable me to influence the doctor in favor of honorable peace. Now, you select Mr. Wickham as your second and between us we shall, we must, stop any bloodshed, even if we have to put you both in jail."

"Anything, anywhere," shouted the county attorney, "to prevent this bloody murder. It would really kill my poor old mother, too. I just can't and I won't stand it."

The two seconds agreed to have their principals at Dead Man's Gulch by half-past nine Sunday to get the influence of that horrible, bloody Packer tragedy on the incorrigible doctor, who was giving all hands much trouble.

At half-past nine Sunday morning the principals, with their seconds, appeared upon the ground, measured off twenty paces, walked over the scene of the bloodiest and most pitiless crime of the Rocky Mountains, and the under-sheriff graphically described the details of the horror,—but no change came over the doctor. The under-sheriff told him that he understood that the county attorney was a great shotgun man. Said two quails might fly in different directions, and with no effort, he could kill them both, and that he really believed he was so all-fired quick that if he had a three barreled gun, and three quails should fly in different directions, he would get them all. The doctor paid no attention to him. They walked him over the five graves, stopped him at the headstones, read and commented on the epitaphs and the grief of their families, how it had impoverished the child of this one, killed the mother of that one, etc., and discussed the general horrors of death, but the doctor ignored it all. Then the under-sheriff, in his despair, suggested that they kneel and pray; three knelt, but the doctor must have been a Presbyterian, for he stood erect with his cold steel gray eyes always up and toward the front, with a military bearing. His second devoutly prayed that the shotgun might soon be beaten into branding irons and that men might in general be spared from "the shroud, the deep, damp vault and the



THE DUEL.

worm" until a ripe old age caused them to welcome such environments. He prayed for the hatchet-mangled victims that slept in that lonesome graveyard and begged that all persons in the prime of young manhood might be saved from the frightful horrors of an untimely death. The doctor never budged, but the county attorney could not stand the strain any longer. He put his handkerchief to his eyes and boohooed, and asked if mutual apologies might not prevent this bloody scene? His adversary looked cold daggers at him, unmoved. It was now nine-forty and something must be done quickly. Said the under-sheriff to Mr. Wickham, "Nothing but human gore and lots of it will do that cold-blooded doctor, and we must be very careful or he may conclude to kill two or three of us instead of one."

The seconds took the guns, went into an abandoned mining tunnel, consulted together, came out at 10 o'clock, promptly stationed the principals and handed each a cocked shotgun. At the signal the doctor quickly aimed and fired, then came to a tension position, endeavoring to see the effects of his shot. At the crack of his gun, Mr. Campbell fell sprawling on his face, the jar discharged his gun, the load striking the ground with such force that it raised so great a cloud of dust that the crowd could not tell whether he was up or down. The seconds hurried to him, and appointed assistants to keep the crowd back; physicians came rushing to the rescue, were insolently pushed back and went away indignant, and while this pandemonium was at its height some one cried out, "Look! look! The murderer is escaping."

The doctor had seized the under-sheriff's horse, saddle, and overcoat, and was going at a head-long gait up the river. Under the laws of Colorado it was a crime to kill another, even in a duel where both men agreed to it. The under-sheriff exclaimed, "That is a $250 outfit, and I can't afford to lose that to save this man with a shattered and worthless constitution." He left the prostrate man, organized a body of horsemen and ordered them to take a short cut and head off the murderer. About sun-down the men met the doctor, and ordered him to throw up his hands, but instead of obeying he slipped from the horse's back and darted into a spruce jungle out of sight.

When the under-sheriff returned to Mr. Campbell, his eyes were wide open, but he was limp and helpless. "Are you dead or alive?" asked the under-sheriff. "I think I am shot all to pieces," replied the Pilgrim. The under-sheriff called a doctor through the guards and ordered him examined. The doctor asked the Pilgrim where he was hit. In a very faint voice he said he felt as if he was shot all over, for he couldn't move. The doctor had him turned from side to side and examined his clothes for blood, but could find no indication of it. Then exclaiming, 'I guess he is bleeding internally," ordered his clothes immediately ripped from his body; after minutely examining him the doctor said, "Why, this man hasn't a wound about his body!"

Mr. Campbell replied, "I was struck with something that felled me to the ground, and I haven't been able to get up or move since."

The under-sheriff solemnly looked him in the eye and said: "You were shot with a load of fear. We went into the tunnel just before 10 o'clock, took a cork-screw and removed every buck-shot from the cartridges, and left nothing in them but powder, paper wads, and a good charge of fear, which I think struck you."

The Pilgrim began to work his arms and his legs and asked: "Are you sure that you didn't leave a shot in his gun? I feel a little better, but it seems to me that there is something wrong yet."

The conviction soon permeated the crowd that one of the most successful sham duels that ever was fought had just been consummated. The two seconds were the only ones in the secret and it was a bloody buck-shot duel in the minds of everybody else. They had to wrap Mr. Campbell in blankets and haul him home, as his clothes had been cut into strings to enable the doctors to make the necessary examination. Dr. McIntosh thought his victim was dead until the next evening.

He said he experienced all the sanguinary horrors of a murderer; saw the grim, clammy ghosts sitting on the drooping limbs of the bushy hemlock at the foot of his crude couch all through the long, long night; felt the clammy hobgoblins creeping over his face and chasing sleep from his tired eyelids; and he would have given all he had or ever expected to have, to wash the blood of his victim from his hands in twenty minutes after the fatal shot.

The county attorney slept like a baby Sunday night, but bowie knives, shotguns, and spouts of crimson blood, had stared him in the face all of Saturday night, and his agonizing fear had impaled him. He never failed afterward to admonish his friends never to make a bluff that they were not willing to back up, if called on to do so.

The countenance of the under-sheriff never changed except when he saw the doctor escaping on his horse and taking his overcoat along. He did not seem to see any fun in this, but felt that he had executed a piece of fine work in getting the county attorney, who had been challenged to mortal combat, out alive and with honor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"CAN'T" NOT APPLICABLE TO A JUST CAUSE

The Pioneer and the Pilgrim were clearing up the office after their return from breakfast, when Mr. John Gaylord, a young lumberman, entered the office with a summons in his hand and a dark cloud on his brow.

"Mr. Campbell, while I was in Labette County, Kansas, I signed a note for a neighbor as an accomodation; the note was amply secured on mortgaged property of beneficiary. When it came due the bank, as payee, took the mortgaged property, advertised it, bought it in for a trifle, and as I was leaving Kansas to come out here, they sued me for the balance due, amounting to over $5,000, got a judgment, obtained a transcript for the same, sent it here to Messrs. Denton & Gunning, and they have sued me on that judgment in the district court. I took the summons to Mr. Trenton, one of the best lawyers in Colorado, and he says that if they served me with a summons in Kansas and regularly got a judgment there, they can sue me on that judgment here, and offer a regular transcript in evidence at the trial, and that I can dispute nothing if the court had jurisdiction in Kansas. The best he could promise me was to delay it for a year, but he wants to charge me $250 for this and I am unable to pay it. I will give you $50 if you will take this summons and look into it and keep it off as long as possible. The bank got property worth more than the debt and every cent I have to pay will be the result of extortion."

"Very well," the Pilgrim replied, "I will do what I can for you."

After Mr. Gaylord left Mr. Wickham suggested:

"Mr. Campbell, my mind has been recurring to the past. Don't you remember the second night you were in Del Norte as a result of your being summoned on a jury, when by reason of a few apt, epigrammatic truisms, spontaneously coined on your *'voir dire,'* you were engaged by the unprotected and outraged defendant, exculpated him from the clutches of a gang of thieves, and made yourself locally famous? Do you remember that the second day you were in Saguache, you drew that magical copartnership agreement that immediately paved your way to glory and to a competency? While Mr. Gaylord was relating the depraved manner in which that hard fisted, cold, clammy banker, protected by a mere legal technicality, is about to commit a judicial theft of all the savings of his lifetime, I had a presentiment that this case is not hopeless, that it is to be your greatest victory, justice is to prevail, and your reputation is to be established in Lake City."

"Well," replied the attorney, "if Mr. Trenton, with his acknowledged great ability, had not pronounced the case hopeless, from the long course of successful achievements I have gained under your direction in the past, I should certainly be inspired by you again, but this time I must ask a profert of your premonition of success."

"Will you not allow the undaunted optimist to test his Creed on this presumably hopeless case? Allow me to argue a little before you reply. Success in this case is bound up in the great advantage of the defendant, armed, as he is, with a just cause. Every element in nature is constantly conspiring that justice may prevail. Wrong is deformed in its every part; it is unnatural, and no ordinary condition will fit its ungainly form; everything must be made to order for it. It is stoop-shouldered, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, hump-backed, and all of its paths are devious and all kinds of pitfalls are open for its undoing. If you will devote yourself to this cause and allow it to inspire you, you can, you must win. Will you do it?"

"Yes. You have already inspired me to action. I shall put in every spare moment from now until court time on an attempted verification of your presentiment."

"Then, wrong is defeated. Mr. Gaylord will succeed, avarice will die in the pit. The paths of justice are so straight, level, and smooth, that you will have a pleasant journey, compared with the thief's dark and zig-zag trail that the plaintiff must follow. He will get off somewhere and lose his way and go over a precipice to destruction."

The next morning the Pilgrim got up early and secured the transcript of the judgment upon which suit was brought. He had upon his shelves United States digests, giving a synopsis of every decision of the courts of record in every state in the union. He began with volume one and examined every decision in every state in the union, on suits brought on judgments rendered in foreign states, and compared the decisions from time to time with the transcript of the judgment in this case. When he had finished he had briefed two defects in the transcript, each of which these decisions adjudged fatal.

The first defect found in the transcript was that it was signed by a "deputy clerk." A line of decisions from highest court of New York, held that these records of sister states were made admissible in evidence by United States enactment in 1792, "when properly certified by the clerk of the court in which the judgment was rendered," and the courts held that the state statute providing for a deputy, would not make a certificate signed by the deputy admissible under this U. S. act.

The second fatal point was that the transcript as first sent, was found by the attorneys to be defective, and they had ordered an additional record, without sending back the part they had, having one certificate and one record only.

Mr. Campbell had found a decision holding that if the record was not a complete whole, with a single certificate showing it complete, it could not be used. He was so happily surprised at finding these two supposedly fatal defects in the transcripts that he would not even impart the information to Mr. Wickham until he had pledged him to keep it secret from Mr. Gaylord.

Mr. Campbell filed in court a formal denial of any such judgment or record, sent to Denver and got the reported cases sustaining ~~his~~ contentions, and when the court convened and the case was called, he carelessly sat dumb until after Messrs. Denton & Gunning said they were ready for trial. "Then," said Mr. Campbell, in an unconcerned manner, "You may proceed to prove up before the court."

The plaintiff's counsel read the complaint and stated their case, then started to introduce the record of the judgment.

"Hold on," quietly said the Pilgrim, "we shall interpose some objections to that transcript. Our first objection is that there are two transcripts here, or two parts of one transcript, when the law provides for one transcript with a certificate showing that it is full and complete.

"The second objection is that the certificates are made by a 'deputy clerk,' an officer not recognized by the act of Congress, under which a record in one state is admitted in another state."

He then produced the decisions supporting his contentions.

The plaintiff's counsel pleaded and appealed to the court that they might introduce a transcript, or continue the case and withdraw and amend the first transcript, but the court said "no," and rendered a judgment for the defendant, then took a recess until two o'clock P. M.

Mr. Trenton, the noted attorney who said he could not win the case, Mr. Gaylord, the defendant, and Mr. Wickham, jumped to their feet and showered their congratulations upon Mr. Campbell. The defendant wrung his hands and cried like an over-joyed woman.

Mr. Trenton said:

"Mr. Gaylord, I want to tell you that you owe much to Mr. Campbell. There is not another member of this bar that would have relieved you of this burden. I do not know that his law points are well taken, but he has put them in so plausible a condition that neither plaintiff nor court can controvert them, and they have relieved you. This is one of the advantages of hiring a young member of the bar; he is full of hope and ambition and has unlimited time to devote to his cases, while older members rely upon general principles and have such little time to devote to any one case that they often make fatal mistakes as I seem to have done in this case."

The Judge then came around and publicly congratulated the Pilgrim, and the defendant invited all hands to lunch with him as a fit celebration of his victory.

It is needless to say that the successful handling of this supposedly untenable defense gave Mr. Campbell an enviable position at the bar in Lake City, in the minds of the people, in the estimation of the bar, and in the judgment of the court; but this pleasing and valuable achievement was insignificant when compared with the indelible impression and conviction that the causes leading up to this signal victory left upon his mind. From that eventful day he has ever believed that no just cause is hopeless, and has ever refused to tell a litigant that he can not win if justice is on his side, but has gone upon the theory that, with a just cause, all other needful things will be added and that however clear the way may seem for an unjust cause, at some point in its depraved journey its despicable deformity will expose itself and yield the right-of-way to justice; it was also indelibly impressed upon his mind that nothing is free in this world, but that all success must be purchased through persistent, determined and systematic work; that eternal vigilance is the price of success; and that when such vigilance and a robust industry are coupled to a just cause, injustice is speedily driven to the jungles.

There never was a fairer, more beautiful, or logical, practical test of what the Pioneer eloquently called the "Holy Creed of Blessed Optimism," than in this case. This lesson was the Shibboleth of whatever success Mr. Campbell made at the bar.

General Deering remarked to Mr. Wickham: "Your friend Campbell is the best lawyer I ever saw to be so consummate a tender-foot."

The Pioneer replied: "The two traits quite naturally go together. It is the biggest banker that buys the gold brick; it is the best lawyer that the shyster always beats in a business transaction. The best are always so wedded to their callings that they have never had time to see the world, and are always tender-feet. I am going to take Campbell with me to the frontier for a wild and exciting trip that I think will harden up his feet a little."

CHAPTER XIX.

SHIFTING SCENES IN A PIONEER TOWN.

A new mining-camp is impregnated with optimism, every one thriving on the hope that he will soon uncover a fortune. Many miners are what is called in mining vernacular, "grub-staked;" that is, they are furnished with provisions and tools by friends who are to share with them equally in whatever of value they may discover.

Now and then a person who never had a hundred dollars at one time, uncovers a mine worth a hundred thousand dollars or more. This transition from abject poverty to opulence is very trying on the nervous system, and some times the mental equilibrium of the successful one gives way under the strain, especially when the discovery is made by the newcomer, or what is known in mining parlance as the tender-foot. Quite often the discovery is made by mere accident. One claim here, which sold for more than a hundred thousand dollars, was discovered by an Irishman falling over a cliff and kicking off a piece of the brilliant silver-bearing rock, and another that was sold equally high was discovered by a little boy shooting at a jack-rabbit while it was sitting near a crag,—going up to where his bullet struck he found he had chipped off a piece of glittering gold; and similar incidents are reported from all the principal camps.

The miners used to have a suspicion that assayers gave greater returns than their ore justified, and often believed that assayers made at times what was known as "wood-box" assays—that is, they thought they sometimes threw the ore into the wood-box without running it through the "fiery furnace," then wrote up a certificate for their patrons from a mere estimate. To catch the assayers, miners often take a piece of jug, a piece of a brick or like non-mineral bearing material, grind it to a powder, and take it to the assayer. If he finds nothing in this material his reputation is established; if he finds that it carries values, it is demonstrated that he is a "wood-box" assayer. It is reported in one case that a miner took a piece of grind stone, powdered, to a new assayer and that the latter returned a value in gold of ten dollars per ton. The miners denounced him as a "wood-box" assayer. The assayer then made them show up the other part of the grind-stone. This leader enabled him to trace it to the quarry. He went there and bought the quarry and converted it into a great gold mine instead of a grindstone quarry. His was a genuine and not a "wood-box" assay.

During the early days of Lake City, Mr. Merrill, a handsome young engineer and assayer, very poor, sold a claim for a net profit of $10,000. He could not understand how one man could ever spend so much money, and besides, he supposed he would make such a sale every few months. This impression is common to all of the so-called "tender-feet," hence they usually run through with the results of the first sale and never make a second one; and Mr. Merrill was not an exception to the rule.

He immediately made a trip to New York, sent in a handsome double-seated sleigh, a harness, and a two-seated spring-wagon, and had the stage agent at Lake City select him a handsome pair of trotters; he brought back with him an old colored man, noted for nothing but his utter ignorance of country life, and the fact that at one time he had served the Vanderbilts.

A great snow avalanche had come down from the mountain heights to Henson Creek bottoms, south of the Ule mine, and crowds were hurrying to see the results. Mr. Merrill drove up to the office in his handsome sleigh and invited the Pilgrim and the Pioneer to accompany him to the slide. Mr. Campbell got in the front seat with Mr. Merrill, and Mr. Wickham into the rear seat with the old colored man. They drove up the canon to Henson Creek, where the precipitous cliffs extended thousands of feet above them on either side. Every one was quiet for a few moments, then the colored man inquired: "Boss, coming through de South park de udder day we seed somting bigger den a deer but not so big as a hoss, what does you spose it were?"

Mr. Wickham suggested that it was probably a chipmunk. Those on the front seat tittered, but the colored man looked astonished. Promiscuous talk engaged the party until they ran up by the side of the high cliff near the Mountain Lion mine; just opposite in a little cove in the cliff on the other side of the creek, were heaped up millions of tons of small, thin, smooth shale rock, weighing about four ounces each, which had been crumbling from the cliffs and trickling down a little ravine for ages. The colored man stretched his neck, and looking at the steep mountains running up thousands of feet above them on either side, said: "My gracious, boss, I'se always hearn dat dis wus a great cattle country, but I'de like tu know what dey eats?"

Mr. Wickham answered: "Do you see that green moss on the shale rock in that great pile in that little cove?"

"Yeas, yeas," said the colored man, "I sees 'em."

"Well, those rocks are covered with a fine, green, salty moss, which is as nutrious as buffalo grass, and probably every rock in that huge pile has at one time or another 'rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue of some Colorado bovine.' "

The occupants of the front seat giggled, the colored man gaped, scratched his head, and inquired: "Where does de salt comes from, boss?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Wickham, "it was pounded into the bed-rock of the ocean by the salty billows before the rocky bed of the sea was belched up as the crests of these mighty mountain ranges." The colored man grunted and the gentlemen on the front seat cackled vigorously.

The colored man seemed to be engaged in a brown study till interrupted by the whirr of machinery and the peal of the blast as they passed over the famous Ule mine, when he quickly roused himself. "Say, boss, just about how far down in dese-here mines does dey go, anyhow?"

"Well, this is a new camp and they are only down about 1,500 feet in this one, but in the Comstock in Nevada they have gone through the earth, and take out a part of their ore on the American side and part on the Chinese side."

For the first time on the trip the face of the old colored man lighted up, a twinkle came into his eye, and he leaned over close to the Pioneer and in a low, confidential tone, said, "Say, boss, don't you 'spect de Chinese immigration will come tro dat ere mine after dis?"

Those in the front seat threw themselves back and ha-ha-ha'd and in so doing pulled the horses up on the hillside, the sleigh tipped over, and all of the occupants rolled down the steep bank into Henson Creek, while the horses went up the creek at a breakneck pace. No one was hurt, however, and they soon found the horses stuck in a snow-drift.

The slide was a miraculous sight. The snow had fallen four or five feet deep on a steep, smooth, grassy mountain side near the top of the range, a mile above a thick forest of yellow pine and green hemlock trees, which stood about half a mile above the bed of Henson Creek. The snow on the high range began melting from the bottom, then began to slide on the slick grass covering a steep hillside, constantly gathering weight and momentum until by the time it struck the forest it was a body of packed ice several hundred feet wide and fifty feet high, going with the velocity of a meteor rushing through the skies; the forest yielded to it as helplessly as a field of wheat does to a McCormick harvester, and thousands of tons of trees from one to two feet through, and from fifty to one hundred feet long, were literally picked up on the apron of the slide and deposited in the Henson Creek bottoms. The track of the slide presented to the vision the appearance of a clean and unobstructed roadway with big forest trees thickly skirting each side of it. The open track will remain for ages as an evidence of this mighty avalanche and as a danger signal warning travelers to watch out for slides here in snowy weather.

Five or six men were distributed at different points around the slide chopping cord wood with which to operate the machinery of the Ule mine, and seemed a little nervous lest others might wish to divide this ice-felled forest with them. They related that they had taken a contract from the Ule company to deliver 2,500 cords of wood and had been cutting and sliding logs down the hill all the fall at a loss, and if they could hold this forest they could save themselves. They said they had been worrying and praying that something might turn up which would enable them to perform this contract without absolutely ruining themselves and it seems their prayers were answered if no one interfered with them.

The colored man grunted, "Um! —— —— —— and you just put your faith in de Lord to help youens out and he just made his snow fall above dat big forest, den push de whole ting right down to your feet. De Lord am a powerful helper when you can get 'im on yore side. Say, boss, youens not gwine to pray for him to move any more forests down today, is youse? Case my eyes is a little sore dis morning, and I don't care to have 'em splattered wid de snow, anyhow."

"Ah," retorted one of the men, "if you had been in the neighborhood of this slide when it struck on the opposite bank of the creek, the jar would have put you beyond all desire for earthly vision. It shook up the buildings down at the Ule, and people six miles away heard the crash."

The colored man slipped around to Mr. Merrill and told him one of "de horses' legs seemed to be a swelling," and if we did not get home before he got too cold we might have to leave him. He then planted himself in the front seat, took a hold of the lines, and from his driving down Henson Creek no one would have presumed that any maimed horses were hitched to that sleigh. He became homesick for New York and never would consent to go into the mountains again.

When the Pilgrim and the Pioneer got to the office after viewing the avalanche, Messrs. Walker and Knight approached them and inquired: "Do you gentlemen ever dance?"

"Sometimes," answered Mr. Wickham, "but we have not had a chance in this camp."

"Well," said Mr. Walker, "we are on the invitation committee of 'Every-one-a-partner ball.' Heretofore a certain number of young fellows have attended all the balls and danced with every one else's partner most generously, but have never troubled themselves to take a partner, so we have concluded to admit no one this evening without one. Mr. Jayne, who was to take Mrs. Carroll, a buxom young widow, and Mr. Carr, who was to accompany the beautiful Miss Lennox, are in charge of the sheriff as jurors in a murder trial and the Judge will not permit them to attend; the ladies have sent us out to hunt them partners and they, as well as we, will be obliged to you if you will take them to the ball this evening."

"But," replied the Pilgrim, "we are not acquainted with them."

"We are here to take you over and introduce you; which one will you have?"

Mr. Campbell answered that he was inclined to timidity and probably the widow would help him out of his embarrassment. The spokesman invited him to come on, and conducted him to a little rough log cabin of one room in which the gushing widow was ensconced surrounded by two carpenter-made stools, a little carpenter-made table, a carpenter-made cot, a little cook stove, a trunk, and a big dry goods box. She looked very pretty in the midst of these rough surroundings.

Mr. Walker formally introduced Mr. Campbell and incidentally told Mrs. Carroll his desire to escort her to the ball, for which she expressed much gratitude and

THE PILGRIM WAITS OUTSIDE.

greatly relieved the Pilgrim's embarrassment. He informed her that he should return at 8:30 and bade her good-bye until that time.

Promptly at 8:30 he knocked on the door of the log cabin and said, "It is Mr. Campbell." She answered, "I beg your pardon, but I have had company and have just begun dressing; would you mind waiting for me a few minutes?" He replied, "Certainly not."

The snow was six inches deep and there was not even a door step to sit on, but there was a pine stump near by. He brushed the snow from this and shivered in the frosted air while his partner dressed.

In about twenty minutes she opened the door a couple of inches and asked him if he had any pins. She had just discovered that she had not pins enough to finish her toilet. "No, but don't worry," he said, "I will step up to the store and get some."

On his return she soon pinned her clothes and they went hurriedly into the hall just as the dancers were being formed for the grand march. Neither of them had ever appeared in Lake City society before, and as she was both handsome and handsomely dressed she created quite a sensation, for women were not numerous, there being in Lake City about fifty men to every woman.

Many men had on their blue flannel shirts, nail bottom mining boots, and usual working clothes, because at this early day they had brought no society clothes with them; but they were very intelligent, splendidly behaved, and good dancers, and many of them were graduates of Yale, Harvard, and other leading colleges.

Many of the women had enjoyed equal educational and social advantages and they appeared better than the men, because most of them had brought some good clothes into the pioneer mining-camp.

Among the first persons to challenge the attention of the Pilgrim and the Pioneer were the young engineer and the colored man in full dress suits, the colored man coming along merely to assist his "boss" in taking off and putting on his overcoat and guarding his coat, hat, and cane. This proverbial dress of the Eastern ball room seemed as much out of place in the new mining-camp as the possessor would have been if dressed in a Chinese costume, and it was the butt of all jokes during the evening. Even the handsomely dressed ladies sneered at the assumption of this ostentatious dressing where it was known that the men generally had only their working clothes there.

In these mining-camps of the West, the people have always kept closely up with the dress and social fashions of the East so far as knowing the fashions and prevailing styles, but never adopted them in pioneer times. This knowledge probably comes from the constant coming and going of the mining-men between the mines and the Eastern centers of population. Here was a complete social democracy; there were no cliques, no special sets, no classes or castes, but every one who demeaned himself becomingly was the social equal of every other person, and it made the most harmonious social condition. The banker or the Judge would not think of neglecting to ask his servant girl for a dance and would treat her with as much gallant courtesy as he did the daughter of his competitor in business; the most well-to-do and aristocratic boarder at the hotel would not think of neglecting to ask the girl who waited on his table for a dance, and never failed to treat her with respect.

The widow was in great demand and her program was always crowded with the names of anxious dancers. Everyone was constantly complimenting Mr. Campbell on having the belle of the ball.

At three o'clock the next morning the partners were called for "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Campbell took the widow on his arm in an ecstatic mood at the thought that his partner was the acknowledged belle of the ball, and felt very much flattered by the impression her debut had made in Lake City society. They got into a very lively set at the head of the hall, when suddenly, without warning, while every one was aglow with life and good cheer, the widow dropped to the floor in an epileptic fit. The music ceased, every one hurried to the scene, an intimate lady friend of the unfortunate one pushed Mr. Campbell to a sitting posture, placed the sick woman's head on his lap, forced her handkerchief into her mouth, called for water and began bathing her temples. Some one proposed going for a doctor but she said, "No, in an epileptic fit all you can do is to keep the patient in a horizontal position on the back with the head just high enough to prevent bruises from pounding the floor, and a handkerchief in the mouth to prevent the biting of the tongue, and to check excitement by bathing the temples."

The dance prematurely closed and every one quietly went home, sad hearted from the unexpected gloom cast over the interrupted pleasures of the evening.

Mr. Campbell had never witnessed such a scene before. He thought that if his partner lived to get home she would surely die soon afterward. The snow was up to his boot tops, but he treked her at a double quick pace to her door, bowed, said good night and fairly ran to his room. Mr. Wickham arose, and looking at him in astonishment, inquired: "What is the matter with you? You are as white as a ghost and seem completely winded."

"Oh," answered the Pilgrim, "this insane civilization would soon prepare me for a mad-house. This ordeal was really more trying on the nerves than that of the Mexican fandango. This is my last dance in this giddy land of chance." He took a long breath, then broke out again, "Oh, those horrible contortions of her beautiful face, the pallor of her former rosy cheeks, the deathly white in her soft, blue eyes, and hydrophobic-like froth coming out of her clean-cut lips, will be staring me in the face for years to come——"

"Tut, tut, tut," said the Pioneer, "don't be hypercritical. Don't make yourself believe that two accidental occurrences at the beginning of your entry into society are the general order of things. We had a nice democratic ball this evening. There were no classes or cliques, everybody stood on a common level; and such is the natural social order. These little equal social recognitions of those of lower stations in life are great moral stimuli. The recipients are encouraged to try to merit these unusual courtesies. I attended these informal meetings during all of my stay in Gregory Gulch, and many of those who participated in those democratic gatherings have since become wealthy and now belong to the smart set of the cities. They frequently refer to those gatherings as the most pleasurable social events of their lives. It is to be hoped that you will not become discouraged and neglect these important social functions."

"Well," retorted Mr. Campbell, "it may be the natural order of things to have passes made at your jugular with a butcher knife, or to have fair women lie upon your lap and entertain you with epileptic fits, but you'll excuse me if I frankly admit that I prefer a little more artificial formality in my social intercourse."

The young engineer was soon at his rope's end, and disposed of his remnants, even to his watch, for the necessary means with which to transport the colored man and himself back to New York, never to return.

Miss Anthony Addressing the Miners.

CHAPTER XX.

WESTERN CIVILIZATION EXALTS WOMEN.

One evening about dusk in 1876 Susan B. Anthony, dusty and careworn, came riding into Lake City, astride a horse, and invited the people to congregate in front of the court house that evening and hear her discuss the desirability of providing for female suffrage in the Colorado Constitution.

The Pioneer suggested to the Pilgrim that they walk down and hear what cogent reasons, if any, she could give for this desired innovation.

The Pilgrim said that he despised the appearance of any woman on the public rostrum and as to women mixing up in political affairs, that would simply destroy the home and much happiness of both sexes; he said he did not care to lend such a despicable movement the encouragement of his presence.

The Pioneer answered: "I have placed the unpardonable curse of inexorable barbarism on six of her sex, which must inevitably reduce my branch of my father's house to an invidious inferiority for fifty generations. I am now doing penance for my iniquity, at the feet of womanhood everywhere. I shall go and carefully listen to and impartially judge her argument. I have long since learned that we are all slaves to habit; if we had in the past seen women alone on the rostrum and voting at the polls, might we not now think these were light duties beneath the sturdy dignity of men, and might we not be as much prejudiced against observing a man on a speaker's platform or voting, as we are now against seeing them washing the dishes or caring for the baby? An English General serving in British India says that at a great state affair, there, he saw some high caste English women with their faces bare and the remainder of their persons securely clad, meet some high caste Indian women with their faces and bodies securely clad but with their legs bare, and overheard an English woman say how vulgar it is for 'these Indian women to expose their naked legs in the presence of all these gaping men,' and soon afterwards he heard one of the Indian women say, 'How indecent for these English women to expose their vulgar faces before all of these horrible men.' Each class was equally modest, but each from a sheer force of habit believed the other grossly immodest. Each class was a slave to Master Habit."

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer went down and heard Miss Anthony make a remarkable speech in behalf of democracy and in behalf of the equal and natural rights of the sexes.

Miss Anthony began by saying that she taught school in the state of New York during fifteen years of her young womanhood, and was credited by the school superintendent with having the best school and the best taught scholars under his jurisdiction, and yet the school authorities persisted in paying her but $8 per month while paying the less efficient male teachers $24 per month, a premium of $16 per month on the mere accident of sex. This flagrant injustice burned into her insulted womanhood and drove her into a general investigation of the equality of the sexes before the laws of her country. She found that these men-made laws had drawn most invidious and barbarous distinctions between the personal, property, and political rights of the sexes; that women were degraded and ostracised politically and that they were not even given dominion over themselves in the family circle; that they must be felt and seen, when their property rights were at issue, through husbands who were often both mentally and morally their inferiors; that such laws permitted degraded, debauched, and overbearing husbands, as a matter of legal right, to humiliate, impoverish, and reduce to squalor, refined and intelligent women who had inherited a competency, but had lost, by marriage, the right to manage or control it. She denounced such laws as a brutal invasion of natural rights and made a powerful appeal to the hardy, just-minded pioneers, asking that, in the Constitution and laws of the new state, they award to women a legal right to own and control themselves, their property, their labor; and that they be given the right of franchise that they might have a voice in making the laws which should govern them and their property. She said it was thoughtlessly cruel in the good and just men of the state who always dealt equitably with women, to withhold from them the legal right to protect themselves, their children, and their property from a depraved class of men who were slaves to selfish appetites and respected the rights of neither men nor women.

She said: "Woman will be ruled by man as long as man holds the purse strings. Man will rule—will set her standard of morals and his own as well. If woman has equal wealth and equal independence, she will be another individual. The police, the soldiery, the wives and all mendicants have their actions, thoughts, and moral codes made by the pay-masters. Man makes an ideal moral code for his wife and a very low one for himself. If his daughter or wife doesn't keep her head toward the sky-line, the purse strings are tightened. A brilliant woman—doctor, lawyer, minister, or lecturer—can not command the same fees as the medium male. She is dwarfed with discouragement wherever she casts her eyes. The male says she is the uncrowned queen of the home, that this is her kingdom; yet she is not mistress of the home—the title remains in the master, and if he is displeased the children can be wrested from her arms and she can be evicted. What inhumanity of man to woman."

When she had finished an acre of bronzed-faced miners sent up a shout of applause and said, "You are quite right, my good lady; we shall stand behind you until full justice is done to your sex in Colorado." And they kept their word.

After the Pilgrim and the Pioneer reached home, the latter inquired: "Mr. Campbell, what do you really think of woman suffrage by this time?"

"She certainly made out a much stronger case against us than I supposed existed. I was, in a general way, familiar with the unusual advantage in the laws in favor of men, but did not suppose they ever took advantage of their sisters; but there seems to be much in her complaint that the good men who always adequately protect the interest of their women, have been negligent in allowing legal privileges to depraved men for the abuse of their women. She correctly says that giving women equal personal, property, and political rights, would not encroach on the habits and customs of good men, who have ever been just to women, regardless of the law, but would enable them to protect themselves against the depraved and profligate men who abuse and impoverish them and their children. However, a majority of the good women do not want to vote. Would you force an unwilling franchise upon them?"

"Ah, it is a sagacious teacher that gives his pupils what they need rather than what they want. You keep a bird in a cage from the time it hatches for a year or so, then turn it out, and it will fly around and back to the cage. It has an aching void, but does not know what will fill it. It does not know what liberty is. If it stays away from the cage for twenty-four hours and gets a real taste of liberty you can not cage it any more. The lifelong slave does not know what liberty is. You speak of it and he becomes alarmed, but give him a real taste of it and he will die in its defense. In the age of physical prowess and strength, frail women could not cope with the male athlete or giant, and were a kind of beast of burden; they were very thankful for being permitted to live at all, as their first appearance was generally a matter of sore regret to their progenitors and they frequently were destroyed by parents in infancy because of their unfortunate sex. Timid women are just now getting a glimpse of their natural, equal, personal, property, and political rights, and like the birds and slaves when they get a clear view and a fair taste of their just dues they will wage an unrelenting war, if need be, in their defense."

Mr. Campbell replied that he was very glad that he went out to hear Miss Anthony because she had given him much light upon the question, and had caused him to feel quite differently about the subject.

"Yes," answered Mr. Wickham, "the greatest obstruction to human progress is human prejudice, and the greatest security for fundamental errors is the unwillingness of the people to hear the truth.

"You may safely and profitably carry these maxims through life with you:

"'Never dispute, or play at, another man's game until you thoroughly understand it.

"Never take the tenets of another's faith from an enemy of his creed.

"Never decide a question until you have thoroughly considered both sides, and never assume that any great question is wholly one-sided.

"Always measure another's corn in your own half bushel.

"Adopt the Golden Rule as your measuring stick in all political and sex questions as well as in social and business questions, among men.

"Keep imperious reason ever upon the throne, unfettered, and never permit insinuating fancy or prejudices, incidents to old traditions, sacred forms, sage creeds, or aged societies, to usurp her God-like functions.

"If you should study the natural, personal, property, and political rights of women, independent of the position they have heretofore occupied, you would probably reach a different conclusion than is approved by our present practices and general laws."

"But," replied the Pilgrim, "will it not make our women rough, uncouth, and less womanly, to receive all of these manly privileges."

"I am not a Yankee, but will you allow me to inquire if the exaltation of womanhood through the teachings of Christ, made Christian women less womanly than the pagan women? Did the advanced position the Pilgrim fathers extended to American women, make them less comely or womanly than their more restrained European sisters? The logic of the whole subject is embodied in one short sentence: 'It is a natural right.' It is not pertinent to argue that this suffrage will not be exercised always for the public good. The same may be said of many men. It is a question of the right of representation. If women have ideas of value to civilization the ballot is the most effective way of putting them in force."

Now, in the new states of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, women have practically all of the personal, property, and political rights that the men enjoy, and women hold, own, control, sell, and buy property as freely as their husbands do, and may sue or be sued without any reference to their husbands, and may even sue or be sued by them if necessity requires. Women in these states vote for every officer from constable to president. What has wrought this beneficent change? It is a part of the great evolution of the race from the age of the physical to that of the moral and intellectual forces. Women are deficient in brute force, but are quite efficient in moral and intellectual strength.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXPERT HYPNOTIZED BY BACK-CAPPER.

Mr. Wickham went into the M. & M. bank and told the cashier that he was expecting an expert in on the coach in the evening to examine the Kuklux mine, and all the fear he had was that, as every "back-capper" around town had a dozen prospects for sale, if they got at the expert they would block all his own prospects of a sale.

Mr. Arnold, the cashier, replied: "Mr. Wickham, just take possession of one of the bed-rooms upstairs. Mr. Boyd and I each have a double bed; we will move into one room and you can entertain your expert in the other and keep Henry at the hall-door and bar every one out until you have made your sale or have failed."

"This is a capital idea," answered Mr. Wickham, "and I shall accept your kind offer." He at once set about putting the room in order and storing it with all necessary comforts. The coach came rolling in about 5:30 P. M., and the usual crowd was at the stage office to see who came. Some women and children and a few miners climbed out, and after them appeared a very small and extremely slim and shriveled up individual, with his clothing fitting almost as tightly as his contracted hide, wearing very close-fitting red leggins, and with some scattering red hairs distributed over his upper jaws as a pretense for "sideburns." This personage darted through the door of the coach, lightly dropped to the sidewalk, brought himself to a tension attitude, and with much self-sufficiency surveyed the crowd and waited to see if any one would claim him. Mr. Wickham stepped forward, and extended his hand, saying, "This is Prof. E. H. Hamilton, I presume?" "Hit his," replied the expert. "Hain't hit beastly weather though?" Mr. Wickham took his valises and extra walking canes and umbrellas and piloted him up to the rooms over the bank.

The spotters of mining investors eyed the new arrival critically and one would ask, "What has Wickham to sell?" Another would say, "I wonder whether the expert is French, English, or Irish?" Another, "I wonder if he is really an investor or a machinist." A droll Irishman remarked, "Oi would jidge the gintlemin is here to repair the Bille of the Wist pomps; at least this gintlemin seems to be made and drissed so ha con slip down through the poipes of the pomps if need be."

The "back-cappers" then swarmed into the room of Mr. Al. Carlton, the stage agent, and inquired, "Who is this? what is his business? and what are his purposes here?" The stage agent became very much irritated, and in a recklessly erratic mood, and without a thought of annoying Mr. Wickham, wrote on his blackboard:

"A mine investor arrived from Ontario, Canada, this evening.

"Wants a good mine.

"Is worth many hundred thousand dollars.

"Is stopping at private rooms and will be pleased to see any one having good prospects for sale," and set the same in front of his office; when anyone inquired about the newcomer he pointed to the blackboard as containing all he knew about him. This started a regular train of prospect holders to the bank building; they would ring the bell, the colored boy would open the door just far enough to ask what was wanted, and as the visitors answered, "To see Mr. E. H. Hamilton," the colored boy would say, "He is in an important conference and cannot be seen until tomorrow." The "back-cappers" knew this meant that he was hidden out from them. They then started out to find what claim Mr. Wickham had in view. They got the county clerk to open up his office and they found Mr. Wickham had recently taken a bond on the Kuklux mine, about four miles south of Capitol City, and on the southeast side of Henson Creek. One of the "back-cappers" mounted a horse and started for the Ule for the night, to stand guard and to fall in with the expert and Mr. Wickham as they passed, and to block all possibility of Wickham's sale unless he would make it an object to them.

The cashier and Mr. Boyd joined the expert and Mr. Wickham in a short time. The expert took a bracer and a Havana, and soon someone proposed a game of whist. As the game waxed warm Mr. Wickham ordered supper sent up for four. About eleven o'clock the game closed, and it was agreed that they should start to the Kuklux mine at four o'clock next morning; in fact Mr. Wickham said it was absolutely necessary that they go early while the crust was so frozen on the snow drifts that it would hold up the weight of their horses; that they could get breakfast at Capitol City, etc. The mining expert replied, "Hany time will be quite hagreeable to me." The horses were ordered to be at the bank at four o'clock the next morning. Mr. Wickham retired, satisfied that he had baffled all chances of the "back-cappers" interfering with his prospective purchasers.

Mr. Wickham, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hamilton mounted their horses and headed for the Kuklux mine just as the dawn began to appear in the East and before there appeared to be any one astir in the town. Mr. Wickham led the way up Bluff Street and no appearance of life was visible, more than an occasional stream of light from some all-night saloon, until they were about to pass out of the city, when they ran right upon two gleeful Irishmen holding each other up, and between hiccoughs, chucking one another in the ribs.

The taller one looked up and said, "Ellow, the top of the marning to yes, foine gintlemin."

"Hello, what is the trouble," inquired Mr. Wickham.

"A divil of a bit of trouble it is," answered Moike. "Wa've bin on a bit of a droonk and are a bit unsartain about the floight of toime, so we be. 'Pat,' says Oi, 'the marning approaches in the Ast and I most be after drapping in and sawing a bit of wood for the old dame for breakfast.' "

" 'To the divil with the auld dame,' says Pat, 'she has to pack the wood in, and she moight as well saw it while she is about it, so she moi—ght.' "

" 'By the way, Moike,' said I, 'I'll bit yes the drinks that this loight in the horizin is not a search loight of the marning sun, but it is the hora bora hallis of the sitting sun.' "

"Now," said Mike, "What does yes foine gintlemin say? Is it this marning or is it this avening?"

Mr. Wickham answered, "If the sun still rises in the East I should say that aurora in the East is a harbinger of morning."

Mike grabbed Pat in his arms, chucked his sprangled fingers down his shirt-collar, nudged him in the ribs and pumbled him off toward the nearest saloon, consoling him on the way by saying, "Now, Pat, it was a foine thing, so it was, that yes didn't back up yes judgmint on yeh hora bora hallis, as I'd raised yes till ye'd bin so poor yes spit wouldn't rattle on dry laves." Locked in each others arms they tumbled through the saloon door out of sight and hearing.

The travelers passed from the town through the toll-gate into the wild, beautiful, and picturesque canon of Henson Creek, which is a mere crease cut deep down into these majestic mountains just wide enough in many places for a bed for Henson Creek. However, Western enterprise had carved a passibly good road in the cliffs near the water's edge. The travelers trotted along at a cheerful gait and reached the Ule mine just as the brilliant sun arose and threw his long, white rays over the hills on the northwest side of the creek, but the other side of the creek was shaded and chilly.

As the expert reached the Ule mine Dick Grade, one of the most despicable "back-cappers" in the San Juan, beckoned Mr. Wickham to one side and said, "Mr. Wickham, I know you have a party here to buy the Kuklux mine and I want to warn you that no sale of that mine can be made until I am made whole. I had a bond on that mine once and spent much time and money in working up a sale, then the owner went back on me. I took an oath then that this mine never should be sold until I got my money out of it, and I think you know me too well to expect me to perjure myself against my own interests."

Mr. Wickham answered, "You astonish me; if your supposition should prove true, what would you expect?"

The "back-capper" replied, "I know you can't make me whole, so I will just demand an even 'divy' with you."

Mr. Wickham answered, "That would be an outrage, an extortion; you can do your worst, sir."

"A hint to the wise ought to be sufficient," suggested the "back-capper." "No 'divy', no sale. Good day."

They rode on for a mile or so, stopped to get a drink of water; as they were mounting, up rode the "back-capper" and pushing right up to the expert, said, "A very fine morning, sir."

"Yes," replied the expert, "the rising hand setting sun hin the West his halways very henjoyable to me."

"Yes," answered the "back-capper," "the Western sun is the most constant, strong, and brilliant known to man; it is as much superior to the Eastern sun for lighting purposes as an incandescent light is superior to a tallow candle; its energy and constancy in the West surpasses that of the East as much as the energy and constancy of the intelligent, vivacious, and ambitious New England Yankee excels the energy of the slothful Zulu chieftian, and yet while the north-west side of this creek is sunbathed from sunrise to sunset most every day in the year, the hills on the other side of the creek are dark, cold, and chilly; the partial sun throws his warm, piercing rays at direct angles into the snow banks on the north-west hills, while he throws them at the snow on the south-east hills at such oblique angles that his rays slip off these snow banks like a boy's shale-stone thrown at oblique angles upon a sheet of ice."

"But," retorted the expert, "hit as hits hadvantages; you will hobserve the snow melts hon the right side hof the creek habout has fast has hit falls and runs hoff the steep 'ills hinto Enson Creek hand 'urries hoff to the Gulf of California without wetting the ground; this causes a continuing drought which makes the pine, spruce, hand quaking asp trees shaggy, scrubby, hand hunsightly, hand no grass hor flowers hat hall, while hon the hother side hof the creek the sun's rays strike the snow at such sloping hangles that it melts slowly hand hall hof the resulting water soaks hinto the ground, causing a beautiful growth of thick, tall, symmetrical forests of pine, spruce, hand quaking hasp trees, hand ha beautiful carpet of profuse wild flowers; so you see there his ha compensation hin the sun's neglect. I was hout in Harizona bexamining ha mine last summer while General Sherman was there. The sun was simply hunbearable. Ha minister of the gospel had been very much himpressed while reading some of the hepigrammatic sayings hof General Sherman set forth hin the morning paper, hand hamong them, 'War is 'ell.' This minister went hat once hand called hon General Sherman. He found him hout hunder the shade of a tree with 'is shirt hopen hand trying to force some hair hinto 'is bosom with ha big palm-leaf fan. The minister said, 'General Sherman, hi was very much pleased to find your declaration hagainst war hin the morning paper.' General Sherman said, 'Hi ham hin favor hof one more war. Hi want to fight Mexico once more. Hi would like to force her, hat the point hof the bayonet, to take back Harizona." So you see the strength, the direct rays, hand the constancy hof the sun may be ha curse has well has a blessing. Hi hinfinitely prefer the south-east side of the creek with hits beautiful, thrifty forests hand fragrant flower gardens, with hits dark, cool atmosphere, to the dry, parched-hup north-west side with hits bright, sunny climate."

"Ah, but," observed the "back-capper," "there is as great a mystery wrapped up in the dominating powers of the sun in development of the royal metals as there is in the marvelous powers of the moon over the ebb and flow of the tides. Would it surprise you should

I tell you that every chute of pay ore on Henson Creek is on the warm, sun-bathed hills of the north-west side of the creek? The Ute, Ule, Ocean Wave, Wave of the Ocean, Red Rover, Silver Cord, Dolly Varden, and numerous other claims, are producing pay ore on the sunny side of these hills and not a mine on the shaded side of the hill is producing; and it is the same country, the same formation, and the veins cross this creek, but the mineral seems not to develop in these cold, shaded, timbered hillsides."

"My ——, Mr. Campbell!" exclaimed Mr. Wickham, "listen to that, and yet there is more fact than fiction about it. I was a fool not to divide profits with him, but how did he learn of my plans? I told nobody and yet he knows my every purpose and is now defeating every possibility of a sale. I must get Mr. Hamilton away from him, but even this will be suspicious. I will let him do his best, then tell Mr. Hamilton all; but some of the things he is telling are stubborn facts. I would like to thump him and I ought to, but I will try to control myself on the theory that discretion is the better part of valor."

They reached Mr. Stevens' cabin and saw him wheeling some rock out of the Black Jack, just across Henson Creek on the shaded side. Said the back-capper, "Let's ride over a moment and see what he is getting." They found he had a little high-grade crystallized ore. The back-capper inquired, "Have you any more of the ores of this vicinity about your cabin?" He answered, "Yes, from all of the mines about here." The back-capper suggested, "Let's go up and I will show you the difference in the ore found on the different sides of the creek."

Mr. Wickham answered, "No, no, we have no time to be chasing rainbow theories today; we must go on."

"Oh, yes, yes," broke in the expert, "This his a remarkably hinteresting subject and his worth the short time we will devote to hit."

In despair Mr. Wickham followed them up the hill, convinced that the "back-capper" had his expert hypnotized, and the only thing left now was to give the deceiver more rope and trust to the probability of his hanging himself. So he abandoned the expert to the tender mercies of the "back-capper."

The latter took the splendid gray copper ore of the Red Rover, Silver Cord, Little Hattie, Wave of the Ocean, Ocean Wave, etc., from the sunny side of the mountain, and put them on one side, and the ore from the Black Jack, Gimlet, Big Button, Pecksniff, etc., just opposite, on the shaded side of the creek, and put them in a row opposite, and said, "Gentlemen, the ores from the different sides of this creek look as different as if found on the opposite sides of the globe, and that from the bare and sun-bathed hills is the superior quality and abundant quantity produced in the sunny cultivated fields, while those from the icy cold south-eastern side of the creek are like unto the fruit or cereals produced in the untamed and shaded woodland. Who can tell but what the light and heat of the sun perform quite as important a function in developing the mineral as in the development of the vegetable kingdom?"

Mr. Stevens asserted: "I know all of the paying mines here are on the sunny side and since I come to think of it, I believe all the good mines where I used to be in Nevada were on the sunny side of the hills."

They mounted, loped into Capitol City, ate breakfast, then had an invitation from Mr. Arnold to look at a splendid mineral cabinet which he had gathered.

The "back-capper" asked him whether he got more of those on the south-east or on the north-west side of the creek? "Oh," he replied, "all on the north-west side of the creek. We have found nothing near here on the south-east side."

The "back-capper" got the expert off in one corner and inquired, "Is it not strange? Some years ago I got a bond on the Kuklux mine on the south-east side of the creek, and got a shift of the best miners of the country and took them up there and told them, 'I want you to take out ore here for a few days.' There was one big piece of galena that would weigh about two tons, sticking between the walls, and this was all that was in sight. One of the miners said, 'If you want to sell it you had better leave that in there because in my judgment there is no more in the mine, and on this side of the creek they are like this clear down to the Gunnison River;' and this question has had me confused ever since."

The "back-capper" got upon his horse and returned home as certain that no sale could be made as he was that death would finally overtake him. He chuckled to himself, "If Wickham was not so infernally greedy he could make some sales, but without a 'divy' no sales here."

Mr. Wickham told the expert all and he seemed greatly surprised. He replied: "Hit seem's 'ard to believe that one so bright, cheerful, hand hentertaining could be ha scoundrel. 'Owever, there seems to be much truth hin 'is sayings; not only he, but Messrs. Stevens and Arnold, both, disinterested miners, seem to corroborate 'im."

The expert had no heart in the examination of the mine, but was seriously pondering over the question, "It is on the shaded side of the hill. Does the heat and light of the sun materially affect the development of the mineral kingdom? and if so, to what extent?"

The mine was in splendid condition. The large bodies of galena were stripped and shining from end to end. The "back-capper" gone, Mr. Wickham thought a sale assured.

When they finished examining the mine Mr. Wickham suggested that they were about midway between Ouray and Lake City, and as Mr. Hamilton was going west anyway it might be preferable for him to go by Ouray, the most direct route. Mr. Hamilton said, "Yes, hi much prefer to travel hover new territory, hother things being hequal."

They struck a lively trot toward the head of Henson Creek and soon met Mr. Judson and Miss Queechy, leading members of the "smart set" of Lake City, heavily goggled and cloaked. Mr. Wickham said, "Good morning, have you been visiting at Rose's?" "We are from Ouray," said Mr. Judson. Mr. Wickham replied, "You must have started long before daylight to have reached this place so soon." The Lake City friends, with confused embarrassment, whipped up their horses, and left the questioners standing in the road.

The mine hunters moved on and in a short time reached Rose's cabin, a historical landmark found on maps and in histories. It is a huge, two-story, log house standing on a steep, sunless hillside in a dense spruce forest with the snow on the north side piled up to the eaves, some of it from sweeping the roof. It was constantly settling, squeaking, and popping, and kept the guests jumping and almost constantly talking of the probabilities of its sliding, with the building, into Henson Creek. Henson Creek, on the summit above this point, breaks into numerous little rivulets like the veins on one's hand; a small stream comes from every neighboring snow-bank and blots out all definite landmarks. Mr. Wickham asked the proprietor:

"Is it safe for us to endeavor to cross the range without a guide?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Scranton. "Mr. Judson and Miss Queechy have come over this morning and as there has been no snow fall since yesterday afternoon, you can readily back-track their horses right into Ouray."

The travelers took the trail of the fresh horse tracks and quickly made the summit of Engineer Mountain, the famous "American Flats," a great area of flat ground twelve or thirteen thousand feet above sea level, covered with a turf of grass, and in mid-summer with wild flowers; the ground is always so damp and springy that the pack-trains and horsemen leave no lasting impression or trails over their great frigid domain; and there is not a tree, as eleven thousand feet is "timber line," or as high as timber will grow; nor was there on these flats a peak to guide the confused travelers.

They were soon nonplussed by coming to the place where Mr. Judson and Miss Queechy had camped the night before, and there was no sign of horse tracks from here as the snow had filled up those made the day before. They were at their wits' ends. They had all read the graphic description of Charley Hall losing his way here early in the sixties, how, from the pangs of hunger and confusion, he lost his mind, and was found and carried down when he was at the threshhold of death.

They had read of Mr. Gerould, Turner Brothers' man, on his way to Ouray with $5,000 strapped upon him, being lost for days here, and how he was rescued just before the twilight of reason had departed.

They had all read of the magic, impelling influences of Horse-thief Trail which had always beguiled all unprotected strangers into the sinuosities of Cow Creek,—such a confusing wonderland that the traveler seemed incapable of going on or retracing his steps, and moved in regular circles until some one, an immune to these mystic mazes, came and broke his spell.

Mr. Campbell suggested:

"Here, gentlemen, are the tracks of a man leading off toward Mineral Point; a pedestrian has been here this morning. Let us follow him."

They pursued the trail for a mile and a half when they came upon the May Day mine, overlooking Mineral Point, and found Mr. Bain, the superintendent, with his horse saddled, ready to start for Ouray. They told him of their starting out in the afternoon to follow the fresh horse tracks of Mr. Judson and Miss Queechy and how, just as they had reached these trackless flats, they struck their camp,—back of which all tracks were filled with snow,—and they had followed a man's trail here.

The superintendent laughed hysterically and replied:

"This morning at day-break I heard the sharp screams of a tenor-voiced man with the unmistakable vibration of distress in its echoes. I got out upon the point, spied a white horse, went to it, and found a young man and a buxom young woman with their saddle blankets wrapped around them; between the chattering of his unruly teeth he stated that they left Ouray the day before and came along leisurely, reached these confusing trackless flats, meandered around until dark, then were compelled to remain here through the night. His voice and cast of countenance were pathetic as he sympathetically looked down upon the fair one who stood at his side, calm, sedate, but eager; and as he finished, she looked up and exclaimed:

"'Oh, my, my; last night on this wild iceland, with the wolves howling all around us, without fire, food, or bedding, would have been intolerable if Jakey had not been with me. Oh, what would have become of me here with any other person?'

"The glow of self-satisfaction that this evidence of implicit confidence and consoling companionship started in the palid face of Mr. Judson, soon warmed into a beautiful rose color; the quick instincts of the sensitive Miss Queechy detected the potent influence of her confiding speech, and a cardinal warm cloud arose in her cheeks, and the twain left the merciless American Flats with more of the feelings of those who arise from the marriage altar and hurry away to some screened retreat in a strange land for a bewitching honey-moon, than of such sentiments as usually follow a night spent in so wild and frigid a lair as this, especially with a cold, twenty mile ride before them over a rugged mountain road, on hungry, jolting bronchos.

"The non-sentimental would say that some persons are very easily satisfied; the sentimental would say, 'With the right one at your side, any cross is bearable.'

"What a magic is carried in the train of a tender, confiding speech? But why use the rasping tongue with a woman who is so versed in the gentler and more endearing language of sighs and blushes? With her fine, natural instincts she properly interpreted every ebb and flow of the red corpuscles that paled or flushed his cheek; she is of the sex of natural face readers——"

Here Prof. Hamilton broke in: "Do you find hany mines hon the shaded side of the 'ill ere?"

"Well, no," answered the superintendent. "Our mines are the only ones found upon the flats and they, you will observe, are in the most sunny spots near here." The superintendent pointed to some twin buttes standing over toward Mineral Point and continued:

"The P. S. runs across there but the ore chute is on that sunny knoll. By the way, has it occurred to you that these flats are the sources of great rivers? Snow banks are perennial here. The bedrock is so close to the surface that the water soaks the black muck from the surface to bedrock, forms a springy turf of grass, and every day in the year the water is gradually percolating through the soil into the channel below. You can see these companion springs over there near Mineral Point, so close together that a giant with a long handled dipper in each hand could stand between them and dip water from both at the same time. The one on the south is the small beginning of the Animas River which flows into the San Juan and the Colorado into the Gulf of California, and the North Spring is the source of the Uncompahgre River which flows through the Gunnison, Grand, Green and Colorado Rivers on into the Gulf of California; this is really the backbone of the continent, the real dividing of the waters. The headwaters of Henson Creek are on these flats behind us. Those who wonder how a mountain stream flows on forever through the long drought as well as during the freshets, should examine the economy of nature on the "American Flats" for husbanding her resources for all emergencies. The frost and

"THERE SWEPT BEFORE THEM BEAR CREEK FALLS."

the freezing of the snow every night, keep it melting very gradually, so that it is never all consumed at one time."

The superintendent mounted his horse and ordered:

"Gentlemen, shut your eyes, follow me, and I will drag you around the polar suction of Horse-Thief Trail, which has ever been the mortal foe of the sojourner here. All have been carefully warned against its seductive enchantments, and about all strangers have yielded to it, soon to find themselves in helpless despair in the dark canons of Cow Creek, where the trail in front and behind them gradually fades out and in helpless confusion they travel in a circle until rescued from without."

They jogged along over the grassy, springy turf at a fair gait until they reached Bear Creek, a dashing mountain torrent, shooting through a deep, box canon at right angles with the Uncompahgre River, and emptying into it. The narrow trail was stuck on a steep hillside far above the creek bed, but a little wider than a horse's hoof, with under-hanging cliffs, over which a horse would be hurled, if he lost his footing. All of them, except the mining superintendent, dismounted and walked around these treacherous cliffs, but he retained his seat, explaining:

"The horse, with his additional two feet and superior balance and greater muscular power, can stick to the trail much better than his rider, and my long experience with him here has convinced me that he is equally careful."

As they descended to the point of a great hill, shaped like the hump on a camel, there swept before them Bear Creek Falls, the greatest combination of wild, yawning chasms, mighty towering cliffs, merciless, grinding, roaring waters, with gentle, misty sprays, great chaste, white-spreading bridal veils, variegated rainbows, and symmetrical, white spray domes, couched, ghost-like, on the smooth cliffs below, that has been discovered on this continent, if not in the world; thousands of travelers annually go around the circle, principally to view these and neighboring scenes, and the travelled public generally pronounces this far superior to anything in the Alps or elsewhere, so far as they have seen.

The bed of the Uncompahgre River here is cut many, many hundred feet down into these majestic cliffs, and the trail in the cliff around an obtuse angle between Bear Creek and the Uncompahgre River is gouged out of the solid rock for quite a distance, just wide enough for a horse to crowd around; it might be likened to the center hoop around a great hogshead. It is many hundred feet from the trail to the top of the cliffs and even further from the trail to the bed of the river below.

On a level with this elevated trail the water of Bear Creek, as white as phosphorus, and splashing and roaring like Niagara, comes pitching and raging through a narrow water-way dug in the solid rock, as though it meant to leap over the great chasm of the Uncompahgre, standing at right angles; but as it shoots out of the end of this narrow rock-trough over the cliff, like the discouraged valuter, it seems to realize its powerlessness to jump over, it spreads itself into a magnificent bridal veil and lower down on the smooth cliffs gathers in the form of graceful white domes; then the scattered waters, like broken, impatient particles of quick-silver, reunite and trickle into the more patient waters of the Uncompahgre below.

A crude bridge, consisting of three logs side by side, with a few chips and a little dirt thrown into the creases between them, laid across the narrow stone box channel of Bear Creek where it dumps its raging waters over the high cliff, constituted the only possible crossing or chance for their getting to Ouray during the day. The travelers could not hear one another talk, the noise of the rushing water was so great, and while they were shaking their heads in protest against venturing their lives in crossing such a torrent on this precarious make-shift, where, if by chance one lost his footing, he would be hurled to certain and immediate death, the mining superintendent with his head skyward, without a word, rode his horse over the frail structure.

Mr. Wickham dismounted, turned his head toward the cliffs, and led his horse over. Mr. Campbell tied up his bridle, went back, got a firm hold on the large part of his horse's tail, fixed his eyes above the hips of his horse, and followed him over. The mining expert tied up his bridle, stepped behind his horse, gave him a lash with his rawhide, and the horse walked over; the expert got down on his stomach, turned his head up like a fur seal when about to be fed, and crawled over.

No one dared look, while crossing, at those wild, raging waters, leaping off that high cliff a few feet to his left.

When they were all safely over, the mining superintendent suggested:

"Here we have an ocular demonstration for the evolutionist. The first time I passed here I drove my horse in front of me and crawled over; by and by I held to the tail of the faithful animal, and walked over; afterward I set my eyes among the cliffs and led him over, and now, without any fear or hesitation, I ride him over. I find every stage of my development represented here today. So it is with society. Generally there is as much difference between the development of different individuals of the same country as there is between the development of people of different countries. Each evolves on the lines of his particular environment."

They crowded around the cliff on the narrow trail, and as they emerged from these weird, precipituous, dark, threatening gorges, narrow, dangerous trails, and deafening, roaring waters, they felt like prisoners escaped from a dungeon surrounded by almost impassable stone walls and vigilant, cold, merciless sentinels, ready to take advantage of every excuse to visit condign punishment on the unfortunate inmates.

They came out into an open country, rocky and hilly, but not dangerous, and it was well they did so, as they were now in the dim twilight and three miles from Ouray.

Two Fatalist women from Boston recently approached this fantastic panorama with awe and astonishment, and the older one exclaimed, "My, my! God certainly intended that many, many of us should visit this retreat, otherwise he would not have bunched so many rare beauties here."

Her companion said: "Yes! Look at the lovely rainbow in the mist cloud! God must have intended this as a part of Heaven or a kind of a second Heaven, else he would not have dropped a rainbow of equal splendor with the token he put in the greater Heaven to allay the fears of his children of recurring floods."

Such panegyrics are quite common during the tourist season and no one wonders at any apparent extravagance of pen or tongue, in the hopeless efforts to portray vividly this superb combination of mountain wildness and scenic beauty.

They soon trotted into the picturesque and thriving town of Ouray, named for the famous Ute chief. They put up at the Dayton hotel, and were seated at the table with

Major Tompkins, a typical Virginian, who had been extremely poor for thirty-five years, prior to the sale of the Rover mine which had just lifted him back to opulence for the first time since the emancipation of his many black slaves. He had the usual courteous, genteel, and imperious chivalry of the Southerner, and implicitly believed in the eternal fitness of southern traditions and customs, when they did not militate against the proverbial assumptions here of the superiority of the new western civilization.

He remarked: "You will find more rare ability in the town of Ouray or any other like western town, than you will in an eastern town of five times the size. Now there is Mrs. Yaeger, General Elleston's sister, who has as charming manners, as courtly a bearing, and as polished and pungent a mind, as you will find in a day's ride in Paris. There is Walter Preston, who electrified the four hundred in staid old London with his charming voice, and then we have Daisy Dean, the superb newspaper paragrapher—well he has just simply whipped the wit snappers of the whole country into submission."

He slowly drew from his pocket a newspaper paragraph, saying, "Here is a fair sample of power—a little coarse, but it demonstrates his brilliancy," he read Daisy Dean's leader: "The Ouray girls are the most daring and independent of their sex. When they wish to wander among the Sneffles peaks they just jump astride of burros and make them leap from crag to crag like so many mountain goats."

The major carefully laid this one down and picked up the second one, saying, "Here is a burlesque on Dean's paragraph by the Boston ———: 'What can Daisy Dean find extraordinary in the Ouray girls jumping a-straddle of donkeys and riding across the Rockies. Such tame pastimes are not noticed in Boston. Why, my dear sir, when a Boston girl wishes to cross Boston Bay she just jumps astride of a huge Codfish, pops her heels in his flanks, and he goes splashing, diving, and lunging to the other shore with her.' "

The Pioneer laughed heartily and said: "Really, that is very clever."

The major never smiled, but pulled out the third clipping, saying: "I should say 'clever.' If you will listen to Dean's rejoinder you will observe wherein pungent western ability shines like the sun contrasted with a tallow candle, when compared with that of the effete east, 'Ah! Ha! The athletic Boston girl just jumps astride of the knightly cod, plants her knotty heels in his scaly flank, and he gallantly lunges to the other shore with her, eh? This fatal admission suggests a very delicate question for the Natural History Society in locating the responsibility for certain well known aromas, if justice is to be done to this much appreciated family of the finny tribe.' "

The Major stroked his whiskers, laughed, rested, and laughed again, and said: "Really that is the sharpest thing I ever saw in my life."

Daisy Dean was ushered in and seated at the table, but no one suggested to him that his greatness had been the subject of discussion.

The waiter appeared with an order of ham and eggs for the Virginian. The Virginian looked askance at it, smelled of the ham, pushed it back, and remarked: "Northerners do not know how to put up or cook ham so as to make it palatable. In the Old Dominion the farmers sprinkle a little clean hickory-wood ash over it when salted down so as to give it an appetizing flavor and also to keep the skippers off; when the old mammies cook a ham they soak the ashes out, par-boil it in champagne, slice it and sprinkle a little pepper over it, and there is a dish fit for the gods."

Daisy Dean, with a contemptuous curl of the lip arose, saying: "You boil ham in champagne? You, who have been living around here for the past twenty years on snowballs and rabbit tracks, without a thing of value except your dignity, talk about boiling ham in champagne?" Daisy Dean grasped his hat and in disgust started out when the Virginian as a compromise suggested that if the champagne was not on hand a little hard apple cider would do.

Mr. Wickham said: "Major, that uncalled for thrust would be contemptible and cruel, if your star meant what he said, but I am sure he did not. I have observed all of my life that good talkers are constantly talking too much, and wit-crackers are constantly wounding their friends by yielding to the temptation to display their gifts.

"He is drinking, I reckon," replied the Major, and he arose and meekly walked into the office where he could bind up the unexpected wound.

Soon after supper the Government explorers and two local pioneers, Captains Craydon and Joyce, called upon Mr. Wickham, and the evening was consumed in comparing the trapper and the pioneer periods, and the causes of the development of these two periods in inverse orders.

There was a concensus of opinion that the trappers and old hunters who occupied this country between 1826 and 1859, the trapper's period, presented in common with the Indians, the unique combinations of gentleness, generosity, and kindness, when everything moved along harmoniously, and that like them they were the embodiment of ferociousness, brutality and inhumanity when aroused by an insult or a supposed injury. All were agreed that during the trapper period the whites degenerated until they preferred the wild animal skins to woolen clothing, the woods and dark gorges to the bright cities, and the tepee to the house, as an abode.

"Why," said Captain Craydon, "there is Jim Baker, who left Illinois when about grown, in 1826, and when we came out in 1859 he was completely metamorphosed into a typical red man in dress, habits, tastes, and aspirations. He ate with them, hunted with them, slept with them, and married a chubby young squaw. You would have thought that when the white people became abundant in the territory he would have drifted back to the civilization of his youth, but no! Honest, generous, brave, manly, incorrigible Jim Baker, after twenty years with the Indians, persisted in using their dress, their ways, their superstitions; and when he went to Denver to sell his furs and hides he was as anxious as any Indian to get away from civilization and back to his blanket clothing, back to his tepee, back to his wild squaw. Even the famous Kit Carson, with all of his Kentucky chivalry and southern pride, though he came out in 1826 when but seventeen years of age, by constant association soon reduced himself to a point where he could love and wed a dusky, uncivilized squaw, and if death had not soon called her from him, who knows but that he would have followed the downward footsteps, socially, of Jim Baker and many others. Kit Carson's Indian wife soon brought him a brown-eyed little daughter that he raised with much care, but she closely followed her mother's type. Soon after the loss of his wife he married Josepha Jaramillo, a Mexican woman, which changed his kindred and associates, and he often hired his services to army officers and explorers and finally developed into a great Indian fighter rather than one of the tribe; but who can see far enough into the "might have been's" to tell what the young wife might have wrought in degenerating his tastes, habits, and ambitions had death not arrived before her wild nature wielded its full influence over him. However, the great Kit Carson, with his strong individuality, upright character, and undaunted courage, presented such characteristics as make environments yield to the individual, or he is of the strong type that makes its own environments and may be classed as exceptional."

The Pioneer's countenance changed to a radiant glow, as he eagerly exclaimed: "I see! I see! A light is breaking through the dense fog that has been gathering about me ever since the birth of my children. Ah, what a clear demonstration of the subordinating powers of environment over heredity. This is the first gleam of hope that has pierced my troubled soul since my unpardonable sin, giving me the faintest promise that my unfortunate progeny may be partially rescued during this generation from their hard fate. Oh, will those superb Caucasian husbands be so provident as to make the environments of my heavily burdened daughters such that the dislocated heredity, criminally placed upon them by me may be closed up, smoothed over, and ironed out, during this generation?

"Ah, if American women are not on the ground, the men will allow the dusky squaws to take them out of their tailor made suits and rig them out in blankets and leather strings, and, if occasion require, tattoo them and touch them up with a little war paint. Now see what a different turn the pioneers of fifty-nine took. They laid the foundation of a broader civilization than any existing east of them in the old world or the new. The pioneers married the proud, imperious white women whose ambitious eyes are always toward the sky-line, and who are ever pulling them upward. Ah, what model mothers they make!"

Captain Joyce suggested: "You seem to talk with the hare and run with the hounds. You feign to adore Caucasian motherhood and yet you passed her by and chose a dark Indian princess as the mother of your children. Why such a discrepancy between your words and acts?"

"Ah, sir," replied the Pioneer, "Your query betrays my secret. It is being deprived of her in the siring of my children, that has burned the sterling worth of the Caucasian mother into every fiber of my soul. I gave myself unselfishly into holy wedlock to pay a debt of gratitude, without a thought as to the grievous burden I was placing upon my posterity for many generations. It required a John Howard Payne, a friendless and homeless wanderer, living in filth and squalor, really to portray the sacred beauties and the delicate shades of tender sentiment clinging around 'Home, Sweet Home.' Those who had always enjoyed the luxuries of good homes had never given it more than a passing thought. Shelly truthfully wrote:

" 'Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

"The sire who daily sees the glorious image and heavenly traits of one of these matchless mothers in his progeny gives it but a proud, approving nod. It is we alone, who ever see a preponderance of untamed blood irretrievably chaining our innocent, helpless children to dishonorable and menial, social, moral, intellectual and business positions, because of inferior motherhood, that can fully appreciate the exalted functions of highly civilized womanhood."

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer arose in the morning and found themselves surrounded by the most picturesque, wierd, and bewildering panorama of wildness and stately scenic beauty that they had ever beheld.

The town-site is in a little basin about one-half by three-fourths of a mile, so pitching from east to west that the rear end of the buildings on the east side of the main street have the first story under ground or the second floors at the rear end are level with the ground, while the first floors at the rear end of the buildings on the west side of the street are ten or twelve feet above the ground. The entire town-site, with the exception of the creek bed and a little ground at places near the edge of the water, is surrounded by almost impassable mountain ranges towering skyward.

From the south, east and north margin of the town, hot water boils from the cliffs and the smoke rises from these springs and from bath houses built in different places like smoke from so many furnaces just blown in.

At the south boundary, Cascade Creek and the Uncompahgre River come together. The approach from a southerly and a westerly direction is through deep cut box-canons squared out like the open end of a great tuning-fork.

After the union, the stream like a silver thread winds its way around the western cliff and out through a narrow throat at the northern boundary of the town. For miles above this junction the Uncompahgre comes roaring and splashing through a deep, narrow box-canon cut vertically into the bed rock from fifty to hundreds of feet deep.

Cascade Creek is cut down into a solid bed rock in the same way. A few hundred feet south of where this stream empties into the Uncompahgre is probably the most terrifically wild water-fall in the Rocky Mountains, not so much because of the height of the fall, but because the water is confined in a small twisted hole something like the rifles in a gun barrel or like the twist in a corkscrew. A stream of water large enough to move the machinery of a large mill comes rushing down from Imogene basin, tumbles into a large vertical funnel in the bed-rock, surges, twists, and pitches from point to point, and, in a roaring rage, leaps out of the other end of this vertical rock-funnel some hundred feet below. There is no spreading waterfall here, but the rock-hole keeps it in a powerful twisting, solid mass.

This is the first thing the natives direct the sightseers to visit, and the next thing they are recommended to drive five or six miles up the Uncompahgre and view Bear Creek Falls and the trail cut out in almost vertical cliffs for miles. At one point on this trail one can look down upon Grand Mesa dividing the Gunnison and Grand Valleys; it is seventy-five miles distant, and looks like a great cape of a sea only a few miles away. Truly the vision is greatly stretched out in this clear, rarefied atmosphere.

The moment the visitors came down stairs in the morning the hotel clerk suggested that it might be well for them to visit the hot springs in the south end of town, wash out their stomachs with the natural flow of hot water, and see the falls; that this would give them an appetite for breakfast. They took his kind advice and became so enchanted with the wonderful natural beauties on every hand that they came near missing their breakfast. When they returned they were seated at the table with an exploration party, which had visited this spot many, many years before with bull teams. They said they found a few Ute Indians here and asked them if this party could pass on over the range. One of the Indians motioned as if he were going to walk over and answered, "This way youy can g-o-e-y-," then motioned to the ox-teams, shook his head, and said, "if the woe hawy here now, ye no get over."

They said that Chief Ouray once came to their camp and seeing the cook opening a quart can of corn, he asked for one. The cook gave him a can and a spoon and he soon gulped down the whole quart of corn. Supper came on and he accepted an invitation and ate very heartily. Early in the evening an Indian came running over and asked if they had a medicine man, saying, "Heap big chief heap sickum." Dr. Lemon took a hyperdermic syringe, went over, and found him doubled up with agonizing pains in the stomach. He shot a wholesome lot of morphine into his arm and the chief soon straightened out and felt gloriously good. He asked to see "that medicine gun." Dr. Lemon showed it to him and how it worked, and he became wonderfully excited and wanted to buy it. Dr. Lemon told him that he could not do without it, that it was a pain puller and he could jerk a pain out of any part of the body in a few moments with it. Chief Ouray said, "Heap good gun. Give heap ponies for it," but the doctor had to go away leaving the chief begging for the syringe.

"THE PICTURESQUE TOWN OF OURAY."

These explorers pronounced this spot, with a drive of six miles up the river, superior to anything in America, and suggested that it probably surpassed anything on the globe. They said their descriptive geographer attempted to describe this scene, failed, and gave it up in disgust, on their first trip here. That he started his word picture of the wonderful scene as follows: "If we had been dropped down from another planet last night, with one all around sweep of the vision, we should have concluded that all of this sphere is in sight and that the only avenue of escape is by direct ascension." He described the south-east mountains as gigantic heaps of conglomerate material fringed from the river half way to the top with scattering bunches of quaking asps and pine trees, with many lofty, graceful peaks shooting their bare, smooth heads up among the clouds, with their bases washed with gurgling, splashing waters, in the canons and basins below. He described the mountains on the south with their mighty dykes, yawning chasms, grassy basins, snow-slide tracks, cataracts, and water-falls, then climaxed with the majestic Mount Sneffles with its colonnades and graceful, snow-tipped minarets gradually bending around the south quarter-circle of the walled-in amphitheatre in which this fascinating tourist and mining town is snugly nestled; but wrote: "When I, with one sweep of my vision, took in the towering, vertical, cliff-walls, fencing in the town on the west and the north, I stood aghast, awe-stricken at the two distinct forms of modern architecture which loomed up before me. These walls seemed to be constructed of the same general material, towering cloudward, presenting every appearance of having been constructed after a fixed design, with material and walls leveled and squared, blending a reddish with a brownish tinted stone, and laid in alternating, regular courses. The south half of the north superstructure, dividing the waters of Cow Creek and the Uncompahgre River, is covered with a rich red mansard roof, broken here and there, and ornamented and dignified with an occasional spire shooting heavenward, with a sheet of chaste, pure white water pouring out of its south eave trough and winding itself around the huge boulders leaning against the base of this cliff wall; the more massive structure on the west, dividing the waters of the San Miguel and Uncompahgre Rivers, is covered with a sombre, oval, shell-like roof so becoming to stately tabernacles, and is differently painted, differently decorated, and gracefully ornamented with massive, lead-colored domes, one of which is tipped with a symmetrical statue of George Washington, as a pleasing substitute for the proverbial Goddess of Liberty; the impatient roof-waters of the south side of this mighty structure come leaping and splashing from its south eave trough, into Oak Creek at the south side of the town."

At this point the geographer cast his eyes over the sloping hillside on the east of the little city, and the whole background was a perfect tint of all the known shades and colors produced by the fading rays of a setting sun on a variegated landscape. He dropped his pen and said, "It is no use. These were made to be seen; they can't be described." While he was in a brown study, a French helper came along, stopped and looked up at these majestic walls and admiringly exclaimed, "O, my, my! Just look at these regular horizontal layers of variegated stone of uniform thickness and length, running up from the bottom to the top of these towering cliffs with as much regularity and harmony as the ruffles on a Parisian damsel's petticoat. And see the beautiful roof——"

"There, there," answered the geographer, "you will be comparing that artistic roof to her Easter bonnet next; those graceful spires to the red feathers in her hat. Your spontaneous similes are more happy than my best studied efforts, but don't try to compare this with any messy work of art, not even with the ruffles on a French damsel's petticoat, or the crown of her Easter bonnet; these splendors are incomparable. They are blended here only to be seen; let's leave them here. What can be expected of me, after the tongue, and brush and pen in much abler hands, have dismally failed? All I can becomingly do, is to lift my hat reverentially and pronounce this simple benediction: 'The eye alone is capable of transmitting the phantasmagora, produced by the blending of all these scenic grandeurs to the sense of appreciation. This is the nonpariel of mountain splendor; it is the gem in the diadem of mountain scenic beauty.'"

As the explorers and the Pilgrim and the Pioneer were walking down Main street about seven o'clock in the evening, they drifted upon a large crowd standing in the street; brilliant bonfires were blazing from different points and the Judge was standing on a dry goods box trying to persuade the people that he was the very person they needed in the Senate. He flailed the Democratic party until it was threadbare. After a talk of an hour and a half, and just before entering upon a flowery and patriotic peroration which he used in closing his speeches, the Judge humbly apologized for keeping the crowd standing out in the cold so long. The ever-present Daisy Dean squeaked out, "Go on, Judge, go on; we can stand down here as long as you can lie up there." The Democrats howled and cheered and the Republicans jeered and hissed, to the great discomfiture of the speaker.

However, he straightened up and started his grandiloquent peroration:

"My fellow citizens, when this campaign shall have ended and I have returned to the—to the—to the—when I shall have returned to the—family of my bosoms, ——"

The audience broke into a hilarious shout, the speaker became red in the face and said, "Now laugh if you think you know better than I do what I wanted to say." He recurred, "I say when I shall have returned to the—to the——"

Another Democrat piped out:

"What about the carpet-baggers that the Republicans are sending in here from the East to govern us?"

This gave the desired opportunity for a diversion of the speaker's mind to a new field, from the futile attempt to cross the lost trail of his peroration; his troubled face brightened into a cheerful, blazing glow, and he sharply retorted that the few Democrats who can read know that the National Republican platform provides for appointment of residents of the territory. "But for the benefit of the great masses of the unterrified, Bourbon Democracy, who cannot read, I would say that they remind me of the decision of the Irish arbiter in the notorious turtle case, a few years ago. A Frenchman and a German were drifting down a marsh in Florida and came upon a huge turtle; amputating its head and turning it upon its back, they waited for it to die before starting home with it. The turtle persisted in working its feet and tail. The German said, 'De turtle vas mit de knife his head cut off, but he vos not go quick avay dead.'

"The Frenchman said, 'Ze is dead; when ze great electric battere of ze body—ze brain, ez severed, death ez necessarily contemporaneous.'

"And about this time Pat McGuire happened along. Each stated his contention and asked Pat's opinion.

"Pat said, 'Yis, gintlemin, I'll be after giving yes moi bist jidgment, so I will. This blarsted varmint is dead, but it don't know it.' "

Continued the speaker, "This is the condition of the Democratic party in Colorado. The Democratic party with carpet-bagism is dead, but it don't know it."

The Republicans shouted and screamed with joy while their orator bowed himself from his crude rostrum and started for his hotel. On the way he warned his friends if they ever lost a peroration, for Heaven's sake grasp immediately some associate incident to open the sealed pigeon holes of memory, or weave in some apt epigram or light story and close the scene. He said when he forgot his prepared speech his mind actually ceased to work as long as he held it on that subject, and that if some Democratic friend had not come to his aid with a timely question he would have floundered around and spoiled his speech for lack of a set peroration. "Why, I sweat blood while my mind was clogged, and as I had no associate incident as a key to my locked memory my only remedy was a resort to some other resource, and my interrupting Democratic friend was a great benefactor instead of a tormentor, as he intended to be."

Mr. Wickham felt perfectly safe when the expert agreed to come out this way, regarding the possible influence of "back-cappers" here, and he thought certainly no one here would divine the object of his visitor. But alas! it was not long after breakfast before a gang was following them and trying to get the expert to one side. By prearrangement Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell close-herded him; whenever any of the gang got up a conversation with him one of the two staid by him. The speculators watched till they all went to their rooms about eleven o'clock at night, then one of the crowd went up and knocked gently on the expert's door. It was quickly opened. The visitor said he was a newspaper man and would like a half column, or such a matter, of his impressions of the country. The mining expert felt very much flattered, talked freely, and the newspaper man told him that the interview would be very valuable to the people of the San Juan, and also to the owner of his paper, and that he was very much indebted to him. As he was giving him a good-night hand shake, he said, "By the way, do you ever indulge in a nip?" The expert answered, "Hocassionally hi do." The newspaper man told him he had a friend just across the street that kept some pure old Scotch whisky, and they would go over and have a quiet drink. When they reached Hoskin's saloon they were ushered into a back room and the reporter seemed very much surprised to find Mr. Hinkley, Mr. Ollfield, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Cass, the men who had been all day trying to inveigle the expert away from Mr. Wickham. They cordially invited the newcomers to be seated and insisted that they join them in a drink. The whole run of their conversation was about the fabulous richness of the mines around Ouray and their sympathy for places like Lake City and Henson Creek, which were on the outer margin of the mineral belt and had just ore enough to make sanguine men spend fortunes there, then go out of the country disgusted. The Englishman seemed indifferent and took no part in the conversation and the intriguers felt sure he had discovered something in the "wood pile," or that some one had put him on to them, and finally after taking a number of hot Scotches and consuming a number of Havanas, Mr. Hinkley, the most courageous one, concluded to make a spoon or spoil the horn, and he was in the humor to do either. He started in to give the mining expert a glowing description of the Mineral Farm, told him that there was more than a hundred thousand dollars worth of silver in sight, and that Mr. Cass would take a hundred thousand dollars for the claim, and warned him against Lake City and Henson Creek, saying they were on the very margin of the mineral belt.

The expert turned to Mr. Cass and retorted: "Hif you 'ave such ha bloody good thing, why hare you so hanxious to let hit go?"

Mr. Cass replied that the altitude was too high for him and that he had been climbing around on those steep hillsides until one shoulder was a foot higher than the other; that he wanted to get down to sea level and straighten himself up. He said a hundred thousand dollars was enough for him anyhow, was as much as he could handle, and he was willing for those accustomed to big things to make the balance.

The expert inquired: "His the mine hon the sunny hor shaded side hof the 'ill?"

Mr. Cass answered that about all of the claims were on the shaded side, but all of their workings were on a high knoll on the sunny side and that they expected to work tunnels into the shaded side from here. Mr. Hinkley continued: "It is only a mile and a half up there; I shall bring up a gentle horse in the morning and we will go up and see it. We can get back before noon."

The expert answered: "No, no, I would not go hacross the street for hall the mines hon the shaded side of the 'ill hon Cascade Creek. Hexcuse me from this pleasant trip. Hi want no Mineral Farm hon the shaded side hof the 'ill."

Irritated and discouraged, Mr. Hinkley sarcastically replied:

" I —, we have it at last, we have the real thing! the expert with red leggins on, on the ground, sent from a foreign land to report on the value of mines, who really believes that silver grows on trees like persimmons. I suppose you think, my Christian friend, that the old women about sundown get buckets of water and sticks and go to the silver plant beds and draw the scions as you would cabbage plants, find a rich loamy place, make holes with their sticks, put the silver plants in, water them and squeeze the dirt tight around the roots, then follow this up with the hoe and irrigation ditch till fall, then go out and harvest the crop of silver as you would a crop of luscious grapes? This is not called the 'Mineral Farm' because you have to plow, hoe, or irrigate the silver crop, but because Mr. Cass found a good group of veins here covering forty acres of ground, or enough for a good farm, and symbolized the territory with this indicative name. You need not be afraid to go up there. Mr. Cass hasn't a yoke of leviathans and a colossal plow to which he might impress your services, neither will he put you to irrigating the silver plants or clearing the jungle that the sunlight may dissolve and disseminate the stimulating carbonic acid in his silver orchard. We neither clear the jungle nor irrigate the silver mines here, even if some of them are called farms. I have heard old pioneers say experts were sent here in early days that did not know a mine from a mill-site, but you are the original expert who teaches that irrigation and sunshine are essential to the development of a silver mine, or I might say you are the first expert we have entertained that does not know a mine from a cabbage patch. The miners of Ouray should build a monument over your tomb and place on your headstone: 'The pioneer in the irrigation and cultivation of mining claims.' "

The Englishman said, "Hi ham not so sure hof the force hof your logic has hi ham hof your hirony. Why his hit that so many mines 'ave been barren huntil water his reached, hif mineral claims do not require hirrigation? Why his hit that so many hof the great mines hof Norway, Germany, North and South Hamerica hare hunder water, hif flooding does not benefit mineral claims? Does not water 'ave ha beneficial haffect hon the sea salts hand hacids that so stimulates hand gathers silver hinto the bug holes hand crevices? The 'eat hand light hof the sun his quite mysterious. Why does the 'ouse plant produce hits best flowers hon the side next to the window, hif the sunlight hon vegetation does not beneficially haffect hit? Hin many ways hit has a more mysterious haffect hon the mineral kingdom. Put ha lump hof common table salt hin ha glass hof water. Set the glass hout hin the sun hand halmost himmediately salt crystals begin to form, but why hargue this further. Hi will hask hagain why should not the 'eat and light hof the sun 'ave ha material haffect hin converting the cruder minerals hinto silver? You reply, 'Ow can you prove hit?' Hi say, "See which side hof the 'ill your pay mines hare hon.' "

The next morning the mining expert took the out-going coach for home. He told Mr. Wickham before he left that he could not advise his client to buy the Kuklux mine because "Hit was hon the shaded side hof the 'ill, you know."

The Pioneer looked about him for a moment, then muttered to himself, "A few more wild escapades like this would not only soften and fill the old creases in my brain, but would start others in new places."

The defeat of the sale of the Kuklux by the "back-capper" seemed to depress him and render him more quiet and sedate. The "Holy Creed" was not working well.

CHAPTER XXII.

CROSSING SNEFFLES RANGE.

The Pioneer had spent a restless night. Before rising from his bed he said, "Mr. Campbell, I am loath to retrace my steps just yet. I should like to go further among these cloud-capped peaks and try to harmonize my physical with my mental self. The tyrannical mind arrogantly persists in obtruding melancholy, pessimistic thoughts about the bygones of a misspent past, through the ramifications of a wearied and protesting brain, with such a monotonous persistency, that when the cells of this jaded organ collapse, the parasitic hosts are invited to occupy the degenerate parts so that replacement is well nigh impossible. The nervous, abnormal mind is like a howling mob; it will obey no command to halt, but may be diverted to some other exciting feat. Let's push on into the untamed wilds on a little brain-scattering and foot-hardening expedition. It will be a mutual benefit." Mr. Campbell assented. At six o'clock the chiming of many bells called the guests to the hotel windows. Hundreds of little jacks and jennies, called in this country "burros," were loaded with provisions, Spanish-fashion, baled-hay, lumber, iron rods, track iron, etc., and were being prodded up toward the range by individuals designated here as burro-punchers. About one out of every dozen burros had a bell on and led a division. These little fellows carry an average of 200 pounds each, or ten of them carry a ton, and they have been as invaluable in the development of the mines in the precipitous Rocky Mountains as the dromedary has been in the development of the arid regions of the Orient.

These indispensable burros have a little frame called a pack-saddle buckled upon their backs, covered with rings and ropes with which to tie the load securely, with a crupper under the tail and a breast strap attached to the front of the saddle, so the load cannot slip. Many of these little animals were loaded that morning with long iron bars and lumber from twelve to fifteen feet long. One end of these bars and lumber is fastened to the side of the saddle, about an equal amount on each side, and the burro walks between the boards or bars of iron, one end of the same dragging after him on the ground, to the general terror of passing horses and sensitive human ears.

These useful packers are rarely fed at night or at other times. When idle they are turned out on the hills or in the towns to hustle for a living. They will hang around back doors and eat scraps like dogs.

About seven o'clock A. M. the Judge campaigning for the senate, Dr. Hawley, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Wickham, and two courageous women, mounted on the backs of faithful bronchos, or mountain ponies, and headed for Telluride. The air was clear, sharp, and dry, and the trail was very steep, narrow, and rough up Cascade Creek, but these little ponies glided along at a good clip until they caught up with the train of burros with their jingling bells and the scraping and dragging of the boards and iron bars over the ground and rough rocks. The riders could not get the horses in the neighborhood of them, much less past them, but even if their ponies had not been afraid of this burro-train they could not have gotten ahead of them for miles because of the narrowness of the trail. The party climbed around the precipitous trail and finally reached Porter's, the supply point for the great Virginia group of mines. Between here and the summit it is very steep, and in many places the trail was a sheet of ice. They alighted and led their horses. About half way up the steep hill, just before reaching the summit, Dr. Hawley's horse slipped off the trail and tumbled over and over until he reached comparatively smooth ground a hundred feet below. He was so badly crippled that he could not go on. He was relieved of saddle and bridle and turned out to look after himself. When they reached the summit of the famous Mount Sneffles range, so named for Prof. Sneffles of the Hayden Geological Survey, they could truly say that they were standing in the midst of a cluster of the richest mines in the world. Just behind them were the Terrible, the Monongahela, and the famous Virginia group; a little to their left the Matchless, and the Campbird group: in front of them the Sheridan Union, Mendota, Tom Boy, Cimarron, and many other valuable mines in the Virginius, Imogene and Marshall basins.

The altitude at this point is from 13000 to 14000 feet above sea level, thereby rendering the air so light and devoid of oxygen that it makes one weak, light-headed, and short of breath, and several of the party bled at the nose. From here their pace down the trail was gauged by the footman for the first two miles and after this by a long burro-train loaded with ore from the Sheridan. Each of these little animals had 200 pounds of ore, a 100 pound sack fastened on each side of his saddle. They are so inclined to fight and crowd for the possession of the trail, that the bronchos did not feel safe in trying to crowd around them on the narrow path.

Early in the afternoon they reached Pandora, the head of San Miguel River, one and a half miles above Telluride. It was a most bright and sunny day and only a little after noon, but no sun was in sight. They asked a resident if the sun did not shine upon the people of Pandora as well as upon other people in Colorado. He answered:

"No, we do not get our part of God's sunshine, but I do not know who else can help us. The sun will have to be raised or the cliffs lowered to relieve us. We have but little sunshine in this dark gorge now, and during the shortest days in the year, but thirty minutes during any one day."

From this point for four miles down the river, including the town-site of Telluride, the ground is comparatively level, furnishing fine mill-sites and building-sites. South of Pandora is a most beautiful water-fall, with chaste bridal veils and towering cliffs on either side. Telluride has been from its first location one of the best mining towns in the West, and has always been self-sustaining from the products of its mines, farms, and ranges. It, like all of these mining towns, is surrounded by gigantic mountains of great beauty and has a splendid class of cultivated and intelligent citizens.

A large crowd met the Judge at the south margin of the town and escorted him to the American House, where they all put up for the night.

A temporary stand was erected at the corner near the hotel, a large crowd gathered at 7:30 in the evening, and the Judge was introduced. He showed from the beginning that he was desperate. There was no stopping or diversion tonight from the prearranged line of argument, for the purpose of sympathizing with freezing auditors as he had done the night before in Ouray, thus spoiling his set speech. He started in by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I, with three other gentlemen and two ladies, have ridden across this knife blade trail from Ouray and am somewhat tired, but I want to say in passing that any woman who will ride over that knife blade trail once, ought to go to Heaven without any further qualification; and any man who will ride over this trail twice ought to go to ——on general principles."

The crowd yelled and whooped and so inspired the candidate that mind and memory held up bright and sparkling from prelude to peroration, and he made a great oratorical effort.

After the speaking the politicians took the Judge from saloon to saloon, and he treated the crowd, and by easy gradations the people were becoming comparatively tipsy. About twelve o'clock the crowd reached the hotel, which had a bar attachment. The candidate and others were introduced and he gave his last treat of the evening to the semi-intoxicated crowd; among the introductions John Taylor, of Silverton, was introduced to John Taylor, of Paradox Valley. They instantly trumped up a kinship, each tracing his lineage back to a famous hero of the common name. They took another drink on the new discovery, then almost doubled in one another's arms.

John Taylor of Paradox Valley said to John Taylor of Silverton, "John, we are going to have a fair down at Paradox next week; come down and make a speech."

John Taylor, of Silverton, with a sneer, answered: "What do I want to make a speech for? I made all of my speeches for glory when I was a young man. It takes cash to get talk out of me now."

"Then come down and see the fair without making a speech. We have fine fairs down there."

"I don't want to see your little fair. I attended one of those little cross-roads fairs down in Alabama once, and they didn't have anything but one big pumpkin and a big Durham bull, and the bull got loose, ate up the pumpkin, and broke up the fair."

John Taylor of Paradox indignantly arose, walked into the office, told the crowd that there was not "a single drop of Zachariah Taylor's blood in that fellow's veins. He's an imposter, a part of the poor possum-eating white trash of the white crawfish beds of Alabama, where there is neither good blood nor good breeding. The negroes would not associate with him down there. That fellow is the very trashiest of the poor white trash found in the blackjack thickets, where the ground is so poor that it won't sprout a 'goober pea.' He's no kinfolks of mine I'll tell you."

Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell were assigned one bed in the parlor, Mr. John Taylor of Silverton the other bed in the parlor, and Mrs. Eugene West of Silverton, a friend of Mr. Taylor's, a room opening into the parlor.

Mr. Taylor and Mr. West had volunteered to pilot the Pilgrim and the Pioneer over the mountain trail by way of Ames and Ophir the next morning, on their way home. The travelers mutually agreed to get up at 7 o'clock A. M., eat their breakfast and hurry off. About one o'clock A. M. Mr. West suggested that they retire. All consented except Mr. Taylor, who insisted that they were in the shank of the evening and that he would go over and chance a few spots on the faro table, then he would follow, and suggested to Mr. Wickham that he leave a light burning. The building had an open stairway going up from the street. All of the party except Mr. Taylor retired and went to sleep.

A little after dawn the next morning, Mr. Taylor came staggering in, found his bed occupied, stood over the occupant, and said: "This is an imposition. I paid for this bed. I come to it and find a man in it as big as a horse."

The man began to jabber, swing his arms, and try to get up to fight; but—poor fellow! he staid with the politicians too long last night; he can't make it.

Mr. Taylor stood like a leaning statue over him as he struggled, and said, "Yes, you usurper you, turn over again."

He then walked over to the door leading into Mr. West's room, and knocking on the door, said, "O, Eugene!" The nervous reply rang out, "Yes, yes, I will get up right away. Is it seven o'clock?"

"Seven o'clock, thunder. I want to go to bed. I find a stranger in my bed as big as a horse. I don't want to get in with him. How do I know but that he would inoculate me with some loathsome disease. I want to sleep with you."

Mr. West opened the door. Mr. Taylor walked in, undressed, then came back into the parlor and looked on the piano, in the closet, around the bed and everywhere, like a superstitious old woman hunting a ghost or a bad man in the room, and at last in disgust he went back and leaned over the stranger and said, "Yes, you usurper, you were not satisfied with getting into my bed, but you had to get into my night-shirt, eh?"

The drunken man began to jabber, swing his limber arms, and try to rise, but he was harmless. With a contemptuous grating of the teeth Mr. Taylor said:

"Yes, turn over again, you usurper."

This command and the accusation were a little too far fetched as the poor limber fellow had not recently turned over and could not turn over, and he had not pulled off his mining boots, let alone hunting for a soft, clean night-shirt, but poor Mr. Taylor's eyes were so blurred that he could not distinguish a silk night-shirt from a canvas overcoat.

Mr. Taylor went to bed with Mr. West, but in a very short time the clerk knocked on the doors, and said, "It is seven o'clock."

Mr. Taylor got up, came back in the parlor, found his valise and night-shirt untouched, went up and leaned over his tormentor and said, sneeringly, "Yes, you usurpers, there are two of you, are there? Ah, ha! you doubled-teamed on me, did you? When I made that bold, bad break here last night, I thought I was talking to one lone, solitary individual."

The drunken man struggled to arise, but he was not equal to the task. Mr. Taylor, in contempt, said:

"Yes, turn over again you usurper." He went to the office and complained about their giving up his bed to others.

The clerk indignantly denied having done any such thing and said, "Now, you wait till I come back." The clerk tripped up stairs and down again, and slipping up to the side of Mr. Taylor and his friend, said:

"Sh—, that is the desperate Pat O'Shea, a former lieutenant of General Mosby. He was the most fearless and desperate character in his command, and he has with him a desperate chum. They go loaded down with six-shooters and dirk knives, and as soon as they get sober enough to handle themselves, if they should hear you had said a thing about their wandering up there, they would cut your tongue out with their butcher knives."

"Then it behooves me to take a cup of coffee and shake the dust of Telluride from my feet before king alcohol takes his hobbles off their limbs. Say clerk, you tell them I said I was glad they occupied my bed, as I was out all night in a little game of draw and I did not need or want it, any way."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LITTLE SALAMANDER.

At eight o'clock, as per agreement, the travelers moved off down the San Miguel River for a mile and a half, then across the high grassy mesa to Ames, Ophir, Trout Lake, and Lizzard Head, on to Rico on the Dolores River, and to Mancos Canon.

When they reached the summit of the high, grassy mesa about 9,000 feet above sea level, they stopped at a well equipped, round pole ranch house to get a drink of water, and were surprised to see what they grew there in the way of fodder and vegetables. There were oat-stalks six feet high, timothy to their armpits, barley waist high, and cabbage, turnips, raddishes, and other hardy vegetables almost as sweet,brittle,and juicy as Michigan apples; the mesa was covered with a luxuriant crop of nutritious bunch-grass, and while it looked like a cold, bleak, and lonesome place to live, the people seemed contented and happy. They said:

"This ground and these cows are all paid for and this is our home."

What a sweet thought! What an expressive word, even under these hard environments!

They soon climbed around Ames and up to Ophir. Every one here had his pockets loaded with glittering gold specimens, and all had prospects to sell, and all of them seemed to feel certain that this was the best gold mining camp in the Rocky Mountains. They have many things to back up such a belief. However, the thing that most attracted their attention was the beautiful Trout Lake set in the top of this lofty mountain 10,000 feet above the sea level, like a great solitaire jewel, and studded with the high peaks on the east, and Mount Wilson on the west. The lake is a mile long by a half mile wide and of an unfathomed depth. Enthusiastic anglers were around the margin, landing the beautiful trout on every side. This splendid body of water, large enough to float a warship, is severed from all possibility of fish passing between lake and waters below by some precipitous falls, and Mr. Wickham asked the most natural question, "When and how did these fish get into this lake?"

An old, gray-headed angler asked:

"Will you allow a Maine Yankee to answer you by asking a question?"

"O, certainly."

"Then," said the old man, "tell me when and how the fish got into the oceans?"

Mr. Wickham replied: "If we take the Bible view, God put them in; if we take the view of Huxley, Tyndall, and others, certain conditions in nature evolved them."

The old man scratched his head and suggested, "I am no Bible scholar, but if God did make these fish and scatter them around on the fifth day of that big week's job,—and I believe he retired from the animal industry and work as a common day laborer after that week —then why shouldn't he have flipped a handful into Trout Lake while he was throwing them thousands of miles around him into the big oceans? Or who knows but that when he started to toss a big shovelful into the mighty oceans on Mars, some sixty million miles away, that a few might not have slipped off his shovel and fallen back into Trout Lake? Now, I don't know nothing about 'Huxter,' 'Tyddell,' 'Darnell & Co.,' because I've got no book larning, but I have some horse sense and that tells me to ask if these scabs have chisseled God out of his job of making and distributing fish, and they just take a little hot mud, without father, mother, seed, egg or anything else, and make these fish on the ground, then what is the matter with Trout Lake mud? Or, are they and God like the legislature, just got time enough to look after the big ponds and the big fish? Now, sir, I'd like to know what trail you think these fish came in on?" With an under-shot, and a wink of his left eye to his brother anglers, he set himself with self-satisfaction to see Mr. Wickham untie some of these zoological knots.

"Well, really, my friend," replied the Pioneer, "I am not much of a naturalist or scientist, but I should say, in all probability, some wild goose or wild duck, ages ago, in wadding around in the hatching grounds in some of the streams below got some of the spawn or fish-eggs on or tangled in their web feet, flew up here, shed them, and they hatched in the lake; or perchance some kingfisher or other bird grasped a live fish below, flew up here and lost it in the lake in time for the water to resuscitate it; these are my crude ideas, but I don't know, I am sure."

The old man winked at the anglers, pulled his line out of the water, then turned and looked squarely in the face of Mr. Wickham, and inquired: "And how did the fish get into the lakes on top of Grand Mesa and the others, miles and miles from fish streams? How did they get into these streams? You may say they came up from Grand River; then I would ask, 'Where did those in the Grand come from?' You would say, 'From the Green;' then I would say, 'Where did those in the Green come from?' You would say, 'From the Colorado;' I would ask, 'Where did they come from?' You would answer, 'From the Gulf of California.' I would ask, 'Where did those in the Gulf come from?' You would reply, 'From the ocean.' Then we would be back to my first question, how and when were the fish put into the ocean?—which you have not answered. I say there are no speckled mountain trout in any of the big rivers, gulf, or ocean."

Mr. Wickham continued: "My individual opinion in the great economy of nature is that under certain conditions certain animals evolve, and under other conditions they are transformed from one grade to another, the tendency being for the ascension towards the higher type."

"Now, partner," answered the old man: "You have really said something; that's my doctrine to a 'T.' Over in the Montezuma Valley I have had a real experimental station. When the Indians were moved out of there I went down and got me a ranch. A company built a big canal around the hill just above it. There was a big basin covering about six acres of my ground, full of alkali and covered with grease wood, and nothing else would grow there. The water seeped from the ditch into this basin and it was as clear as crystal at first, but when the sun got right hot and that water became rotten-like, it became literally black with tadpoles. I used to watch them swim with their long tails and breathe through their gills just like so many fish, and by and by legs sprouted at the root of their tails and seemed to absorb all the nutriment of the body that wandered back that away, and their tails just rotted off. Then the gills disappeared and those animals went ashore and just changed from water to land animals."

" 'That was edolution,' suggested Dr. Cady.

" 'Edolution—you foot!' he said, 'it's a fact'! Then I went down to the lower end with my scythe one day to cut some cat-tails, and the whole bottom of the lake was covered with little animals about six or eight inches long; they were dark and spotted, and just the image of these mountain trout. I just called Martha down and said, 'Look a-here, I golly, we've got a million of fish in this pond;' and we admired them awhile, then I shot my scythe into the water, and drew one ashore, and behold he had legs. I took him over to Dr. Cady, and he got down his books and said: 'Zoologists call that a water-dog or little salamander, but,' said he, 'that looks more like a fish than any one I have ever seen; in fact if he did not have those feet I should call him a fish. When they are young they breathe with gills and swim like a fish and they change and reproduce injured parts as rapidly as a fast growing tree. If a foot is cut off it grows right back; put an eye out, a new one grows; cut one's tail off and a new one grows on. It would not take much of a stretch of the imagination to presume that this very pliable little animal might be converted into a mountain trout.'"

"I said: 'Look a-here, doctor, I have a suspicion that under some conditions of the water and heat, this fellow makes a fish. If you have noticed, the mountain trout has its color, it is sleek and without scales just like this salamander, as you call it, and when you cut open this trout you can just take hold of the tail and lift the back bone from it with the little projecting bones on each side like a coarse comb, and then there is not another bone in it. Its bones are just as I would imagine this fellow's carcass looks.'"

"Dr. Cady opened his book and said, 'See here, Bob, Mr. Huxter vol— page— has two pictures here which look just like big links of sausage and one of these is a pup in the formative state, and the other a child in the formative state; he held his finger over the names and said, 'Guess which is the pup and which the child.'

"I said: 'If one's a pup, tother's a pup, because they are just the same.'

"He answered: 'No; one of these is a pup and the other is a child, and they are exactly alike in the early period. See, here, Bob, here is a lot of buds on this young body, and each leg, ear, eye, etc., is like a dim eye of a potato, and these limbs grow out just like the buds and limbs of a tree, and here at page —— Mr. Huxter says, Human beings, pups, chickens, fish, and everything come from eggs on the same principle, except in one case the egg is laid, then warmed into a living animal by the mother sitting on it, by the sun, hot water, etc., and in the other the egg develops in the mother and is retained and warmed into a living animal, but in both cases the egg principle prevails.' "

"Says, I, 'Look a-here, doctor, I don't care what Mr. Huxter or any one else says, but I just feel that rotten water and hot sun somehow made these salamanders and tadpoles change from one thing to another, and the tails on these tadpoles are rotting off and they are becoming beautiful frogs; here's one of your buds which grows off instead of out, and the salamander sheds its skin once a week, then swallows it, thereby identifying the species that occasionally turns itself outside in.' "

"Doctor Cady answered: 'The buds of the oak-twig come out as the tadpole tail does, grow up to be a mighty oak, which sheds its old limbs, rejuvenates itself and throws out new limbs just as your tadpole does.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'the limbs of the mighty oak do rot and fall off like the tails of the tadpoles, and it becomes rejuvenated, but it is still an oak and continues to bear acorns; it is not converted into a fig tree as the tadpole is into the frog; I really believe a certain condition of this water would produce the mountain trout, and I am suspicious of the shape, color, size, etc., of these salamanders. If they would shed their legs I am afraid I should be eating them.'

"Dr. Cady answered: 'Well, Bob, it was an unhappy illustration that I made. I mixed *zoology* with *bottomry,* and they are hardly mixable. I should have said the shedding of the tadpole's tail was a mere matter of *edolution.'*

"I replied, 'Edolution be darned, it really took place.'

" 'O,' said the doctor, 'I meant that *zoology* referred to the animal kingdom, and *bottomry* to the vegetable.'

"I replied, 'Now, look a-here, doctor, I can show you something just as wonderful about *bottomry* as you call it.'

"Said I, 'Before that basin had that 'ere water leaked in there, that dry parched ground made grease wood grow fine and healthy, but not a blade of grass. After this water staid in there a few months, and the ditch was shut down three months to repair, the water dried up, the grease wood all died, because it is supported by grease in the ground, and water kills it, and fox-tail grass grew up there until it looked like a great barley field. When they finished repairing the ditch and put just a little water in it, it seeped just enough in my lake to wet my feet when walking over it. In six mouths, says I, every stalk of that fox-tail grass rotted and a stand of good wire grass grew all over that lake as thick as the hair on a dog's back, and I cut a ton and a half of hay off every acre; that 'ere ground sunk a foot. I ditched the water around onto the lower end, plowed the upper end and made a spanking crop of potatoes, and don't you know within six months the wire grass dried out and cat-tails came up as thick as wheat in a field, where the water stood constantly in the lower end.'

"Dr. Cady said, 'According to the science of *bottomry*, seed must have washed or blown in there or you couldn't have had them three grasses?'

"I said, 'Now, look a-here, doctor, that water came from the snow banks just above, right through the soil where there is not a bunch of fox-tail, wire grass or cat-tails, and there was no place for them to blow from,' and I said, 'Look here, doctor, suppose we had put water on every acre in Montezuma Valley just as I did on my six acres, and that the fox-tail, wire grass, and cat-tails should have followed one another like they did in my place; if they came from seed it would take a million bushels of seed,' and I said, 'Now, doctor, you look at your *bottomry* books and see why the adobe flats near Montrose are covered with fox-tail grass; at Chief Ouray's place four miles south, there are hundreds of acres of thick, wire grass; five miles above there, just as thick a crop of blue stem; and from a few miles above there to this point, the country is covered with bunch grass when none of it has been sowed or watered?' Says I, 'It is the conditions of the soil, the amount of moisture, the elevation, etc., that causes the change from one kind to another, and some favorable condition produces these grasses without what we call grass seed.'

"I told Dr. Cady that I believed I could get a patent on reclaiming this here 'grease wood' ground, from my experience with that bottom and with these grasses and crops.

"These 'grease wood' bushes thrive, without water, from the grease and alkali in the soil, and nothing else will grow under these special conditions. If you will keep pouring water constantly over that ground for from twelve to eighteen months it will dissolve, kill and wash out so much of the grease and alkali that the 'grease wood' will die, a crop of fox-tail will come up and die, and the puffy, heavily-alkalied soil will run together, sink down materially, develop a heavy crop of wire grass good for pasture or hay, and then the ground may be plowed up and cultivated."

"You haven't much faith in book-men, I see," said Mr. Wickham.

"Now, partner, you guessed it the first shot, for that's what I don't, and I'll tell you why. Some eastern men are constantly sending young chaps, just out of school, to examine our mines. They bring their books and magnifying glasses, and really make your head ache with their jaw-breaking words. If we have a poor mine we are always glad to see them fellows come as they are about as liable to make a favorable report on a poor mine as on a good one, but if we have a good claim we want some good, practical miner who knows a good mine when he sees it and will state the facts."

Just at this time Old John, a stuttering liveryman from Del Norte, came riding up. All this time, every few minutes, some one was landing a speckled beauty. A resident said to him, "These are the greatest fishing grounds in the state."

Old John said: "Pshaw, I have caught th-th-them so f--f--fast in th--the Rio Grande th-th-that it l--left a dry hole i--in the b--b--bottom of the river."

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer hurried around Lizard Head—a towering, isolated peak, reaching towards the clouds, so designated by the government explorers cause it was tipped with a symmetrical brown-stone sta of a huge lizard.

They here came upon an old miner working on a g claim in close proximity to a big lump of yellow sn which looked as if it had lain there for ages. They as the old man how long that snow had been there. said: "Some of it always, I reckon. It snows here time it takes the notion. The worst snow storm I h been caught out in this year was on the 4th of last Jul

The Pilgrim suggested, "Is that not the place y old-timers tell us tenderfeet about where we can gat flowers with one hand and make snow-balls with other?"

"Yes, this is the very spot," said the old man. dropped his shovel, went to the upper end of the sno heap, reached out with one hand and gathered some b flags and columbines, and at the same time squeezed icy snow-ball with the other.

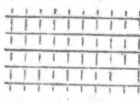
"That is very strange," said Mr. Campbell, "b it is the real thing."

"No, it is not strange when you understand philosophy of it. Ice freezes here every night in the ye and yet, in mid-summer, there is a perfect carpet of w flowers. The ordinary frost or freeze is not injurious these hardy varieties. The snow lies in shady nooks through the year. The air here is so rarefied that it ho no perceptible moisture, and therefore it cannot abso any of the heat of the sun, hence its rays go throu the air unobstructed into the earth, or into your han or face, if it can get at you, and will bake you brow or blister you, quicker than it will in a tropical or sem tropical climate. The air, not being capable of absorbing the heat of the sun, cannot become hot or even warm, hence the snow will melt only where the rays of the sun can pierce it. That which is protected in the shaded nooks never melts; but where the sun's rays pierce the earth, flowers burst forth, and where the shaded and sunny spots are found in such close proximity, you will find the snow and the flowers. For this reason it is never hot in the shade in a dry, rarefied atmosphere, where the air does not get hot, and for the same reason the nights are very cool; and the nights nearly always being clear, the earth's crust cools off very quickly after the sun goes down. The sun's rays are as hot in Colorado as they are in Louisiana or Florida, but the air is not hot here and on the hottest day in the year in the hottest part of Colorado, one will be comfortable in the shade, or at night."

The travelers rode on over and down a large grassy hill to the Dolores River and followed this stream into Rico, a chaste little mining town, inclosed with a wealth of rich, green spruce and pine trees, and perched on a mesa 100 feet above and overlooking the Dolores River.

Every one about the hotels had his pockets loaded with silver and lead specimens, and all had silver or lead prospects for sale.

After supper an old white-haired miner pulled his chair up to Mr. Campbell, drew out of his pocket a handful of silver specimens and a magnifying glass, and said: "Here, young man; you look like you have considerable book larnin', and I suspect you are a kind of a metallurgist or mining expert from the kind of clothes you wear and the way you cut your whiskers. Now, take this here glass and look down in that 'ere bug hole and you'll see it is just lousy with brittle silver and sulphurets, and r away up yander, and these other two pieces are ta from within five feet of where I got that, and on each s of it, and they have nothing in them. Now, I want tell you how this is. Up here on Nigger Baby H the veins cross one another like this, and the ore is richer than Croesus, right where the veins intersect, and it is poorer than a church mouse in every part of the mi except at this point. I can see how, at this juncti of these veins, we might find more ore than elsewhe and as rich as found in the best one, but can't und stand how all of the veins on this hill are rich wh there is an intersection with another vein, and poor eve where else."



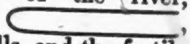
Mr. Campbell answered that he did not pretend be a mineralogist, but asked: "May not the juncture these two veins bring together such ores as make a co pound augmenting crystallization; or, is it not probal that the union of these two veins, being the hub of t wheel, as it were, or a common center, would have greater opportunity to become the depository of the rich minerals, than would the spokes of the wheel, veins gather their minerals from the surrounding rocl Or, if it comes up in molten matter from toward t center of the earth, would not this center, or check, whe the rock is cut both ways, have a superior opportuni of obtaining a deep, rich draft? However, I do not pr tend to know anything about such things, even if th has been a scientific day with us. We attended a lectu this morning on zoology, one on botany, and one on meteo ology, and here I am trying to deliver one on mineralogy, a subject I know nothing about."

"Well," replied the old man, "you made a blamed good stagger for one who makes no pretense. You talk a darned sight better horse-sense than most of them fellows that come in here wearing clothes and whiskers like you do. I can understand what you say, and there's a darned sight of good sense in it, but the most of them fellows, when you ask them a question like I did you, just touch a button and the big, jaw-breaking words begin to fly head first, tail first, back first, and stomach first, all in a heap, and so many of them that you can't remember all of them to go to the dictionary and see what he was talking about, and so when he's done, all the impression you have is a cussed bad headache and a mighty big disgust for such cattle. I am very much obliged to you, any way."

The hotel here was built of rough, white pine boards stood on end and the partitions were made of the same material; the rooms were canvassed with a cheap, thin, slazy muslin and left at that. This soft pine and spruce of the Rocky Mountains are so coarse grained and spongy, that they dry and shrink like so much cheap-knit cotton cloth, and one could put his hand right through the partition anywhere, but for this muslin. If you blew out your light first you could see everything going on in the next room, and this stretched canvas seemed to be equal to a banjo box in transmitting sound. Every word uttered in the hotel, above a low whisper, every cough, every clearing of the throat, or "turn over" anywhere in the building, was audible everywhere. Those accustomed to what are termed "telephone houses," talked in whispers, but those coming into such houses for the first time, usually divulged to the public many of their secrets and little personal chitter-chatter that was never intended for foreign ears.

Late in the evening a young man and woman from the country came in, were married at the hotel, and slept near the center of the building. They forgot themselves the next morning and were talking all kinds of honeymoon-talk. The groom insisted on putting on the bride's stockings and when she blushingly protested, he reminded her of her recent vow to love and obey him, etc., which soon brought her to an acquiesence; then he drifted into a complimentary homily on the very interesting subject of her beautifully-fitting stockings, her most shapely ankles, etc., when the pressure on the brain of some indiscreet guest caused him to snigger out, "O, my, if I ever get married in Colorado, I will go camping on my honey-moon."

This spoiled all the fun of thirty or forty eagerly expectant guests, and all condemned the indiscreet individual who checked the public cooing of these unsuspecting lovers. Poor things, after they discovered that their endearments had been heard by all, they could not face the crowd in the dining room, but remained in their insecure lair until they could slip away to the country when there were the fewest hangers-around to view them.

At ten o'clock the Pilgrim and the Pioneer continued their journey down the beautiful and fertile Dolores valley which opens out a short distance below Rico. When they reached the big bend of the river, which is shaped like a great lazy (U) , they cut across the cedar ridges, piney hills, and the fertile and expansive Montezuma Valley, whose early history is beclouded with sombre mystery, and pushed on to the interesting and historic Mancos Canon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMONG THE RUINS OF THE AZTECS.

When the Pilgrim and the Pioneer arose in the morning they found themselves in the fertile and bewitching little park just above where the gurgling and chaste waters of the Mancos brook forsake the cheerful light and dazzling sunshine and dive into the deep, dark, box-canon, beyond the reach of man or beast.

The little basin was a carpet of green, fringed around the borders with the yellow-leaved quaking asps, and looked from the distant hills like a little green hammock with a yellow border suspended on either side from towering peaks.

When they broke camp and meandered down the east side of the valley, the sun was bright and the air was crisp and frosty. Many song birds welcomed their approach with their cheerful music; the chipmunks scampered over the logs and stumps about them; the lazy, fat groundhogs were sun bathing in the crags of the rocks above and below them; occasionally the sneaking coyotes skulked from their lairs to the open, and as they approached a large pine tree forest, a bunch of black-tail deer bounded across the trail in front of them.

Said the Pilgrim, "Mr. Wickham, this is certainly a fairy land, or this is the era of good feeling between man and beast, as every animal indigenous to this latitude seems to be out welcoming us this morning, and all nature is calm, gentle, and cheerful."

As he completed the sentence, they unexpectedly ran into a row of mounds, the abandoned ruins of an ancient civilization; who the authors were, how old the ruins, and why they were abandoned, must always be a matter of mere conjecture.

Fortunately, they soon found some newspaper correspondents, a magazine writer, and an archeologist exhuming stone arrow heads, stone implements, crockery, and other evidences of the stage of this civilization. They found no trace of metals, but the horn and stone implements evinced a high standard in the stone age. They also saw many wooden implements and kitchen utensils, cotton and feather cloth, maize and maize meal. The pictograph literature indicated that they had the usual domesticated animals, excepting the horse, of which no picture has been found in their hieroglyphics; they evidently knew nothing of this sensible and useful animal.

When General Coronado invaded the Indian pueblos with his mounted troops, the natives supposed that the horses were used to devour men rather than to carry them, and after he appeared before Cibola, the Indians sent out messengers to all of the outlying pueblos informing them that Cibola was threatened by a ferocious race of men who bestrode great animals that were used to devour men.

The natives seem to have used a great many fowls, and utilized their feathers as a woof in weaving a shroud for their noted dead. A thread from a kind of flax or silk weed seems to have been used as warp. They pressed the knees of the dead close to the stomach, thoroughly wrapped the corpse with this feather-cloth, put it into a kind of brush or willow basket, then buried it so deep in the dry earth that no dampness could penetrate, and it became as completely mummified as did the Egyptian nobles in the pyramids. It is claimed that evidences have been found tending to show that they cremated their ordinary dead.

What a sombre gloom such relics spread over one here! It is akin to that which lowers over visitors in old grave yards or on old battle fields where some great principle, affecting civilization, has been decided.

These literary and scientific men paid but little attention to the new arrivals, but continued vigorously moving the ruins and examining everything that indicated the touch of human hands; were earnestly discussing the probable type, the period of growth, the stage of civilization, the general aspirations, and the ultimate fate of the authors of this once advanced civilization, when Mr. Wickham interrupted with the queries:

"What are these mounds? By whom and when were they made? What has become of the former happy occupants?"

Prof. Hinkley replied: "My dear sir, I regret that your question is not as easily answered as it is asked. Many, many days, weeks, and months have been spent by scientists in gathering such fragments of evidence as will justify them in hazarding a plausible guess. We may safely say, we know a race of peaceable, civilized, and intelligent home-builders, herdsmen, farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers were thickly settled over six thousand square miles of territory, mostly in south-western Colorado, and, to some extent, in Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. Whence, when, or why they came, and when or why they departed, and whither they went, are queries that can only be answered argumentatively.

"From the taste and expenses displayed in the multitude of their houses in the valleys and among the crags and in the cliffs, we may say, with reasonable certainty, that they were not nomads. We judge that they were industrious, from the vast amount of labor devoted to the building of their houses and estufas, or council chambers. We may say positively that they were ingenious and skillful, from their efficient use of squares, levels, plumbs, and circles in their architecture, and from the facility with which they wielded the stone hammer and ax in hewing the thousands of tons of stone and thousands of cords of huge cedar logs, as well as that displayed in making these implements and the symmetry adopted in working this material into permanent and substantial buildings. We may judge them precautious and sagacious from the many watch-towers erected in the valleys and among the cliffs. We may regard them as tenderly refined, from the great labor exerted in weaving long bolts of very expensive cloth in which to wrap and mummify their dead. We feel sure they lived in profound peace, contentment, and prosperity for many generations, because their valley residences were so much older than their cliff dwellings and watch-towers, that were evidently constructed as a refuge and precaution against the threatened invasion of some powerful foe, and because of the maize, feather-cloth, domestic animals, etc., possessed by them.

"We conclude they were defeated by the nomads as there seems to have been no use made of their dwellings. The war must have been prolonged and relentless, as it must have consumed a generation to build the watch-towers and cliff dwellings. We conclude that the Aztecs were driven out many centuries ago, from the age of their latest buildings, and because the Ute Indians, their probable conquerers, have occupied the country for generations and have no traditions as to their predecessors, the authors of these ruins, and traditions about so important a measure should be handed down for from three to five centuries at least.

"There is, however, a tradition among the Moqui Indians in Arizona, who claim to be descendants of the Aztecs, and are of a higher type of civilization than the Utes and therefore more liable to prolong such traditions.

"This tradition is given by Hall, the historian, in substance, to this effect:

"'For 6,000 years the Aztecs occupied the great country west of the Rocky Mountains, and were very numerous, prosperous, peaceable, and happy. One day the earth shook violently, and shot up great mountains from the bottom of the rivers and lakes, and formed other rivers and lakes at other places; most of the Aztecs were drowned or otherwise killed, and the remaining few continued to be industrious, peaceable, and happy. About one thousand years ago a nomadic tribe of blanket Indians from the north (presumably the Utes), began to visit them in the summer and depart in the fall; the Aztecs became suspicious of their encroachments, built watch-towers and stone walls around many of the valley villages, and dwellings of refuge in the cliffs of the mountains, provisioned them, and moved their families thither. By and by these northern visitors came in great numbers and claimed the country. The Aztec women and children were gathered and started across the great lake then covering Montezuma valley, and the warriors met their northern invaders in battle near the head of McElmo canon, and defeated them for the time; the hollows of the rocks were filled to the brim with the dead on both sides, and the blood of the slain ran down the canons like water; the Aztecs, unable to hold out against the invaders, escaped and followed their families into Arizona, and their descendants are there today, known as Moqui Indians.' "

Prof. Hinkley continued: "There is nothing improbable about the truth of the facts assumed in this tradition. Evidences of the advanced civilization, and of the long struggle of the people are physically marked on the ground all around us. Enough of the unique Cliff Palace, with its one hundred and twenty-five rooms on the ground floor, and probably three or four hundred originally in the palace, finished with lofty watch-towers, numerous estufas for the meeting of the different assemblies, etc., stands out in bold relief in the bluffs in a branch of Cliff Canon, sufficiently distinct to be classed as the most extensive ruin of the kind in the United States. Smaller buildings are numerous on Mesa Verde and in the Mancos Canon, or near the Dolores, Rio San Juan, etc."

In half an hour's ride from the mouth of Cliff Canon stands the large and superbly built Balcony House, the stone cut to the square, laid in clay and sand mortar, corners turned at perfect angles, and towers in perfect circles, and is a standing monument of Indian thrift and mechanism. This was probably the educational Athens of the aborigines of the Americas. Respectable ethnologists accredit the Aztec language with being the classic Greek among the 200 existing Indian languages.

Prof. Larned said, "Their pictograph literature has never been excelled. They manufactured from the leaves of agave plants a thick, coarse paper, used in everyday transactions; their books were written on this paper, 15 inches wide and from 60 to 70 feet long; these sheets were so artistically folded and backed with thin boards that they resembled English quarto volumes."

The very fact that some 200 languages are well distinguished among the aborigines would indicate that they have been here tens of thousands of years. Prof. Whitney and others claim to have evidences that the Pacific Coast was inhabited before the Glacial period. Prof. Agassiz says that proof is abundant contradicting the common error that this is the New World. Prof. Bunsen claims to possess evidence that inhabitants were here for 20,000 years prior to the discoveries of Columbus.

The exhumer of a skull, lance-points, etc., from below the lava beds claims to possess indisputable geological evidence that the Pacific slope was settled at least 35,000 years ago. Some very capable authors claim that the original American is as distinct a type as the African, and that he is indigenous to the continent, but it seems more probable that colonies came over from western Europe, later from Asia, while the preglacial land-bridge connected the Americas with the continent. There are cliff dwellings and architecture similar to that of the Aztecs in Morocco. While none of the ethnological analogies seem to connect the American Indian with any Asiatic races, still there is a great similarity between the American Indian and the Asiatic in the general lack of the mental powers of analysis, or power of propulsion, and the American Indian seems to be irretrievably chained to the proverbial indestructibility of type so common to the Asiatic. The difference in complexion and general make-up is not so glaring that the great difference in climate, food, and general environment might not reasonably account for it. No layman can pass through the great Montezuma valley without being forced to the conclusion that he is passing over what has been the bottom of a great inland sea. All of the known facts in a general way tend to support the Indian traditions.

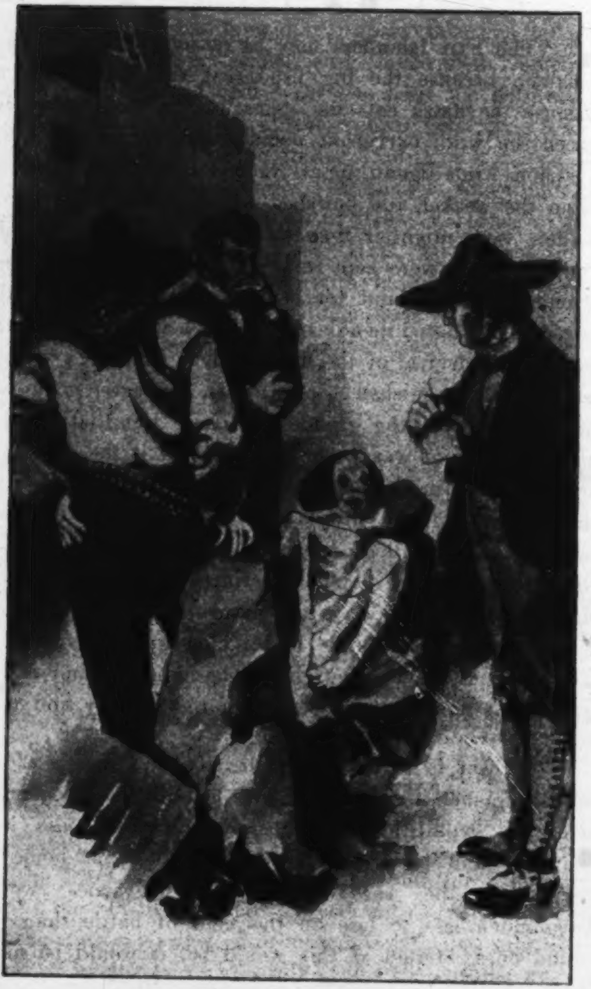
Captain Marden said: "Gentlemen, war would be a sad, sad thing to contemplate if it had not done so much for civilization; war may be 'Hell,' but it has always been working in harmony with nature in establishing the survival of the fittest. The wars of all ages have elevated and benefited the vanquished, usually, more than they have the victors. I am for war as a civilizer, notwithstanding its necessary evils."

"Ah," retorted Mr. Wickham, "That has always been the view of the military devotee, who ever has in mind the law of brute force and is continually wishing for a war, that his personal position may be elevated. Did the annihilation of this home-building and home-loving civilization, by the barbarous Utes, elevate either tribe? Did the spoliation of Peru by De Soto and Pizarro better the condition of the conquered race? Did the destruction of the home-building and home-loving Indians of Mexico by Cortez and Coronado, benefit the vanquished?

"The much vaunted law of the survival of the fittest, as used in layman parlance, is but a cunning justification of the impunity with which the strong has ever subordinated the rights of the weak; the law of the survival of the fittest is but a justification of brute force, by attributing the rule of omniverous greed and merciless brutality, to the inexorable law of destiny. It is a lowering of the rule of humanity to a parallel with that of the vulture. It is an acknowledgement that might, and not the Golden Rule, is the criterion of right.

"The Fiji Islanders may as reasonably justify cannibalism because the big fishes eat the little ones, or because the hawk eats the sparrow. In the conflict between the wild, barbarous nomads and the peaceful, industrious, intelligent, moral home-builder, the latter is often the weaker and perishes. For centuries the slaveholders were mightier than the slaves and their friends, and the slaves were kept in bondage. England has been stronger than Ireland for centuries, and has made the latter a humiliated mendicant. What a vindication of the law of the survival of the fittest! Did England's victory benefit the vanquished? Spain has, for ages, made her masses slaves to the grandees. These humiliations are all the results of war, or brute force. It is the dominion of might, the product of the so-called inexorable law of the survival of the fittest that many shallow thinkers sanctify as the will of destiny. Such principles are but the outbursts of the fiendish instincts of the human wolf that is ever feeding upon the natural rights of the race. It is the self-made shield of the blood-stained comorants who never rise above the gluttenous appetites and selfish greed that have ever preyed upon the unwary and misguided public.

"If war is to be used primarily as a means of establishing such a creed, then why not draft the consumptive, the syphilitic, and otherwise diseased ones into the wars and leave the physically perfect at home to perpetuate the race? The diseased ones would have much less to lose on the field of battle than the sound ones. Cruel as this would be, it would be more merciful than your barbarous code. Good health, instead of disease, would be transmitted to posterity. This may seem cruel, but there is no mercy connected with the



It Dislocated the Pioneer's Mentality.

ravages of war, and the tenets of the devotees of this brutal theory that 'Might makes right.'

"How long could the integrity of a herd of sheep, cattle, or horses be maintained if the owner constantly selected and exported the most persistent and healthy, and left the diseased and weakly ones easy facilities for procreation? How long can the American people hold their own if the most healthy are to be selected daily and shipped away to be slain or loaded with disease? A wise lesson might be learned from the stagnation of the blood of the stunted, undersized French soldier.

"Why is the armor of the soldier in olden times so much too long and too large for the Frenchmen of today? Why has his progeny ceased to multiply? Why has the once fertile and imperious blood of the Spanish become sterile and stagnant?

"Cruel, brutal wars have drained the cream of the blood, while putrid disease and impoverished blood have multiplied, to the decay of the races. How long can we run the military skimmer over our blood without going into a like decay? A common fate awaits all nations that heedlessly tumble into the same fateful abyss."

At the top of the hill some of the scientists were laying out a mummified Aztec Indian. His nails, his teeth, his hair, and general contour, were seemingly as perfect as during his buoyant life period. He seemed to be as artistically dried and cured for preservation as the salted pork of the successful hog-growers. The Pioneer looked over this Indian for a moment, his face reddened and puffed with accumulated blood, then whirled upon his heels and moved off easterly at a rapid pace. He travelled constantly during the day toward the East, morose and speechless.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETREATING.

After a night's rest and a long silence, Mr. Wickham said: "I must retreat from these sad relics. It makes a bad impression on my over-loaded mind. How uncivilized, how depraved a being is man! Where is the brute that will premeditately murder or exterminate a larger part of its species for its accumulations? Where is the lower animal so malignant as to kill the female in a fit of jealousy? Greedy, selfish man is the most cruel and merciless of all God's creatures. This great civilization has been destroyed, not for malice, not for revenge, not from necessity or self-preservation, but for what the contrivers possessed. But, ah! would not I and mine be better off if some cruel enemy had exterminated the Indian race before the commission of my fatal error?"

As they dropped down into Wildcat Canon it became dark and gloomy and seemed to be a fit abode for the skulking wild animals for which it was named. They meandered through great pine and spruce forests and over numerous outcroppings of bituminous coal. At the junction of Wildcat Creek and the Animas River lie some of the greatest coal deposits in the Rocky Mountains. The water power is splendid, the town-site of Durango is superb, and the country has such a variety of resources and occupies such a position that it must in the near future be the metropolis, not only of southern Colorado, but of a much vaster part of the great arid belt lying south of it in New Mexico and Arizona.

They followed the Animas River up to Animas City and stopped for the night in a saloon with a hotel attachment. If any one wanted a drink of most vile whisky or a cigar of most poisonous, frost-bitten tobacco, the proprietor's eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed with a supreme ecstacy, but he seemed to think eating played no pleasant or beneficial part. What is there about the sale of this iniquitous beverage and narcotic weed that makes the proprietor rejoice more over earning a quarter in selling these poisons that injure his customers than he does in making a half dollar from a dish of nutritious ham and eggs, which so cheers and rejuvenates some weary traveler? The tired travelers were put into the second or top story of the building, over a saloon. Soon after they dropped off to sleep some drunken gamblers began firing their revolvers through the ceiling. Oh, how the Pilgrim and the Pioneer longed for bed slats a yard wide and a foot thick, or for four or five stories, or for a roof garden as a possible means of escape. Fortunately their only injury was fright. The next morning they told the proprietor how bullets crashed through the floor all around them. He laughed cheerfully and replied that the boys were just having a little fun and were not shooting at them and that there was not a bit of danger, though the bullets passed all around them. As they moved off up the Animas River Mr. Wickham repeated, " 'Not a bit of danger' in a bed of bullets! What a commentary on the baneful influences of this Devil's water and Satan's narcotic weed. They destroy all discretion, all discrimination, and all sense of care for self or others."

They moved on through the verdant and fertile valley of the Animas for an hour and a half, and reached a spot near the mountain's base where hot mineral waters of various kinds were boiling from the crevices in the rocks all around them. They soon passed into the dark, rugged Animas Canon with its precipitous cliffs hanging over them. The deafening roar of the waters over successive runs of cascades, and the dark, heavy mist settling on them reminded them forcibly of their helplessness.

These wild scenes exhilarate and cheer up the rapid traveler that can see and depart upon a railroad train or on a fleet steed, but to be compelled to camp in these rugged gorges shrounds the traveler with a gloom akin to the horrors of a dungeon.

At noon the next day they emerged from these deep, dark, noisy gorges and stood at the foot of the level, expansive, and picturesque Baker's Park, the site of the thrifty town of Silverton. This place is 9,200 feet above sea level, where it frosts throughout the year, and the fires in the stoves, like those in the estufas, never die out; but it is one of the richest mineral regions in the great West, and a beautiful town-site. Water which appeared to be almost as red as a fountain of blood was pouring through the ditches on either side of the streets. Cement Creek, from which the water comes, runs through great beds of red iron and the stain collects on the boulders in the bottom of the ditches and in the creek and gives the water the appearance of blood.

As they entered the business part of the town they encountered a great crowd of business men and miners, two of whom were beating something unmercifully with clubs, while the others were jeering and encouraging them to proceed. Mr. Wickham said to a by-stander, "That poor fellow must be beaten into a jelly now. Why don't some one stop that brutality?"

"Someone beaten into a jelly, your foot!" answered the by-stander. "They ain't beating nobody."

"Then pray, what are they doing?" inquired the Pioneer.

"I'll tell you how it is. We are a territory and can't elect our officers like white people, and the dude of a governor appointed a dude friend of his in Virginia as county judge of this new county up to next election, when we will elect one of our own lawyer old-timers. This new county judge came in here with a biled shirt and a plug hat on. The boys just met him down here and beat that plug hat into shreds and they will pull that biled shirt off of him and put it up as a scare-crow. The miners won't tolerate any such high-toned Eastern fixin's in this camp."

Judge James was marched up the street bareheaded to a store and presented with a miners' slouch hat and a blue flannel shirt and informed that he was dressed in due and ancient form. The crowd, in its glee, kept up the hurrah until they broke the faro bank, took possession of the variety theaters, and made the echoes from the surrounding hills roar until the break of day.

The people had elected Mr. Richard Courtney district attorney. He was a brilliant and prepossessing official, but had a mania for playing poker. It is said of him that he usually, in his capacity as a public officer, vigorously prosecuted all gamblers to a conviction, at each term of court, and had them heavily fined for the people, then staid over a couple of weeks and played poker with them, showing that as an individual he had the common gambling passion and was not personally opposed to the game. Mr. Campbell was presented to the district attorney and the two strolled over and dropped into a young attorney's office about five o'clock in the evening. The attorney was also permeated with the poker passion, and had his office filled with chips, cards, etc. He got them down and said to the four other gentlemen in the office, "Let's have a 'little game of draw' before supper." Three of his guests replied, "No, we don't care to play."

The young attorney answered, "Let's put up ten dollars and play 'freeze-out' for it." The three were still incorrigible. The young attorney then pulled down his cards and chips and said: "Sit down there, boys, and let's see how the cards would run were we really playing for money."

They all sat in the game and the ivory chips were so energetically clicking that passers-by could hear them distinctly. A drunken gambler, in passing, heard the clicking of the chips and blundering in, asked, "Is this uh club-room?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Trowbridge, "this is a club-room."

The gambler threw down $5 and said, "Gim me five dollars' worth ur chips."

They were counted out to him and he came into the game. The other players thought it quite a joke, and made all kinds of reckless bets until the new-comer had $150 worth of chips. He then pushed his chair back and inquired: "Who cashes these chips?"

Mr. Trowbridge replied, "No one; we were just playing a little game of social 'shoot mouth,'" and pushed his five dollars back to him.

The gambler threw the $5 in his face, backed up against the wall so no one could get behind him, drew an immense navy revolver, turned the muzzle towards the ceiling and began to whirl the cylinder with his finger, coolly remarking:

"My friend, if these chips aren't cashed in just one minute there will be the liveliest game of 'shoot-mouth' in this room that ever occurred in Silverton," then deliberately pulled out his watch and noted the time. Every one stared in astonishment. Mr. Trowbridge got his second breath and replied:

"Now, my friend, you should have observed from my manner that I was only joshing you. Your chips will be cashed all right. This is a gentleman's game; take your seat there and we will play one more round and then we will all take a drink and go to supper together like gentlemen."

Every one heartily assented and the gambler put up his gun and seated himself at the table. All others played only against the gambler, stole cards and slipped to one another under the table, and in a couple of deals the gambler was broken and the game closed.

Mr. Trowbridge arose, put on his overcoat, and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, come and let's go get a drink and go to supper, and I want to give one and all timely warning that there is to be no more 'shoot-mouth' played in this office."

Mr. Campbell, his teeth chattering like those of the inhabitants of the Southern swamps when seized with a malarial chill, sneaked away to his room, turned the key in the door and said to himself, "What a narrow escape. I shall now mark card-playing from the few amusements left me while in this extremely dangerous civilization."

After supper a "fleecer" called Mr. Campbell to one side, slipped a small bottle, filled with a red fluid, out of his hip pocket, raised his hand and whispered:

"Sh, be quiet about this, and don't allow any one to see or hear you."

Mr. Campbell, in an embarrassed voice, stammered out, "No, thank you, I don't care to drink now. I have just been to supper."

The fleecer retorted, "Drink, thunder! a well man don't want to drink a steam-engine or a wire fence in solution. You think that red stuff is whisky. It hasn't got a drop of alcohol in it. That is a tincture of iron from a natural flow, compounded by nature. There is a whole creek of it up here, enough to furnish the world with a natural preparation of iron for medicine, and enough iron which can be cheaply precipitated to build an iron fence around the globe that would turn a wild Tartar, and the whole thing is mine. I am a poor man; that is, I haven't any money to develop it and want some good man to put up a little grub and a few tools until we get to selling the water and precipitating the iron. Two or three hundred dollars would be sufficient, and I'll do the work myself. Take time for your decision, there is no hurry about it, but I must insist that you impart nothing I have told you to a living soul. You hold the golden key which will unlock the door of fortune to me and mine, and to you and yours as well, if you join me, but you shall not betray me."

Mr. Campbell was restless through the night. He fancied the brilliant life of luxury he would live, and longed for daylight that he might behold his treasure vaults. He enjoyed all of the sensations of the millionaire.

As Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell arose from the breakfast table at half past seven in the morning, the possessor of Cement Creek beckoned Mr. Campbell to one side and said, "Excuse yourself for half an hour and I will show you one of the wonders of the New World, where we may tap prodigal nature for princely incomes for ourselves and posterity, until these gigantic mountains are worn to the level of the plains."

Mr. Campbell excused himself and was stealthily piloted to where Cement Creek poured her crimson waters in torrents into the Animas River. With bated breath the assumed owner said, "That really looks like the fountain filled with blood—about which we so often sing; that water is 25 per cent iron. I have staked it, and also two great basins in the Animas Canon as settling vats. We shall pour all of this torrent into one basin for months, then we shall divert it to the other, and this dry and light atmosphere will, in a very short time, take up the water and leave the granulated iron in the quiet one for the shaping of our hands. We shall have mills built at the basins, where we shall convert it into iron bars so cheaply that it will shut down every other iron mine in America and give us a monopoly, and we shall fix our own profits. Why, we shall make Carnegie's mills look like playthings, and, besides we will put up bottling works and advertise this great supply of the tincture of iron compounded by nature in such glowing terms that we shall soon have a stream of money coming into our coffers from every drug establishment in the United States."

Mr. Campbell stammered, halted, but finally replied that he was sorry to inform him that he only had $100, and it would require about all of this to bear the expenses of his contemplated trip, but said if he would allow him to present the merits of this great discovery to his friend, Mr. Wickham, the latter would furnish all of the money needed.

"Tut, tut, tut; perish the thought," answered the fortunate possessor; "you almost make me sorry that I confided in you. Only you shall know of this until all of these claims are staked, worked and recorded.

"Now, look here, my new young friend, be a man. Wean yourself from the state of fogyism of the belated East. Remember that you are in the free, expansive western domain, where the ambitious, stalwart, young man reigns supreme. Don't give any ground for your peers to point the finger of contempt at you, and say, 'There is a young stripling tied to the apron-strings of a fossilized old man, now groping in the garrulous imbecility of a second childhood.' Let me give some free advice. Never present a new discovery to a man whose sun has passed the meridian. In the declining years of life he becomes overly conservative, argues himself out of all attempt to execute his intuitions, and is a pestiferous stickler for the old things. To hope for success, you must always present innovations or new methods to the hopefulness of youth."

The possessor filled a small vial with the red water, handed it to Mr. Campbell, and informed him that, "In two or three days the water will precipitate and settle in the vial and look like red brick dust. The solid iron will fill the vial about one-fourth the way to the mouth. You have my permission to present this ocular demonstration to Mr. Wickham, for even the conservatism of old age will not be able to withstand such a temptation, and you can have a conclusive argument for necessary means made by one of these harmless vials that you were ready to run from last night. Now, you give me $50 out of your hundred to buy supplies and record the claims, and I shall do the work myself. Before your $50 is expended the iron will have precipitated in your vial and the claims will be worked and recorded. Then you can present it as evidence of your opulence, and for a small interest you can get all the money you want."

Mr. Campbell eagerly handed his new partner $50 and with a light heart hurried back to the hotel.

He then inquired, "What is the program today?" The Pioneer gravely answered, "I am retreating from the melancholy scenes that lie behind us," and moved off rapidly toward the East. Mr. Campbell was disappointed; he was beginning to lose faith in the old Pioneer and to feel a relish for these wild escapades. He bade his partner and new acquaintances an affectionate goodbye, and with Mr. Wickham started up the Animas River and across Engineer Mountain. How he regretted leaving such individuals as the district attorney, Captain Moulton, Captain Slingsby, Mr. Singleton, and the young attorney who, he was told, kept the ball rolling high and often the high ball rolling in the Sky City. They tramped over lead, copper, silver, and gold mines from morning till night.

They arrived in Lake City late in the evening, and Mr. Campbell hurried off to examine by himself the vial of red water and see how the precipitation was progressing. The bottom of the vial was covered with the brick-dust-appearing material, and he was completely overjoyed, hunted up groups of miners, talked about bonanzas, and insisted that every man ought to mine in this country, and if all did not get rich it was their own fault.

Col. Harry Randall, who was exhibiting a bogus $5,000 draft which he soon expected to cash, and upon which he got board and lodging, agreed with him fully, and thought his advice was worthy of the serious consideration of all. By and by Colonel Randall motioned him to one side and whispered in his ear:

"If you will agree to be mum until I say 'open box,' I will tell you something that will please you."

"Oh, yes, yes," responded Mr. Campbell, "since I have been dealing in mines I have become accustomed to keep secrets. You can implicitly confide in me; I know the necessity of keeping these things *sub rosa* until the work is done and the record made."

"Very well," replied the colonel, "I am always glad to deal with those like yourself, who understand and recognize business principles. This morning a mile up Henson Creek I put a shot in the cliff and opened a regular bonanza; I have all of my means in a $5,000 draft which I cannot get cashed in this little mining-camp, and I must get some one in with me to help work the assessment and record the claim before I go to get my draft cashed. I should like to go up and show it to you at seven A. M."

Mr. Campbell told him he had just made some investments in Silverton that took all the money he had, but he expected more in a very few days and would be glad to see his claim any way.

Meanwhile Mr. Wickham, with a raw-hide concealed under his coat, searched the town in vain for the "backcapper." He was altogether too astute to be caught napping.

The next morning, just after sun-up, Mr. Campbell and the Colonel stole off to the new mine. A hole had been blasted into the cliff about thirty feet above the bottom, and the brilliant mineral glistened in every part of the broken rock, but there was not a particle on the dump. The colonel said it was so valuable that he shipped it all out.

Mr. Campbell asked, "How did you get up to blast that hole?"

"Oh," replied the Colonel, "I had a long ladder."

"Get it," said Mr. Campbell, "that I may see it at close view. That looks like a veritable bonanza."

"I am sorry," replied the Colonel, "but I took the ladder to town to keep any one from getting up there and seeing what a big thing I have opened. I cannot afford to have any one's attention called to this till I get the assessment done and the record made. When the proper time comes I shall build a permanent approach to it."

On their way back to town the Colonel continued: "Mr. Campbell, it is a shame that I must go out and cash my draft before I work my assessment and record this claim. I am really afraid I shall lose it. If you will squeeze out enough money to buy the powder and supplies and do the recording, I will put your name on the stake for half, and I shall do the work myself."

Mr. Campbell answered that that was a very generous proposition, and if he had the money he would jump at the opportunity, but said if he did not object he would get his friend, Mr. Wickham, to come up and look at it, and he felt sure he would advance whatever was necessary.

"No, no," said the colonel, "beware, guard yourself, young man, lest these wide-awake young fellows conclude that you are an unripe infant, precociously grown tall, but still nourished by your mother's milk. Of all countries, this is the most uncomfortable place for overgrown boobies, or Jumbo dependents. You must ever keep your eyes toward Uncompahgre Peak, but openly defy the world, the flesh, and the devil, if you want a firm foothold here. Mr. Wickham is an old California miner, and if a claim looks just like the claims in California, he will put his last dollar in it, but if the claim is unlike California mines he will back-cap it. No, I wouldn't consent to that at all."

Mr. Campbell suggested that if it would do him any good he would squeeze him out ten dollars, and would give him more when he got his money.

"That is better," answered the colonel, "that will record the claim and I shall get the merchants to carry me for the powder." He eagerly took the ten dollars and excused himself on account of an engagement.

Mr. Campbell hurried to his room to see how the precipitation in his vial was getting along. He could see no perceptible increase and was inclined to be depressed, but it occurred to him that the heavy iron would run near the bottom of the creek, and that the vial was filled from the skimming of the surface. He wrote his partner the condition and his impressions, and asked him to put his thumb over the mouth of a vial and press it to the bottom of Cement Creek, fill it from the undercurrent, and forward to him at Colorado Springs.

Early in the morning the Pilgrim inquired, "What shall we do today?" The Pioneer replied, "I am retreating;" and they moved off down the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River. At Barnum they met the Barlow and Sanderson stage-coach and dined with the driver and passengers.

Much of the early immigration to Lake City, including the famous Packer party, came from Bingham Canon, Utah. The country was unsettled between these distant points and the old inhabitants of Lake City could always "spot" a pilgrim from this canon, as his hair was usually standing out through the crown of his hat, the brim of which was usually gone, the uppers of his shoes would generally be missing and the soles tied on with strips of blankets, and his clothing would be a mass of irregular strings.

Just as the coach was reloaded for the drive to Lake City, a tipsy Irishman spied such an one limping up the road. He said:

"Look a-here, driver, there comes a poor devil of a foot-sore pilgrim from Bingham Canon, Utah. They are always objects of pity, but this seems to be the most forlorn looking one of the whole pack. You must invite him to ride."

"Oh, no," responded the driver, "it would cost me my position should I take him in without the regular fare."

"Very well," responded the Irishman, "you keep your eyes on those unruly leaders; we will smuggle him in here, and put him out a mile this side of Lake City without your seeing him, and if the agent ever hears of it every mother's son of us will swear we smuggled him through without your knowing it."

The Irishman quietly invited the foot-sore pilgrim into the center seat on the inside. The new passenger really looked like an escaped maniac. His personal appearance was indescribable. When he was comfortably seated in the coach the Irishman bent over him and eagerly examined the matted, sandy hair sticking through the remains of a hat, looked critically at his sun-blistered ears under the brimless crown of a hat, then gazed upon his dirty, blistered feet tied to the remains of his shoe soles with strings torn from a blanket; he then took a glance at the sun-burned and dirty flesh between the strings into which his clothes were rent until they were as airy as a mosquito net. As he raised his eyes from the mass of rotten rags they met those of the very much confused pilgrim, and the Irishman said: "Partner, may I inquire whence you hail?" In a confused tone the new passenger replied, "From Bingham Canon, Utah." The Irishman bent over him, took a second view of the matted hair standing erect through an immense hole in the crown of his hat, re-examined each blistered, unprotected ear, reviewed the sore, bare feet, resurveyed the whole exposed body, then raised his eyes and confidentially said: "Say, partner, we have had many distinguished immigrants from Bingham Canon, but I must say you are the best dressed s—— g—— we have ever welcomed here," and proffered him two dollars with which to buy a pair of overalls to cover his dirty and sore nakedness.

The pilgrim sarcastically replied that he had the necessary means to buy clothing, and said that he would thank some one to present him to a supply point, rather than means, which had been wholly useless to him during the past six weeks. This brush-picked and almost naked pilgrim did dress up as soon as he found a furnishing store, and proved to be one of the most polished gentlemen, and one of the ripest scholars who had entered the San Juan country, and afterward he was known for many years as one of the most forceful and pungent newspaper writers in the arid West.

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer passed over the high

THE ROYAL GORGE.

mesa to the crystal Gunnison River with its sparkling pure waters, literally swelling with black, speckled mountain trout, weighing from one to five pounds. Here a narrow, verdant valley extends for a distance of fifty miles, completely carpeted with a luxuriant wire-grass, and the Indian ponies and government cattle, by their complete contentment, evinced that they fully realized that they were in a stock paradise. In all of their travels in East, South, or West, they had never seen the equal of the mountains around the Gunnison Valley, for the stores of pure gray granite, all shades of handsome marble, and inexhaustible mountains of bituminous and anthracite coal; and iron, iron, iron, everywhere. They crossed Marshall Pass and moved down the Arkansas River to the enchanting and picturesque town-site of Canon City. The next morning Mr. Campbell said, "Mr. Wickham, you should take a trip around here. The indescribably wild, gorgeous and magnificent Royal Gorge, the beautiful Arkansas River tumbling out of the wild canon, the charming valleys opening out below, and the bewitching landscape, are enough to surfeit one on natural scenic beauty." The Pioneer simply said, "I am retreating from these melancholy relics."

They crossed the Arkansas River and followed the highlands to Pueblo. They tramped over coal, coal, coal, everywhere. In a lone basin they found a solitary family that seemed to have lost all of the evidences of an abundance of this world's goods. The wife evidently thought the travelers were land hunting, and she was prepared for them. She was of the class that does not welcome railroads or settlers, but went upon the theory that to be monarch of all one surveyed was a good thing, and that she would not divide until she had to. Mr. Campbell saw the point and asked the old woman what she thought of the advisability of their settling there? She screwed the muscles of her face close to her jawbones, tightened up her lips, dramatically looked toward the East, and said, "Not without you want to starve. Many, many years ago my John was young, strong, and handsome, like you are, and then he was a great buffalo hunter. They were so plentiful at first that he could sell only their tongues. When they 'come a leetle scercer he could sell the meat; then later he sold the skin; and at last they 'come so scerce, that when he killed one he jest pisened the meat and thousands of coyotes would eat of it, lay down and die, and he would have all kinds of money for their skins. In time all the buffalo and all the coyotes were gone. Then we hauled up their bones and sold them for fertilizers for a right smart of money; but, strangers, every thing is gone now. There haint no buffalo huntin'; there haint no pisened coyotes; there haint no bone pickin'"—she put her apron over her streaming eyes and said, "there haint no nothin'!" The bluff was successful and the new-comers moved on next day. It is probable that the repeated telling of that doleful story gave the cunning authors the exclusive possession of that region for decades.

In Pueblo, while admiring a railroad engine, representing the civilization from which they had been away so long, they were approached by the Judge. His mustache was waxed, his hair curled, and he was dressed in the height of fashion. The sight of the Judge caused the Pioneer's face to brighten up for the first time since he was startled by the mummified Indian. He cried out, "Hello, Judge; where are you from, and where do you live?"

"In Pueblo."

"What do you do here?"

"Play slough."

"Not all the time?"

"No, only ten hours a day."

"What do you play for?"

"The drinks."

"There isn't much money in that?"

"Yes, some; not much."

"How is this?"

"In Three Star City, beer is worth 15 cents a glass,
Pueblo, 5 cents. Sometimes I catch a victim not in
actice, and then the percentage is in my favor. It
kes just so many glasses of beer a day for me, whether
ere or here."

"Have you quit politics?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It is too expensive, and the methods are too de-
aved."

"Is it worse than cards for drinks?"

"Yes; in cards you must make a show down, and in
litics you return your hand in secret to the deck.
cards you play with those who understand the game,
politics you play with blind-folded novices."

"You don't mean to say that you live by gambling?"

"No; I sold the Uriah Heap for $100,000 and salted
lown."

"I should think that this competency would make
more anxious to return to the Senate."

"It did, but the methods became so much depraved
t I could not tolerate them."

"How did your sale affect political methods?"

"The politicians wanted to assess me $25,000 to enter, then set all the gormandizers of the state on me for the balance."

"You didn't encounter these methods before?"

"Yes; they took all I had and clamored for more. I have sold the Uriah Heap since."

"Who does this fleecing?"

"Everybody. Political influences are bought, not convinced."

"You don't pretend that the legislators are purchased?"

"Yes; many of them, more than once. Don't all stay bought."

"I should think that they would be exposed."

"They are, but the people haven't public conscience enough to know a political sale when made before their eyes."

"You don't hire a man to vote for you as you would a plowman to fallow your field?"

"Not exactly; only one hires a plowman for a job, often several candidates hire a legislator."

"You don't mean that members of the legislature agree with more than one candidate for pay?"

"Not directly; indirectly, yes."

"What's the form of his contract."

"The nominee appeals to the Senatorial candidate for his expenses in the campaign, or accepts them from him. Among honest men this is regarded as equivalent to a bill of sale. Often you find a member that collects his election expenses two or three times, from as many candidates. You usually have to buy him again after election, or agents of corporations offer him places with high salaries in the corporation for his vote."

"You don't mean that men generally accept election expenses from candidates before election, or ever sell their influence for corporate places?"

"I do. There were only two or three exceptions in my race. A Methodist minister, with a charge, eagerly accepted $150; but, to his credit, he stayed bought. The railroads are stocked with local surgeons and attorneys who have sold their legislative influences for these places. With places and passes the railroads run the politics of the nation."

"I should think from your long association, steadfast friendship, and persistent efforts for all the labor measures in the Senate, that the labor electors alone would re-elect you."

"That betrays your political ignorance. They are as needy as men in the so-called higher ranks of the 'Social Order.'"

"You don't mean to say that a labor journal like the Gazette could be taken from you?"

"The manager informed me that he was very hard up, and had been offered $1,000 not to meddle in politics this year."

"This did not imply a sale?"

"It meant that if I didn't raise the bid, the Gazette would stay out of the game."

"You don't think that such a labor advocate as John Lindholm could be turned from you?"

"He informed me that he had a mortgage on his house for $1,500, that was about to be foreclosed; that the ——— had offered him $50 a night and expenses to work with the Labor forces the last six weeks before election, and he asked me what I thought about it?"

"This didn't mean that he would sell?"

"It meant that if I didn't raise the bid I would lose the pot."

"Such men as work in the mines and smelters, for whom you have made such desperate efforts for a shorter work day, couldn't be turned against you by such false leaders?"

"Yes, a large per cent could be. By a fraudulent use of the phrase 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion,' a presidential candidate was defeated. In my campaign, one of these employed leaders went to one of the big mines, worked almost exclusively by Democratic Irish miners, and quietly informed them the night before election, that he had heard my opponent say that he didn't need or want a single Irish vote in the election. This was utterly false, and yet I received practically every Irish Democratic vote in that mine."

"Then the voter is not bought, but deceived?"

"Exactly. The leaders, in whom they misplace their confidence, are bought, and they manipulate the voters by fraud and falsehood."

"It seems that you received the fruits of much of this infamy in your election."

"I certainly did. Influential men bought the mine managers and the Labor organizations were arranged with in numerous places for my benefit. I know of one organization that offered to the manager of the gubernatorial candidate, a choice of three of the Labor places at his disposal, for certain majorities for our ticket. The places were won and awarded."

"Is it any less a purchase if men work for places instead of money?"

"No; it is bribery in either case. In trading offices the credulity of the people seems more obtuse."

"I should think with your fortune that you could play the game of politics more successfully now than when you were poor."

"Ah, so I could, if I were willing to deplete this fortune. If I should go in now, the committees would not only tax me in proportion to my holdings, but they would set every political grafter in this state upon me, and every eleemosynary, or *quasi-charitable,* institution in the state would importune me just before election, and in a few years I should be picked as naked as a spring jay; so that I infinitely prefer the more honorable and orderly game of 'slough,' to the infamous game of modern politics."

"Then, who should go into politics?"

"The man with nothing, or the man with a surplus to distribute among the grafters."

"Why do the people permit such ignoble trafficking in public places?"

"Because the social evolution has not builded a public conscience and they do not clearly see the infamy."

"Why have you so changed your political morals since you worked with the negro delegate?"

"I had but little then, and was benefiting from expenditures of others. I have more now, and others want to benefit from my expenditures."

"Then, it is not a question of political morality, but one of political expediency with you?"

"Yes. One who plays the game of politics must use the current cards or stay out. These elevated pretentions and high-sounding words, from the president to the constable, are largely deceptive plays in the game of cheap politics, but the deluded public take them seriously."

"What is the remedy?"

"Let the people build a public conscience, let the office hunt the man and require of every applicant as a condition before receiving the votes of the people, that he practice the same rectitude in his political methods as a reputable business man does in his business methods. Then strong individualism will supplant the spoilsman in public place, and the people, instead of being deceived by the political grafters, will be well served."

"I presume the mental improvement in the greatest deliberative body in the world causes this spirited fight for the Senate."

"The greatest fiddlestick! It is a mere rusting machine. It has been subverted by the executive into a mere machine to register his will."

"The Constitution provides that the Executive, Judicial, and Legislative branches shall be independent and co-ordinate, does it not?"

"Yes; then clothes the Executive branch with the social and patronage functions of the government with which to destroy the others."

"The president can't hurt a senator? He is elected by the local Legislature."

"He can withdraw his social recognition from him and his family, neglect to recognize him in the distribution of patronage, and set all of his timber agents, pension agents, revenue collectors, district attorneys, marshals, land officers, and postmasters against his re-election. These are the fellows who make or unmake senators, and the president controls them."

"You don't mean to tell me that you rusted out the six years that you were in Washington in this way?"

"Oh, no; I almost ran my legs off doing errands for the people that I couldn't be hired to do for them at home, and wouldn't do for myself. The remainder of the time I was distributing patronage and doing my master's will."

"Really, from your discouraging outlook, I don't see how any one can afford to hold this office."

"A man with a surplus of money might hold it, and make it a kind of a club to occupy his time when not engaged in his social functions, and the man with nothing, and without the power of accumulating for himself, might hold it and do the errands."

Mr. Wickham, with a smile, heartily shook hands with the Judge, and informed him that he was able to separate from him with a much higher regard for his political virtues than he entertained the day he lost the negro delegate.

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer followed the Fountain up to the well-known sites of Colorado Springs, Manitou, and the Garden of the Gods. What grandeur, what sublimity, Nature planted here! How could such spots be other than famous? Why shouldn't the traveling world stop here and admire the climax of Nature's plastic hand?

Mr. Wickham hurried away to the postoffice, hoping to find letters from his daughters. He found letters from his sons-in-law, gushing in affection and solicitude for his well-being, and giving various excuses for their wives' silence.

This cut the Pioneer to the quick. It soon occurred to him, however, that they were simply wrapped up in their husbands and had pushed them forward to do the writing. He thought of how Bluejay had followed him through the mountains and was oblivious of the existence of her kind father, Hopping Antelope, until her husband had tried to install her in a well furnished house, which seemed like trying to train a fish to love the dry land. He said, "Oh! This Caucasian blood is sterling stuff. Poor things! they are happy with their grateful husbands, and that is some consolation. I hope there will be some marked improvement in their children. Blood in animals and blood in human beings will tell its own fateful story."

At beautiful, wild, picturesque Manitou, they surfeited on the grandeurs of snow-capped peaks, cascades, wild torrents, huge stone castles, balanced rocks, mountain glens, nature-built amphitheaters, and other rare scenic beauties that have few, if any, parallels.

They found as many different kinds of water here, at the base of Pike's Peak, as there were colors in Joseph's coat.

They drank and bathed in energetic, bubbling springs, as they boiled out from its base, with their gurgling, impatient waters charged heavily with sulphur, magnesia, soda, lime, iron, and every other ingredient forming the majestic Pike's Peak.

Ah, after all, what is this famous peak but a mighty heap of tired, sluggish gas, loitering here for a brief period, then disintegrating and returning to the gaseous state and disseminating itself among the elements in a thousand ways. Millions of tons of this gigantic peak are corroding and tumbling from the outer crust and floating away to the low lands. Millions of tons of sulphur, iron, silica, magnesia, soda, lime, and the other ingredients, from the very foundation stones of Pike's Peak, are dissolving, leaching out, and spurting through these springs, and floating away to the Gulf of Mexico.

The sparrows of the Rocky Mountains and those of New Orleans, grind their grass seed with millstones taken from Pike's Peak. Every passing tourist, whether from Boston, New York, Paris, London, Berlin, or elsewhere, carries away in his stomach a block of Pike's Peak in solution. The travelers abiding here, feasted their eyes on Pike's Peak; they climbed Pike's Peak; they washed their faces with Pike's Peak; they departed with their stomachs filled with Pike's Peak. What, but Time or Eternity, is immune to disintegration or change?

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer moved over to Colorado Springs. On the main street they found little knots of people gathered on every corner engaged in most earnest conversation. The new visitors hung around the outskirts and listened that they might learn the chief topic of interest. They were surprised to learn that the gist of the excitement was to find some means of getting an intoxicating drink and of discovering a legal way for property holders to rent their premises for saloon purposes without losing the title to their land under the prohibitory clause in the deed. When the deeds to lots in Colorado Springs were issued by the town company, a clause was inserted forfeiting the title if at any time whisky or intoxicants were permitted to be sold on the premises. The timid were afraid and hesitated, but the bold declared the prohibitory clause unconstitutional, defied the provision, were prosecuted and lost their property under a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. All kinds of wheels, holes in the ground, and other devices were contrived to get intoxicants. The prohibition clause seemed to germinate the same appetite for the forbidden drink that the prohibition against Adam and Eve's tasting of the apple had done in the Garden of Eden. What is there in human nature that causes us instantly to crave forbidden fruit?

Court was in session. A man was being tried for stealing a horse. He had a great word painter defending him. The lawyer tinted and flowered the entire prairie, and finally worked himself up to the Garden of the Gods, where the thief was apprehended, and in a great burst of eloquence, exclaimed, "Why hasn't this defendant, a fair representative of the noblest work of God, a right to inhabit the Lord's parlor?" What a perfect picture! Is there a spot on this footstool more entitled to be designated as the Lord's parlor? However, the connecting of the thief with this beautiful appellation irritated Judge Huntley who responded that it was very unfortunate for the Lord that His parlor was sometimes inhabited by horse thieves.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Colorado Springs at this time had a celebrity in the person of one Smalley, a foot-racer. In the evening a gang of men came down from the saw-mill, secured considerable of the forbidden beverage, and at once began to malign the favorite, offering to wager any sum of money that one of their "loggers" could beat him in a hundred yard foot-race. This offer was soon disseminated among the people, and they came flocking in from every quarter with their money to bet on Smalley. Some greedy individuals were about to cover more than one bet each, but they were dragged back by the crowd and warned that others must have a chance. After they had bet all of their money, they put up their jewelry.

When the time came for the race the "logger" stripped down, and exhibited a fine equipage and a most excellent athletic development. The people began to grow suspicious, but it was too late. At the crack of the pistol the "logger" trotted over a hundred yard track in ten seconds, looking back over his shoulder at his discouraged antagonist. Every one of the inhabitants of the town felt humiliated. It soon leaked out that the "logger" was none other than Crandall, a celebrated foot racer, who had been shipped in to take the conceit out of Smalley and his backers. He at once became a hero, even with those who lost their money on Smalley. They wined, dined, and praised him without stint. Just before taking his departure he said to them: "You are generous good fellows, game sports, and I like you, and really dislike to take your money from you. I shall be at Waco, Texas, for the next ninety days, and if you see any opportunity let me know and I shall obey your call and help you win your money back." This gave the sports great pleasure and all of them accompanied their hero to the train and bade him Godspeed.

In five or six weeks a black, dirty, middle-aged man drove a bull-team into Pueblo. He had a tobacco-sack full of currency, and began the rounds of the saloons and gambling houses, boasting that he could outrun any one west of the Missouri River for from one to five thousand dollars. Some one immediately informed the sports of Colorado Springs, and inquired for the whereabouts of Crandall. He was soon located. The teamster's money was ordered taken by the thousands. On the day of the race, trains were loaded from Colorado Springs to Pueblo, and when they got upon the ground they almost fought for an equitable division of the bets among those who lost on Smalley. The race was run just as the train was pulling out for the East. The teamster beat Crandall as easily as Crandall beat Smalley, and as he ran out at the lower end of the track he stepped aboard the train and was whirled across the plains while his partner remained to collect the money and jewelry so lavishly put up by the second time deluded sports of Colorado Springs.

Any reasonable person would have said "enough," but the inveterate gambler rarely benefits by experience. Some of the duped ones, in after years in the San Juan country, conceived the idea of getting up a race between a fast and an ordinary runner and giving the faster one a large percentage of the earnings to have him "throw" the race. All arrangements were made for the race to take place in Ouray; the leaders bet much money on the slower man. Before the race was run one of the backers of the slower man sold out to the other side and gave the whole thing away, and the innocent backers of the faster runner offered him the same percentage on their winnings and warned him that if he did not win they would kill him on the track. He said that if he did win the other side would kill him on the track. They assured him he should be protected and that they would provide a fleet horse at the end of the track which he could mount and thus be away from harm before his co-conspirators could realize that he had "thrown" them. The backers of the faster man lined up along the track with revolvers drawn, and as he passed they fired over his head, shouting, "Win or we will kill you." The faster man darted over the track away in the lead, mounted the waiting horse, and made a wild break for the railroad at Montrose.

His co-conspirators were wild with wrath when they found he had "thrown" the race and escaped. They hurried to a justice's office for a warrant. The justice declined to place the expense on the people; they paid the expense and obtained the warrant, and hurried to the sheriff; he declined to follow at the expense of the community. They begged to be appointed special deputies to serve this warrant. The sheriff readily appointed them; they secured horses and reached Montrose just after the train had pulled out with their betrayer. There was only one train a day between Montrose and Gunnison, a distance of sixty miles. They telegraphed a description of the culprit to the marshal at Gunnison, and directed his arrest. The marshal arrested a man answering the description, and the special deputies took the next train for Gunnison. When they reached Gunnison the next day, they were astonished to find that the marshal had dragged a California tourist from the car and put him in jail, while the real culprit was then spinning over the plains of Kansas.

The inexperienced ones will say that these men, after being duped three times, quit the wager. O, no! a man with a mania for gambling never quits as long as he has a dollar or can borrow or steal one. The passion becomes a disease that rages and drives the victim on to inexorable ruin. Every inclination of the young to hazard anything, however valueless, on a game of chance or on speed of horses, etc., should be guarded as one would guard him against exposure to small-pox or some other virulent disease.

Mr. Campbell patiently waited for weeks for his vial of iron water, taken from the bottom of the stream, but it did not arrive. He then wrote an inquiry to the postmaster of Silverton. He received a prompt reply to the effect that his partner was a human scavenger, a professional fleecer, constantly inveigling strangers into some fraudulent scheme, and that recently he had deceived so many people into putting up money for him to work the assessment, locate, and record some mineral colored water, that he had been driven from the camp. This letter greatly humiliated Mr. Campbell and caused him to regret sorely that he had allowed a fakir to talk him out of consulting his trusted friend, Wickham. As for the supposedly valueless character of the mineral water this did not worry him. He felt that the value of the prospect at Lake City was sufficient and that there could be no question about this. He immediately wrote to Col. Harry Randall inquiring as to looks of claim, if he had worked assessment, staked, recorded, etc., but got no reply. He wrote the postmaster about this second partner. The postmaster replied immediately to the effect that Col. Harry Randall came to Lake City with a bogus draft for $5,000, borrowed all the money he could get on this, obtained whisky, board, lodging, etc., on it until the people became suspicious and shut down on him; that the Colonel, as a *denier resorte* for money, went up to a high cliff up Henson Creek, took a long ladder, went up thirty odd feet above the ground, blasted out a pot-like hole in the cliff, got a piece of galena from the Ule mine and vigorously rubbed it over the freshly broken rocks, thus giving it the appearance of a body of sparkling solid ore; then removed the ladder, took a minister from Chicago up there, showed him the glistening ore, got an advance of $300 for working capital, etc.; that some miners built a ladder, went up to the hole to try to get the direction of the claim that they might locate an extension, discovered the deception, exposed it, and the miners had driven Col. Randall out of the country. The receipt of this letter completely humiliated and prostrated Mr. Campbell.

"Ah," said he, "the old adage, 'Protect me from my friends,' should read, 'Protect me from those who warn me against the counsel and advice of my true and wise friends.' "

CHAPTER XXVI.

GOING TO THE LEADVILLE BOOM.

For many, many years a few faithful miners had sluiced for gold near the head of the Arkansas River in California Gulch during the warm summer months, trapped for furs on the river, or gone over to the Gunnison Valley and trapped there during the deep snows in the gulch, which lasted about eight months of the year. By and by H. A. W. Tabor and August Rischie discovered the Little Pittsburg lode ——— the Iron ——— of fabulous value in lead, copper, silver, and gold, thereby establishing the fact that the chief wealth of this region was contained in quartz or carbonates and not in pure nuggets of gold found in the loose gravel, as had been assumed for a generation. Most sensational reports of the new Eldorado were flashed over the wires, and miners, prospectors, and speculators started a crusade from every leading mineral country from Maine to California. Barlow & Sanderson lined the road with stage coaches, feed wagons, etc.; all available wagons, saddle-horses, and burros supplemented the coaches, and tens of thousands footed it with their provisions and bedding on their backs.

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer joined the stage-coach passengers. In anxiety and intensity of desire and determination, this army of wealth seekers equaled the most enthusiastic descriptions given of the most famous crusades to the Holy Land. While the fortune hunters did not have to meet human enemies with battle axes or spears, they had most trying encounters with mud, snow, inclement weather, and deprivation of shelter, and were at constant war with cold and hunger. But the great elixir of life—hope—held them up to a courage equal to any emergency. A town, called Leadville, went up like magic. In a few weeks every necessity of life could be had, but at exalted prices. Prospectors and stakes soon covered the surrounding hills, and new strikes were daily reported in sufficient numbers to keep the excitement at fever heat. Many miners and prospectors went to bed at night penniless and were awakened in the morning by helpers or partners and informed that a fortune had been uncovered in their claims during the night. The sole topic of conversation among men, women, and children was mining prospects or fortunate strikes. Every one had his pockets loaded with mineral specimens and every one verily believed that by running a few feet in on his claim he would uncover a fortune. How many sad disappointments awaited the development! The whole system of life was reduced to a rough and tumble scramble. All kinds of wages were enormously high, and no one seemed to place any particular value on small sums of money. But little change was made for less amounts than a quarter of a dollar. Every one was playing for a fortune or nothing. Life was a pandemonium, a raging, mercenary fever. The candles of life were rapidly burning at both ends with all classes and sexes. When they arrived, there were thousands and thousands on the ground. A few weeks' residence in this fast life inflated the inhabitant with the consoling thought that he was an old-timer. The Pilgrim and the Pioneer soon met many whom they had known just a few weeks before in the San Juan, but these had become cosmopolitan and would hardly admit that they had ever lived elsewhere than in Leadville. This was the first real boom on the eastern slope of the Rockies that had untold mineral wealth at the very grass roots to back up and perpetuate the boom. The first to reach the fortunate spot attributed their early arrival to a superior foresight and therefore they manifested some egotism.

The people quickly organized municipal government, appointed officers, etc. It has been most common in the early days of the mining-camps of the west to select as marshals or deputy marshals some desperate "man-killers," some one famed for carrying a number of human scalps in his belt. This reputation deterred the bad men and if the unsavory marshal ever killed any one, it was one of his own ilk. These lawless appointees who have been trusted with such positions, thoroughly protected the law-abiding citizens. A district attorney prosecuted to a conviction an old man and his two sons for stealing some hogs. They were fined for petit larceny. After they paid their fine the district attorney rented them a valuable ranch. When asked the meaning of this, he said, "They have the reputation of being hard workers and there is a strain of honor among thieves. They may steal from the neighbors, but, under the circumstances of my trusting them, they will not steal from me." He related that he had long had a herd of valuable horses running upon a range infested with horse thieves; that he went to the leading suspect and hired him to take care of his horses, and, while his neighbors lost many of their horses, he never lost one. Even thieves and cut-throats seem to be favorably affected by the reposing of a trust in them.

After the Pilgrim and the Pioneer had been offered enough whisky, beer, and cigars to kill a company of soldiers, if they had consumed the offerings in one day, Hon. T. C. Hiskock invited them to dine with him at an improvised private residence. Mr. Campbell called a bootblack and started him to polishing his shoes. The Hon. T. M. Sothern, a leading lawyer who had lately moved from one of the small San Juan camps to the greatest mining-camp in the West, with the usual assumption of those living in larger towns, approached the busy scene just as one shoe was being finished, and inquired: "Young man, do you know whose shoes you are blacking?" The bootblack replied: "No, and I don't care a ——." "Well," answered Mr. Sothern, "I don't want to interfere with your business, but I would advise you to collect your money before you do your work. That fellow is a tinhorn from the San Juan country, who never pays a bootblack or anyone else;" then he unconcernedly walked away to a waiting crowd.

The boy raised his brush and looked Mr. Campbell straight in the eye and said, "I'll be blamed if you don't look a little like a tinhorn. I guess you'd better put up."

"O, no," responded Mr. Campbell; "There are just two bad paymasters—one who pays before the work is done, and the one who never pays at all."

"I golly," retorted the bootblack, "I think you are one of the latter class," threw his kit on his shoulder and went off up the street, whistling, leaving Mr. Campbell with one polished shoe. Mr. Sothern and his waiting crowd pounced upon Mr. Campbell, dragged him into a saloon and drank two or three dollars' worth at his expense.

As soon as possible Mr. Campbell returned to the street and called another bootblack; just as he got down to his work Mr. Sothern reappeared and inquired: "Young man, didn't you observe this man had one shoe blackened?" The lad answered, "Yes, what of it?"

"Why," said the lawyer, "when your 'pal' got one shoe finished he discovered that he had hold of a San Juan 'tin horn' who used to 'bilk' him down there; he demanded his pay in advance, was refused, and quit the job." The boy gave Mr. Campbell a piercing look, and suggested: "I guess you might as well pay up now." Mr. Campbell replied, "Not much." The young man threw his kit on his shoulder, said good day, and moved off up the street.

Mr. Sothern and party dragged their victim into a saloon again and drank three or four dollars' worth at his expense.

The time was about up for the dinner party to appear and Mr. Campbell was almost frantic about the conspicuous condition of his shoes. He hurried back to a street corner and a bootblack soon came along. His left eye was gone and the right one elevated to about an eleven o'clock sun; his mouth was cut on the side instead of the center line of his face, and was connected with his right ear. His front teeth were large and set in double rows, and he had a sharp whine in a cracked voice, the right side of which was a melodious bass and the left a rasping tenor. Mr. Campbell inquired, "Have you courage enough to hold off a motley crowd of hoodlums until you polish my shoes?" He piped out, "Ye bit yer —— life I 'ave," dropped to his hands and knees, and, Quilp-like, began grinding on the untouched shoe. Mr. Sothern and his followers soon appeared, repeated all of the old stories of the San Juan "tin horn" beating his pals, the discovery of the two former ones, etc., but the bootblack never stopped, spoke, nor looked up. He had polished the shoe and was about to quit when he discovered a small missed spot in the instep. Reloading his dauber, he was about to cover this when Mr. Sothern, in his despair, reached over and spat right on the center of the shoe. The bootblack, as quick as a flash, brought the loaded dauber down his pants from hip to shoe top, leaving a black stripe three inches wide on a pair of expensive light tailor-made pants. Then springing to his feet, with a large brush in his hand, his mouth wide open, his eyebrows connected with his bristle-like head of hair, and his double rows of teeth shining, he squeaked out, "You—big bluffer, you, if you ever interfere with my business again I'll knock the whole top of your head off," and stepped towards his tormentor, but the meddler silently and hurriedly walked away. The bootblack finished his job, got his pay, shouldered his kit, and went up the street. By this time a large crowd had gathered. They seized Mr. Sothern, dragged him into the saloon and drank at least five dollars' worth in jollification over his discomfiture at the hands of the whining one-eyed and deformed bootblack. The actual cost of the shoe blacking was a quarter and the incidental expenses were at least ten dollars.

This is but a sample of the general rough-and-tumble existence in this new mining-camp—all labeled real fun.

Returning from the dinner, the Pioneer and the Pilgrim met Mrs. Monk, who cried out, "Why, Joshua Wickham, of all persons, I most wanted to see you. I need the counsel of your good common sense. Of course you know of our great strike in the Sky-Scraper Mine?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Wickham, "I am delighted to learn of your good fortune. How are the dear children and Mr. Monk?"

"Ah!" replied the troubled woman, "the dear children are very well, but poor Hal, I fear, has lost his head like. You know we were carried from abject poverty to millions of dollars between two days, and I fear the change was too abrupt for the stability of the ordinary human brain; but I hope your even, well-balanced temperament may veer his distorted intellect toward the natural orb, if you should come in contact with him."

"I make no pretense of occult power, but shall be glad to contribute my weak mite in any way you may suggest," replied Mr. Wickham. "When can I probably find him at home?"

"Oh, my dear sir! Hal, poor fellow, hasn't been home for seven weeks. He has three handsomely furnished rooms on Harrison Avenue, and I am informed that all kinds of unworthy company gather there, and that his money is being scattered in every direction."

Mr. Wickham suggested that she should have him adjudged *non compos mentis,* and have a conservator of his estate appointed, if he were in this condition.

The woman wrung her hands and exclaimed, "It can't be done! It can't be done, while his money lasts. Hoards, both male and female, are following him and fleecing him, and persuading him that he is one of the greatest and most important characters in the great West, and every one of them would swear that he is most brilliant and normal, and would turn upon me and convict me of a crazy, abnormal jealousy. No, there is no remedy now but moral suasion, and you must go up and work with him."

The Pioneer went up to Mr. Monk's apartments and rang the bell. A colored boy, gorgeously uniformed, opened the door about six inches and asked, "What is it, sir?" Mr. Wickham answered, "I would like to see Mr. Monk."

"I fear you cannot see him; he is very busy, sir."

Mr. Wickham wrote on one of his cards, "Formerly from Gregory Gulch," and asked the boy to take it to Mr. Monk.

The boy soon returned, opened the door and invited him to "Come right in, and be seated in the reception room. The boss will see you as soon as he gets through with some visitors in his private chamber."

Mr. Wickham heard the constant clicking of wine glasses, female voices flooding the host with all kinds of flattery, and the host's egotistic giggle and insipid replies.

After a long wait Mr. Wickham was ushered in. He was astonished at the red eyes, flabby flesh, and imbecile smile on the face of his old friend.

Mr. Monk gushed over the Pioneer, and told George "to knock off the neck of a bottle of 'Mum's Dry.' "

Mr. Wickham answered, "My dear Hal, you will remember that I never indulge in even 'Mum's Dry.' " Mr. Monk chucked the Pioneer in the ribs and replied, "You will take one with me on the Sky-Scraper? You know I have money now to throw at the birds. I will let you have all you want and you can pay it back whenever you like, without interest."

The Pioneer took his glass of wine, touched it with his lips, and answered, "I shall call on you if I ever need a friend. But," he continued, "my dear Hal, you look tired and worn out. You should take Mrs. Monk and go abroad and have a long respite from these arduous duties."

Mr. Monk repeated his coarse, silly laugh, chucked the Pioneer in the side and said, "Say, Joshua, I don't have anything to do with Sally any more, you know. She's all right in a miner's cabin or at the washboard, but would hardly grace a piano or ornament a parlor. She is hardly progressive enough for me. When I go to New York or Chicago, my friends take me among the Four Hundred. How would Sally look with her number eleven hands squeezed into a pair of white French gloves? Or suppose she should pull off her gloves and my friends' wives should get a glimpse of her red, chubby fingers, with her deformed nails that have run over a washboard for thirty years? It would stampede the company. No, no, I shall give her a hundred thousand, and she can put the children in Notre Dame, but if I should remain linked to her, it would drag me down. You know, the Good Book says, 'If one member offend thee, cut it off and cast it away, lest the whole body perish.' You know I can't pull Sally up to my level." He then pointed to a picture on the sideboard, of a handsome, flashy-looking blonde in full evening dress, and said, "Say, Joshua, what do you think of this? Isn't she all wool and a yard wide? I deserve something like her; she would ornament silks and satins, would grace diamonds and distinguish parlors anywhere. I could take her among the Four Hundred in Chicago, New York, or London, and create a sensation." He chucked his thumb in the Pioneer's ribs, he—he—he—ed, and inquired, "What do you think of choice Number Two?"

The Pioneer replied, "My dear sir, the most miserable creatures anywhere are the sensible men and women who have inherited great wealth and have been forced by their environments to use their bodies like wax models in millinery show windows, to exhibit fastidious dress and sparkling diamonds. Everywhere are evidences that the progeny of affluence are now craving useful pursuits. Early in the twentieth century inherited wealth will be so common that the possessors will cease vieing with one another in highly ornamented corpulosities, gorged with rich viands and fired with exhilarating wines, while their tongues vociferate a chitter-chatter as senseless as the superstitious incantations of the barbarians. Moral and intellectual forces and well-spent lives will in the near future be the test of honor among all citizens, and the change will come before the present fickle social harness is set to your frame. The labor of your wife's dignified and honorably scarred hands, joined with your own for the past thirty years, has blazed the pathway to this exultant abundance. It is the refined blood, the pure heart, and the radiant soul, that form the only human beauty that endures. You are now daft with a glowing countenance, a buxom bosom, and shapely features, stall-fed and groomed for the market, as the ox is for the shambles. These apparitions are gawdy, ephemeral glosses, ornamenting a mere form of flesh and bone, which is offered in exchange for your gold. You are not considered or desired. You are expected cruelly and inhumanly to turn your back upon the long-suffering, labor-wearied, and pure-hearted wife of your young manhood for this string of cheap and coarse, though glittering gew-gaws. The wife of your youth has her heart set upon your comfort and well-being, and would cling the closer to you should you be returned to abject poverty. The new intruder will only tolerate you for what she can obtain from your affluence, and upon any reverse of fortune, she would flee from you as from a contagious pestilence."

Mr. Monk broke into an egotistical "he—he—he" and answered, "My dear Joshua, you must not expect me to allow any feminine inferiority to pull me down as

Bluejay destroyed your social and mental happiness. Think of taking Sally into the circle of the Four Hundred in Chicago, New York, or London! What a figure! What a sensation! Think of pulling off her number eight rubbers and piling them upon the number ones of those of my friends' wives. Even the servants would scorn her and treat me with contempt, and the next morning the society paper would cartoon these shoes, large enough for a wholesale sign, as one of the wonders of the wearing apparel of the Four Hundred. No, Sally is all right for Leadville or any other mining-camp, but would be a millstone about my neck, socially, in Chicago, New York, or London. I shall divide with her and treat her justly, but you must not beg me to commit social suicide as you have done. How did 'The Holy Creed' work in your own case, eh? He—he—he—he."

The Pioneer arose to his feet and replied, "Hal, you cannot drive me from this warning by holding up before me my conjugal mistakes. I did my whole duty to Bluejay. The older she became and the more I accumulated, the better I treated her personally. I regret no personal sacrifices for Bluejay. My sorrow is not born of carnal sensualities. My remorse is that I unwittingly permitted the veins of my children to be charged with barbaric blood. How culpably thoughtless! How criminally negligent! How excuseless I am! I had seen one species after another in the vegetable kingdom degenerate from the higher, by mixing the well selected and highly cultivated with the wild and neglected. I had seen families of animals retrograde from the higher, by mixing the carefully bred with the wild outcasts. I had seen the coarse, uncouth donkey and the fine-haired, keen-eyed, fleet-footed, tenor-voiced, highly sensitive, docile, and superb thoroughbred horse-family coalesce, and well knew that the offspring was invariably burdened with the coarse, woolly hair, with the narrow, contracted foot, with the large, knotty head, with the long, thick ear, with the sluggish sensibilities, with the coarse, rasping bray, and with the chubby, unshapely form of the donkey, the cruder-blooded progenitor. I well knew that it was easier to dilute or pollute than to refine. I was familiar with the Ionian philosophy correctly stated at the dawn of Caucasian civilization, that all nature works by fixed laws. I was familiar with the selection and care of motherhood among early Grecian sires, which made their offspring the most handsome, the most intellectual, the most moral, and the most normal, known to mankind. I did not even have the ordinary criminal's excuse, 'ignorance of the law.' O, who is wise enough to locate accurately the line where the responsibility of parents cease and that of progeny begins? It was criminally careless in me to expect a preponderance of the color, form, voice, energy, or high aspirations of the Caucasian race in my progeny. I thank God that all of my sorrowings are for those unfortunate ones, whom my error burdened with an untamed blood that must ever keep them below mediocrity. No change of condition or knowledge of my fatal mistake ever caused me to abandon or neglect the wild mother whose life became linked with mine in holy wedlock. You, sir, have no contaminated blood in your wife, and your children are glorious specimens of the highest civilized race. You were contented and happy until your great wealth drew around you a hoard of heartless flatterers that have whetted the coarse appetites of your lower nature into loathing of the honorable means by which you and your wife reached a goal which might be earthly bliss, but which may be diverted to your complete undoing. The very fact that you are capable of looking with contempt upon your wife's large stubby hands, bony wrists, and well developed feet, the very insignia of a well-spent life in the ranks of honorable and dignified toil that brought you the gold that now leads you to loathe her, evinces your imminent danger. You seem to be oblivious of the good common sense, the pure heart, and the radiant soul, the rare jewels of perfect womanhood, that she developed along with her physical organs and appendages. Link your fortune with some passing, glittering physical beauty, because she has well-poised features, wears small bracelets, a number five glove and a number one slipper, and when too late, perchance, you will find that her intellect, her heart, and her soul are proportionately dwarfed, also from non-use. It is beneficial use that develops the physical, moral and spiritual being in harmonious proportions."

The colored boy rushed in with the cards of Miss Mabel Jenkins Harrison and Mrs. Ellsby, her favorite aunt.

Mr. Monk responded, "Bring them in," and turning to the Pioneer, said, "You shall meet the fair one of whom you entertain so low an opinion," pointing to the picture on the sideboard, then giggling in his silly fashion until the door was thrown open. The women swept in and gushingly saluted Mr. Monk, and Miss Harrison stuck out her tiny foot and the colored boy relieved her of those number one rubbers that had made such an impression on her host.

The Pioneer was deferentially presented, then Mr. Monk launched into an almost constant insipid giggle, while Miss Harrison pulled a hair from his shoulder here and there, observing the color and length with appropriate comments, while her thoughtful old aunt expatiated on his domestic neglect, in his great business pressure. They expressed their great disappointment at his failure to call the evening before, and their resultant fear lest he might be indisposed, hence this call.

Clinking glasses of "Mum's Dry" were passed and Miss Harrison daintily sipped her wine, and with dainty fingers brushed a grain of dandruff from Mr. Monk's collar and lapel between sips, and commented upon the useless neglect of his valet, while the thoughtful aunt was insisting that Mr. Monk should go down to New York and take a much needed rest. She said that all great men were quitting all details in labor that they could hire any one else to do, thereby husbanding their strength as directors. At the first moment of a lull Mr. Wickham bowed himself out, convinced that there was no hope for his friend's rescue, unless the officers of the county would protect him from the machinations of these women until he could get his mental bearings.

The Pioneer called at the offices of the mayor, sheriff, and judge, successively, and told what Mrs. Monk had told him, and what he had seen. One after another ridiculed the idea, and told the Pioneer that this was simply an outburst of generosity; that Mr. Monk was a man of superb intellect and of unstinted liberality; that he was the typical, generous Western rich man; and that he was really one of the boys, and no man, woman, or child ever appealed to him for help and came away empty handed. They insisted that his wife was one of those nice, good, New England women, who believed in getting all she could out of the country without putting a dollar back; that Mr. Monk was the ideal of every one in

Leadville, and was making everybody prosperous, while his wife was always trying to spy around to see if anybody was getting a dollar out of him, and croaking about his expenditures. Each one said that his office would be worthless without Mr. Monk, and each suggested that if he were Mr. Monk he would quit her.

The Pioneer then returned to Mrs. Monk and told her what he had heard and seen, and her hopeless condition, and suggested that she should permit him to get a divórce and get all the alimony possible for her by amicable agreement, then go away and forget.

Mrs. Monk clasped her temples with her hands and a flood of tears streamed from her eyes. She sobbed aloud, "My last hope for his rescue is blasted. O, what a curse this strike has brought upon us all. I thank you, Joshua, with all my heart. Good-bye, and God bless you. I shall not burden you again with my woes," and, with streaming eyes, she dropped in anguish upon her couch.

Social conditions were "free and easy" among all classes here. Men, women, and children, laymen, and ministers would do things here that they would have blushed to have thought of in the organized societies, whence they came. Everything was sacrificed at the shrine of lust for a "quick fortune." Preachers would talk of using a gun or of thrashing men, and use profanity. I remember that a Presbyterian minister was assisting a bucket brigade at a little fire. Some one said, "Look out, Mr. Daly, I am going to throw down this bucket." The minister replied, "Throw and be ——." No one severely criticised such liberties with profanity; they rather regarded it as evincing a commendably liberal spirit. Neighbors were mixed—good, bad, and indifferent in the same block—and they all mingled freely.

A friend warned a leading wealthy woman of the unfitness of a visiting associate, thinking she was unaware of her reputation. The woman replied, "I do not care, she is a good-hearted soul, and I never knew a 'mudhole to dim the sun,' but have often known the sun to dry up the mudhole. I am not here for my health or as a moral missionary." And this was the prevailing thought. The hotels took in all kinds and classes and kept their eyes shut except as to the amount of the charges. A majority of the business men joined with the visitors in organizing and marching from saloon to saloon and from variety theatre to theatre at night, singing, howling, and filling up on the vilest of whisky. They thought this built up their trade and caused the miners to give them the reputation of being "good fellows."

After they had grown weary of this "double quick" march towards death, and of the fulsome egotism of the old San Juan friends at the assumption of being residents of a bigger mining-camp, the Pilgrim and the Pioneer engaged passage for a return to the even-going San Juan country, thoroughly impressed with the hollow, baseless mockery of the assumptions of the superiority of those living in larger places, and of the increase of moral turpitude and license for evil doing, in the ratio with the population.

Examine your legislators and you will find the lowest average in intelligence, fidelity to duty, and morals from the largest cities. Examine the records of congress and you will find the lowest average in morals, intelligence, and fidelity to duty in the state of New York, from New York City; in the state of Massachusetts, from Boston; in Illinois from Chicago; and throughout the nation from the largest cities. The great masses of the moral and intellectual forces of all countries are reared and maintain their situs in the small villages and country settlements, and the cities are constantly drawing their most sterling citizens from these supply points.

On their way back to the San Juan the coach was loaded to the limit with men, with the exception of one Bohemian woman on her way to the Gunnison valley. Women were scarce in Colorado and men were as gallant and deferential to them as bridegrooms to their spouses. At that time almost every man travelled with his pockets loaded with cigars and whisky, and always shared with his fellows whether intimate friends or comparative strangers. At every change of horses the men would march behind the stage barn and drink, but never exhibited a bottle in the presence of the Bohemian cook lest it might shock her womanly temperance instincts.

About eleven o'clock their Bohemian sister opened a big, yellow valise, drew out a long black quart bottle of whisky and said: "Men won't yez have a dram of bourbon with me?" This broke the ice and drinks, of as many kinds as there were numbers of passengers, were freely indulged in during the remainder of the journey, and the Bohemian sister never missed a drink. Mr. Wickham exclaimed: "What a pleasant relief to pass from the feverish excitement of a mining boom where the fakirs, buncosteerers, sports and wild speculators dominate the sentiment of the people, back to the settled mining-camp where the sterling, solid miners, conservative business men, and old pioneers are dominant. It begets a sentiment like unto that felt in going from Sodom to Bethlehem. It is like passing from the excitement of war to the placid paths of profound peace. It forces the conviction on the inexperienced ones that there are dearer things in life than money.

"But, ah! I can't remain among these peaceful scenes. It is too close to the field of my desolation. That social outcast, Monk, has pushed ajar the long closed gates of my social folly and has exposed on every side of me the parched fields and blurred pathways of my conjugal monstrosities. My brain reels! I can hear the squeaking of the caloused fissures and feel the tearing tissues as they spread their gaping jaws to monopolize again the field of thought. I must turn my back upon these familiar scenes and place many broad withered prairies and many lofty mountain ranges between me and these grotesque surroundings, or become a slave to my mania. I must have new pastures, new excitement, greater diversion, or my thoughts will all be careened into these well-worn depressions of the brain and will be ground into the common grist of continuous lamentations for the inexorable results of the contravention of an immutable and merciless law of nature.

"For days the profligate mind has been permitted riotously to intrude these weak and cowardly thoughts into its organ, the brain, without noticing the deep furrows that were despoiling the smooth surface. That greatest enemy of the race, Procrastination, has been harvesting his usual crops of ruin and despair. I am afraid! I am afraid of that potent warning that I feel creeping upon me. Too late! Too late!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

CROSSING THE DESERTS.

Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell pushed over a link in the chain of the Rocky Mountains to the cantonment on the Uncompahgre River commanded by Gen. Mc. Here they found the government saloon, as it were, in full blast, and many red faces and blooming noses told the sad story of the insinuating inroads of king alcohol. They had not been long at the cantonment when an acquaintance of Mr. Wickham's appeared and said, "Old Tambien is in the guardhouse and desires to see you, but you will have to get permission from Gen Mc."

They went to his headquarters and the Pioneer told him that he had known Mr. Hiram Frobisher, alias "Tambien," when he was one of the most polished, wealthy, and influential citizens of his community, but that he had tarried too long at the wine vaults and had become practically irresponsible; that the old man had sent a messenger for him and he would like to go over and talk with him privately, and see if there were any aid or consolation he could extend him. Gen. Mc. answered, "Very well, you can see him, and further, you may take him along with you if you can get him away from the cantonment."

They were conducted into the quarters of the prisoner. He cried out, "Tambien, Senors," his usual corruption for the Spanish of "How do you do, sirs." The adoption of the Spanish salutation had caused the old man's associates to refer to him generally as "Tambien."

The Pioneer inquired, "Is not this rather a curious abode for a gentleman born and reared in Tammany

Hall as you have been, and a blue-blooded gentleman at that?"

A deep gloom came over the old man's face, he puckered his lips and tried to explain, and finally looked to the hills and suggested that "the high altitude occasions all of these strange freaks," the usual excuse for many unexpected turns of opinion or moral conduct of immigrants to the Rocky Mountains. He soon worked himself up to his normal courage, and moralized: "Senor Wickham, the world is all a vain show, a false pretense; I have been at the cantonment two weeks and have not drawn a sober breath until after they placed me in here. The officers were drinking as much as I; the only difference is that I have to pay for my drinks, but I have never seen one of them pay a cent, or the mark of a pen made against one. I saw that many of the officers were absolutely oblivious to the value of property, and that criminal waste was rampant in every quarter. Two cars of corn and a saw mill were to be sold. I stood in with the auctioneer and some others, and in a gentlemanly and high-toned way we practically stole this property of great value. Tramping over these beds of cobble stones my shoe-soles gave out and I boldly stepped up to the commissary department, picked up a pair of dollar shoes, put them on, was arrested and thrown in here. What an invidious distinction between the petty thief and the thief on a grand scale. I stole two cars of corn and a saw mill and was regarded as a high-toned gentleman, but when I condescended to steal a pair of dollar shoes, I was condemned to a criminal cell. Is it any wonder that the father could not make his thoughtful but inexperienced boy understand how John Jones could kill one man and become marked like Cain as a murderer, abhorred by all good men, while Alexander the Great could kill a hundred thousand and become the sacred idol of his race? It is not the moral turpitude so much as the petty or enormous scale on which the act is done, that darkens the deed of the criminal in the eyes of the hero-worshipping populace."

They took the old man out and started him up the "Dry Cedar" for the San Juan.

The Uncompahgre Valley is completely surrounded by majestic mountain ranges and the blue sky seems to rest upon their summits all around, giving the valley all of the appearance of a canopied and completed world.

The only uninviting things in the valley were the parched vegetation and shrubbery and the dry and thirsty soil.

The Pilgrim and the Pioneer pushed on down the Uncompahgre River to the Gunnison, then down this attractive stream under the headland of the Grand Mesa to the confluence of the Grand and Gunnison Rivers. Here a great valley opened, fenced in with a most charming range of mountains. The valley was sterile and uncultivated, but with a rare combination of fertile soil, salubrious climate, abundance of water, and great coal veins cropping out on every mountain-side for fuel, making such a combination of natural necessary elements as will insure a great center of population and of wealth when the pace of development reaches this favored spot.

When they reached the Utah line the old Pioneer turned and gazed intently at the country lying on their east flank. Mr. Campbell asked, "What is the attraction?"

The Pioneer replied, "Have you observed that for

130 miles on our right there has been an almost unbroken bed of coal? If God keeps his promise to consume this world by fire, then you want to get as far from this spot as possible, for the most intense flames of the universe must be here, as this is the center of the carbon supply."

Leaving this valley they struck a desert as trackless, cheerless, and torrid as ever was crossed by an Arab in the burning sands of Sahara, and one which will never be taken from the maps as "The Great American Desert," until Time, or God, in His providence, shall have worn down some of the lofty mountain ranges, or piled up new ones in such a manner as to send currents of air here which have not been devaporized, or shall put forth new streams for the irrigation of this virgin soil. The time will certainly come when the mysterious workings of the economies of nature will so change the air currents or watercourses that the great sterile deserts of the old and of the new world will be the great food granaries and centers of population, but such an undertaking is not within the possible reach of the ingenuity of man.

After many deprivations and hardships the weary travelers reached the western slope of the high intervening range and beheld the great Salt Lake Valley and Salt Lake, which looked like an oasis with a brilliant solitaire jewel set in the center. They soon reached the Mormon settlements. Though the inhabitants were poor and scantily equipped with the conveniences of life, the travelers never enjoyed entertainment by a more frank, generous, sympathetic, or hospitable people. Their every act evinced that they were not only teaching by precept, but by example, the blessed doctrine of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

The night they entered Salt Lake, George Q. Cannon lectured on the pioneer days of Salt Lake Valley. His description of the turmoils, suffering, and disappointments of men, women, and children in the early days was heart-rending and his depicting of the abiding faith they incessantly had exercised in God was pathetic. He vividly described the cheerfulness of men, women, and children and how they, with the crude implements shaped by their own handicraft, diverted the streams upon the virgin prairies and cultivated them, and how, when the inhabitants were all aglow with the cheerful hope of a most abundant harvest, clouds of grasshoppers came and consumed all their crops; how they met in fervent, incessant prayer, lived upon herbs, and tried the second crop, and how the same pests came with the same fatal results. They repeated their devotions and preparation for the third crop and planted it, and just before the fruitage the dark clouds of grasshoppers were seen approaching. The people were called together in continuous, fervent prayer, piteously and faithfully depending upon God to rescue the starving inhabitants from this third visitation of the ravaging pests; just as the grasshoppers approached they beheld another dark cloud of sea gulls approaching, and these new visitors swooped down upon the grasshoppers, utterly destroyed them and saved the crop; the local legislature soon declared the sea gull a sacred bird and placed a heavy penalty upon any one who should in any way molest it, and these timely immigrant birds had remained as guardians over the crops of the great Salt Lake Valley up to that time.

The visitors never before witnessed such evidences of a burning faith as were depicted in the glowing countenance of the people in this pioneer audience, as the speaker contrasted these trials with the locust pests of Pharaoh while he was oppressing the children of Israel.

He also described the great foresight and caution with which Brigham Young apportioned the land among his people. If one desired to be a tradesman, he gave him a lot in Salt Lake near the size of an ordinary city block; if one desired to do market gardening for the people of Salt Lake, he gave him a five-acre tract near the city limits; if others desired to do general farming or stock raising, he awarded them thirty acres each, further out in the country; this division at the time was very equitable and evinced method.

The clerk of the hotel where the Pilgrim and the Pioneer stopped was thoroughly imbued with the tenets of the church, paid her tithes, and sustained the faith to all comers. They asked her which wife she preferred to be, number one or number two. She replied, "We are a tolerant people; some of us believe in a plurality of wives and some believe in but one wife to each man, and," said she, "the records of our church show that only two per cent of the husbands have a plurality of wives."

They asked her why the 98 per cent did not blot out this iniquity of the 2 per cent which was bringing such odium on the church and on the people. She grew animated and really eloquent. She pointed to street after street in Chicago, New York, and St. Louis that were crowded with lewd women and said, "These are the duplicate wives of the Gentiles; we have none such among the Mormons. The Mormon loves, protects, and defends his second or third wife as faithfully as he does his first, until death separates them, but the Gentile loathes his duplicate consort after the fresh blush of her youthful cheek fades into the wrinkles of old age, and abandons her to a lot of shame and misery to fill a dishonored grave in the potters' field; her offspring, if any, are outcasts, covered with a load of shame for which they are not responsible and which they can never outlive or shake off. Ah," said she, "the Gentile is a real publican, hunting motes in his brethren's eyes while refusing to see the beam that is in his own eye."

In the midst of this talk an old, wrinkled-faced man past middle life came up with newspapers for sale. The Pioneer bought one and jocularly asked, "My friend, how are your wives today?" The old man replied, "My wife is very well, thank you." "Well, haven't you married but one woman?" said the Pioneer." "Yes," said the old man, "I married two, but one was dead when the ceremony was performed." "Why did you do such an absurd thing as to marry a dead woman?" inquired the Pioneer. The old man dropped his head, and answered, "I consoled others. A friend's daughter died without having been married. Her father and mother were inconsolable. They believed she would have a lonely and unhappy life in Heaven without the companionship of a husband. They appealed to my wife and to me, that I take her as my second wife, though she was dead. To palliate their grief I went over, had the ceremony performed, and her name recorded in the church records as my second wife, and this pacified her parents. Such things are non-essential in our church. I do not believe in this or in plural marriages, but many others believe in both. We differ in many non-essentials."

The sight-seers walked up to the east door of that symmetrical tabernacle, with its wonderful acoustic properties. A very old gentleman sat at the east door. They asked him some questions about his church and his people. Like an automaton he launched into a history of both church and people, and never ceased till he had stated the whole creed and the Biblical authority for each tenet, the history of the saints and prophets, and also the greatness of Brigham Young, and the justice and equality with which he governed his people. His memory was marvelous.

The Jordan River, the tabernacle, the beautiful temple, and the famous Salt Lake, are too well understood by the public to justify a description here. The travelers went to church on Sunday and heard the practical talks of the leaders and the orders given for the temporal welfare of the people. What a lesson in discipline! The whole machinery of Brigham Young's government ran as smoothly as a Swiss watch. Every one received his orders cheerfully and performed the commands with military precision. They were rigidly taught the salutary principles of trust, honesty, fidelity to duty, and the general brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. The Pilgrim and the Pioneer talked to agents, stockbuyers, and drummers, and found that they invariably considered them as the most reliable patrons they had, saying that they regarded the fulfillment of a promise or an agreement as a most sacred duty and rarely faltered or quibbled. Gentiles generally said that outside of their polygamous habits they were most exemplary people and they liked to deal with them. Why not ackowledge the many commendable traits of this great people and condemn the one evil practiced? Intolerant moral teachers condemn the good and the evil alike without mentioning the many exceptionally laudable tenets that are in their creed. How long will Christian sects discontinue the intolerant practice of withholding credit where credit is due, out of pure bigotry or a blind prejudice?

Before the Pioneer left Salt Lake City, he wrote long, affectionate letters to each of his daughters, and implored them to write him letters descriptive of their doings, etc., and forward the same to Spokane Falls, Washington.

After viewing the fortresses, beehives and many other relics of the early practices and tribulations of these people, the travelers moved westward along the margin of the great Dead Sea (Salt Lake), through a remarkably fertile country, by the way of Ogden into Idaho.

Here they met the rigors and trials of another irredeemable, sandy desert which really tries men's souls. These deserts are caused by the air currents crossing ranges of mountains so high that precipitation of the moisture in the air takes place on the elevated ranges, and the air is devaporized and reaches the parks and valleys beyond, dry. In many places on the west side of a range the rainfall will be abundant in the valleys, while those on the east side will be a parched desert. Wherever an unusually high range is found that the air-currents must cross on one side or the other, a desert will be encountered. However, Idaho is well watered by the Great Snake River, and others, has millions of acres of level and fertile lands, great stock ranges on the public domain, and a splendid climate; in a few decades it is destined to support an immense population of happy and prosperous people. The Pilgrim and the Pioneer patiently worked their way across Idaho up to Butte City, Montana. Here they found the greatest business spot in all of their travels. Everything was wide open. Dance houses, variety theatres, gambling dens, prize fights, and everything that would cause the expenditure of money. Prices were enormous.

It had never been their privilege before to observe such a large proportion of ruddy and muscular men. It looked like the breeding ground of giants. The laboring men and women, aided by the sporting and saloon elements that were catering for their patronage, absolutely dominated the sentiment and public policy of the city; and the laboring men, being busy and loth to meddle in public affairs, beyond the establishment of high wages for themselves, permitted the insinuating sports and saloon men largely to control the city administration and, therefore, public opinion.

However, labor was unionized by common consent if not under actual constitution and by-laws, and wages were enormously high; visitors were not humored or catered to, but had to pay obeisance to those who served them. The house-girl was mistress of the household; she told her mistress when she should have an outing, and the mistress dared raise no objection. The bonanza kings had to walk the chalk line at her dictation. One of the wealthiest men in Butte told them that one morning when he was at his breakfast, his house-girl peremptorily ordered him to get up and draw her a check for her wages, saying that she wanted to use some money right then. He said he dared not hesitate, as the least quibbling on his part would have caused her to pack up her things, move away, and leave him without help. What a lesson this teaches. Capital is wholly dependent upon labor. As usual, when they reached the city they were dusty and hungry, and when they caught sight of the "Saddle Rock" restaurant they entered for a repast. It may not have been first class or the best in Butte, but their stay was interesting, to say the least. The tired travelers were seated by a well-dressed, flashy-looking owner of a gambling hall, to whom everyone about the institution paid great deference. A girl about thirty, raw-boned, muscular, with a coarse voice and abrupt, independent air, was mistress of the dining room, seated the guests, took the orders, collected the bills, and practically ordered the boarders to tip her liberally. She, and the unique guests which they were fortunate enough to meet here, used a slang that made their conversation almost a riddle to the ordinary visitor. It is not pretended that these guests, this waiter, or this restaurant, were fair samples of those common to Butte City. The owner of the gambling hall blandly referred to the cook as a "pot-wrestler," to the waiter as a "hash-slinger," and to the victuals as "chuck," etc.

By the time they got comfortably seated a man and a woman, dressed mostly in leather, with high gauntlet gloves, red leather leggins, and immense sombreros, came sweeping across the dining-room to their table and gushingly grasped the hand of the gambler, familiarly calling him "Gray Eagle," because of his prematurely iron-gray hair; he addressed the man as "Hackey" and the woman as "Bronchey," they being generally known in the community as "Hackberry Charlie" and "Broncho Kate."

Gray Eagle was consuming an immense beefsteak, large enough for four men. "Bronchey" inquired: "Gray Eagle, what does that slab off the unfortunate bovine set you back?" He replied, "I don't know, Bronchey, the hash-slinger hasn't presented me with a bill of lading yet." The waiter soon came in and cried out "Beefsteak, ham and eggs." "Hackey" and "Bronchey" consulted a moment, then "Hackey" answered: "Bring us a couple of slabs from the most elevated portion of the rear perambulating machinery of the lamented swine and a healthy bunch of green hen fruit." The waiter inquired: "How will you have your eggs cooked?" "Hackey" in a low, confidential tone said, "Fry mine up and down stairs," then solicitously looked at "Bronchey" for a reply. She piped out, "You may close the eyes of mine, too." One would have thought these three persons controlled the destiny of Butte to hear their conversation. "Gray Eagle" mentioned one capitalist after another and declared them real enemies of the town; said they employed men of families or old fogies who put their money into savings banks and sent it away to relatives, and that the saloons and gambling halls, which kept up Butte and distributed the money among the people, got but little benefit from such miners, and that the sports would leave town unless things changed, and the houses in Butte would be filled with bats and burros if this wide-awake business class should abandon it.

"Bronchey" and "Hackey" fully agreed with him. They pushed back their plates and "Hackey" inquired, "Hash-slinger, how much is the till shy on this replenishing of our empty bread baskets?" The girl answered: "$3.50." He threw down a five dollar bill and said: "Can you break a V?" She replied, "You bet your sweet life we can break anything from a broncho buster to a bonanza king if we can get a cinch on them." She threw him down a dollar and a half in silver, saying, "There is your dough." He threw the girl back a half dollar, retorting, "Plant that in the heel of your stocking with my love. I like to encourage a real artist in hash-slinging." The girl grabbed the half dollar and replied, "Bully boy with a glass eye, thanks awfully; if I am around I shall dance at your funeral for the nice comp' and the half dollar to sew in my stocking heel." With great cordiality "Hackey" took the gambler by the hand

and bade him good-bye, saying that he had greatly enjoyed this "jaw service" and regretted that Butte was not filled with such wide-awake and enterprising business men as he. The gambler thanked him, looked patronizingly at "Bronchey" and said that when he saw the graceful shape of "Bronchey" glued to the apex of her pretty caballo this A. M. he envied his station as her "pal." "Bronchey" shot her long red hand into the gambler's and said: "Shake a bunch of fives on that handsome lip service, pardner; I am your huckleberry hereafter." Then "Hackey" and "Bronchey" stalked out to their horses.

The waiter suggested: "I like them kind of people who always speaks pure English so one can understand them, and then they pays for what they get. I'll bet they plank down to me $3 a week for good attentions. I despise these Boston and New York people who come here and try to use those high-falutin words that they don't know the meaning of themselves; and then they squeeze a dollar until the eagle on it gasps for breath before they will let it go. Shucks, if one of them eats here a week I wouldn't get a dollar out of him. He might leave ten cents by his plate if I was right sweet on him, but what could one expect of these tender-feet who always lived among the old fogies in Boston or New York where they never see nothing and where they never get a glimpse of a dollar unless some of our western boys go back there and blow in their stuff. I wish they would quit spending their money in New York and Boston and let the natives starve awhile. I'll bet that would bring them to their milk. I am always sorry for people who have to live in such ignorance and poverty as they have to in New York and Boston."

The gambler said they knew no better and, "in the language of Milton or Byron or the Bible or somebody, 'Ignorance is bliss,' or something like that," arose, threw her a half dollar, and departed, and the weary travelers were afraid not to put up a half dollar each lest she might think they were from the poor villages of New York or Boston.

The Pioneer said, "There are extremes in society; that part that always lives on a frontier or at a cross road town without an opportunity of seeing the more advanced centers of civilization believes that all on earth that is precious or desirable centers in the villages or on the frontier, and they are really sorry for those who have to live in the more advanced settlements. The other extreme moves from place to place until it believes there is no place on earth fit to live in. The breezy waiter belongs to the former class. As between the two extremes the former is much more desirable as there is love of home and contentment associated with this lot, while the nightmare of restlessness and dissatisfaction are ever at the heels of the latter."

When the Pioneer and Mr. Campbell came out into the office, the owner of the gambling hall was sitting at a round card-table playing solitaire. The Pioneer said, "Wait for me here, Mr. Campbell, until I get shaved." Mr. Campbell walked over and watched the game of solitaire, and the owner of the gambling hall asked him if he ever speculated any with cards. Mr. Campbell replied that he could play a little, but did not believe in gambling. "Very well," said the owner of the gambling hall, "we will amuse ourselves with a little friendly game of shoot-mouth," and he dealt the cards. He always allowed Mr. Campbell to win and constantly eulogized his luck and his brilliant plays.

The Pioneer soon returned and looked on the game for a few moments. Every time the owner of the gambling hall got the deal he gave Mr. Campbell a phenomenal hand and had bully-ragged him to bet until he was about to yield.

The Pioneer said, "Give me your hand, Mr. Campbell, you see if the horses are all right."

The stranger, when it came his turn to deal, gave the Pioneer three queens; the Pioneer said nothing about betting, but made a show down and won the pot. The next time his new friend got a deal, he gave the Pioneer three jacks and a pair of queens. The Pioneer said, "Ah! I have a winning hand this time." The gambler threw down twenty dollars and said, "I'll bet you twenty. You dare not bet; you haven't got the nerve. I dare you."

The Pioneer coolly laid twenty dollars on the table, drew a vicious looking bull-dog revolver from his hip pocket, stuck it in the gambler's face and said, "Lay down that hand. Lay it down, or I shall drop you right in your tracks."

The gambler spread out three kings and a pair of queens and said, "Don't get excited, my friend, put up that gun, it might go off accidentally. Those things are always unpleasant, if not dangerous."

The Pioneer spread upon the table four aces, picked up the forty dollars and put them in his pocket.

The gambler flushed up and said, "It looks to me like there was some swindle about this."

"Yes," replied the Pioneer, "it is all a swindle on both sides. You started in to rob that boy, and I returned just in time to save him. Then you tried to 'cold-deck' me by stealing out three jacks and a pair of queens for me, and three kings and a pair of queens for yourself, but while you were getting together these two hands, I took out the four aces and put them under my leg, and returned your three jacks and pair of queens to the deck. Now, what are you going to do about it? Squeal, I presume."

"Ah!" answered the gambler, "you are all right—a dead game sport. The money is yours, but I am surprised, I never suspected you at all. I was trying to keep you from watching me, but I never thought of watching you. Say, partner, I should like to go in 'cahoots' with you. I know where we can make a barrel of money. Will you join me?"

The Pioneer straightened up to a superb dignity and replied, "No, I am no sport. I never gambled in my life, sir, and shall hardly begin now in my rapidly declining years."

"Oh, yes, yes, I understand that," answered the sport, "that is all right."

The Pioneer returned to the dining-room and gave the two helpers each five dollars, then went to the kitchen and gave the two helpers there five dollars each.

When he returned he said, "Sir, I have given the money I wrenched from you to the helpers in the dining-room and in the kitchen. I should not taint my business transactions with such ill-gotten gains."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the gambler, "don't be offended; I admire you. Such generosity is always found in dead game sports. When can I have a long business talk with you?"

"Never," said the Pioneer, as he stepped out on the pavement.

The owner of the gambling hall stepped up to the clerk and inquired, "Did you ever see that fellow before that just went out of here?"

"Yes," replied the clerk. "I just saw him distribute twenty dollars among the help. I think he is some crazy fellow."

"No," answered the gambler, "he is the slickest and gamiest sport that I ever tackled and I am going in 'cahoots' with him if I have to follow him for a year. I'll bet he's got a barrel of money. When he cools off, he will be back, then you send for me."

Mr. Campbell saw all this and fully realized that he was the sole cause of this dangerous escapade. Between the fear and humiliation he almost had nervous prostration. This was the first time he had ever seen the Pioneer aroused and it filled him with all kinds of morose forebodings. It made him long for old Tennessee again.

It occurred to Mr. Campbell that the Pioneer had been very morose ever since they passed a band of Indians the evening before; that when he saw the savages he instantly turned his back upon them; that his checks puffed up with accumulated blood and he walked briskly in the opposite direction; that he had had little to say since, and that probably these most forcible reminders of his ruin had unbalanced his mind.

In the morning the Pilgrim and the Pioneer took a stroll over this famous mining-camp. There was nothing which would lead the untutored in the mineral kingdom to expect great mineral values here. The so-called mountain upon which the mining and prospecting were being done, was a low, barren ridge hugging the little settlement below. There was not a tree, a bunch of grass, or a flower visible in the town. They asked the editor of the newspaper why no one had a grass plot, a tree, or a bunch of hardy flowers. "My dear sirs," said he, "the fumes from the minerals here are destructive to vegetable growth. A bunch of grass or a potted plant left out here over night will be dead in the morning.'" They asked how he accounted for the giant-like men they met on every street corner. "That is the consequence of a wise business principle that is recognized in but few places, though its soundness is as well established among the thinking employers of labor as the law of gravitation is among scientists, and that is, the cheapest *per diem* is usually the dearest labor. Butte City has the reputation of maintaining the highest mining wage-scale of any place, hence the very best miners of British Columbia and the United States gravitate to this point. Hon. James G. Blaine, when Secretary of State, showed in one of his reports that while the American artisan obtained a much higher *per diem* than his European brethren, at the same time he accomplished so much more than they that the American manufacturer completed a yard of cloth at a less cost than did his European competitor. The philosophy of this seeming contradiction rests on indisputable premises. For over a hundred years the American wage-scale has been much higher than that of Europe. This occasioned a constant inflow of the most aggressive, strong, and efficient workmen of the Old World to the American employers, giving them the great advantage bound up in the principle that he who continually employs at the highest *per diem* gets such an advantage in superior efficiency that he in reality uses the cheapest labor. I knew one great mine, the manager of which fully recognized the principle and persisted in paying from 25 to 50 cents above the current wages, and thereby obtained the choice of all accessible miners, and made money. The mine owners protested and sent a committee to him to persuade him to abide by the usual scale. The astute manager replied, 'My mine is at timber line, the highest in the district. If I pay the usual scale of wages I will get only such miners as cannot get employment at the lower and more congenial altitudes, and will therefore have the refuse of the camp, and lose money. By paying one-half dollar per day more than the usual scale I obtain the pick of the miners of the country, and I find that this apparently dearer labor is, in fact, much cheaper than that obtained at the usual scale.' "

After a very instructive sojourn in Butte they moved down the Missoula River between stately mountain sides, covered with great pine forests, to the little city of Missoula, with bleak, parched, shadeless background of the ever present sage brush.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PIONEER WEDDING.

Early in the morning, the Pilgrim and the Pioneer were attracted to five or six unkept-looking men, dressed in greasy buckskins, with uncombed, long ringlet hair and waving, bushy whiskers, escorting one cadaverous-looking, malarialized, though neatly dressed and refined, middle-aged woman from the station to the Missoula Hotel.

She had evidently just left the malaria beds of the East, as no such complexion or neat dressing was indigenous to this region. One man and the woman hurried away to the parlor. It was soon narrated to the Pilgrim and the Pioneer that John and this woman knew each other in childhood, and that he had not seen her since her short-dress and barefoot school days; but of late they had been using the pen, and she had just arrived from Illinois to become John's "woman."

John soon emerged with a forlorn and disappointed look upon his face, showing that things were not just as he had expected. A small, wiry little Justice of the Peace, apparently with his father's wedding suit on, at least fifty years out of date, hurried up to him and asked if he was ready to have the ceremony performed. The prospective groom shook his head and said, "In a little while," and walked across to a clothing store. In half an hour he returned, clad in a suit of shoddy clothes and a white shirt without a collar, and seemed as awkward and restless in his woollen clothes as a young colt at his first appearance in harness.

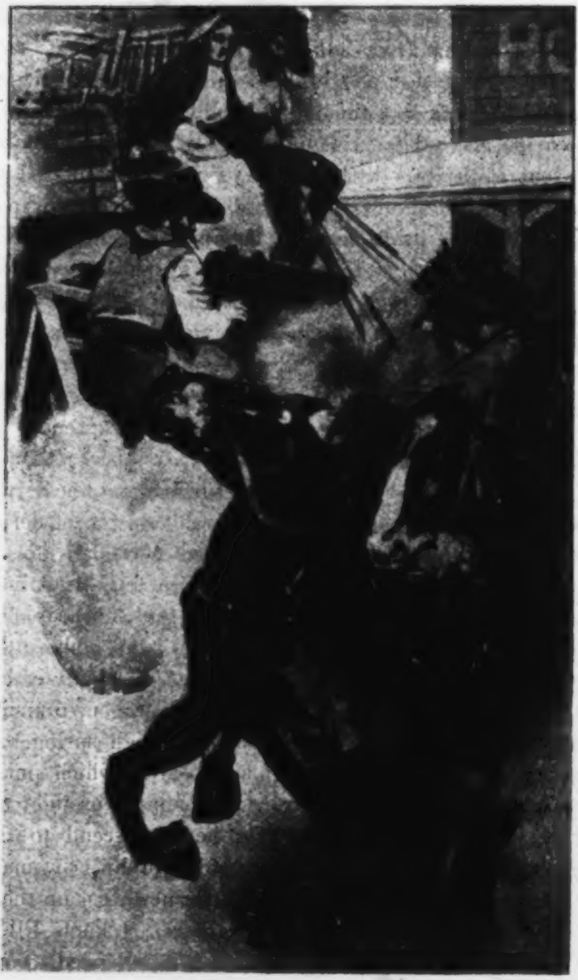
His comrades gathered about him and asked, "Wouldn't your woman marry you in your buckskin suit and blue shirt?" Another said, "She must be mighty high-toned." Another warned him: "John, it won't do for you to wear them store clothes and that 'biled' shirt over to the Coeur d' Alenes. W'y the boys would have no respect for you in those high-toned fixins'." John shook his head. "She never seen anything like this and it makes her home-sick, but I told her that after she had lived here six months she wouldn't like anything but the buckskin suit and blue shirts, and you couldn't hire her to live anywhere else; but she says these suits scare her now. Things don't seem to be as she expected, and I'm afraid she regrets her bargain."

The frisky Justice of the Peace asked him if he was ready to be married. John answered, "In a few minutes." He soon came out again, more embarrassed than before. One after another asked him if he was ready. He shook his head and re-entered the clothing store, and soon returned with a high standing collar, which went above his short neck and pushed his large ears up into folds; but he was still minus a necktie.

His comrades were astounded. They said that they never thought that "any woman could ever get John Farley into such dude fixin's as them." They all thought that he had made a mistake in selecting his "woman." They said that he was a good provider; he had built a good peeled-log cabin for her and had gone to great expense in putting in a board floor and a glass window, and in putting the boards under the dirt roof so close together that not a crumb of dirt would sift through; and they were willing to bet that from her high-toned Eastern ideas she wouldn't be satisfied.

In a few minutes John appeared and leaned against the door to keep from falling in his embarrassment. His "woman" had tied one of her white silk handkerchiefs around his neck as a tie and he sought to keep this hidden from his comrades. He mumbled out, "Come in now." As soon as the spry little Justice of the Peace entered the door, he began the ceremony, and he really did his part skillfully. At the conclusion he kissed the bride. The old hunters then, one by one, walked up and spread their flowing beards over the bride's pale face and made their muscular lips fairly pop in their vigorous contact with those of John's "woman." Her heart seemed to stop and her muscles trembled like aspen leaves in a mountain zephyr. She would have given all she possessed to retrace her steps, but it was too late.

In half an hour John returned to the street in his buckskins and blue shirt, and was a model of grace and comfort. He walked briskly to a livery stable and soon returned with a huge unpainted lumber wagon with three sets of side boards, the bottom loaded with hard wood and iron bands; above this was piled in a load of light furniture. He had six lop-eared, wild-eyed bronchos hitched to the wagon, prancing and standing on their hind feet. The high spring seat was tilted on the third set of side-boards, which put it ten or twelve feet in mid air. One comrade brought the bride, another a step-ladder for her to ascend to this elevated seat. At the foot of the ladder John's "woman" burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I can never get up there, and if I could I never could stay there. I know I'll be killed!" The men crowded around her and tried to console her, told her how safe it was, and what an opportunity she would have to see the beautiful country. They said



An exciting Honeymoon.

that in six months she would not change this life for any other. One Pioneer pointed out to her how fortunate John was to have a good mattress along; that it would be so much better than rolling up in a blanket when they camped on top of the range that night. Her heart sank within her when she found that she was to camp out that night among the crags. Her muscles relaxed and like a conquered deer she gave up and by her actions at least, said, "Do what you will with me. You can do no more than kill me." The men took hold of her and literally pushed her up the ladder and into the high spring seat. She eagerly grasped one end of the seat with her left hand and fastened the fingers of the other hand in the collar of John's buckskin coat. One of the men got a firm hold on her jacket, John popped his whip, the six wild bronchos bolted into a dead run, and the last the Pilgrim and Pioneer saw of the bride, she was swaying to the right and to the left as though on a teeter board, as the surface of the ground changed. But few brides in the world can have so wild and romantic a honeymoon as John's "woman" experienced on that reckless run from Missoula to the Coeur d'Alenes.

The parting salutation of the Pioneer was, "What a superb mother that refined and cultivated woman will make, for that wild animal's children. It is to be hoped that they will, as usual, be modeled after the mother, especially so in this case."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THROUGH THE COEUR D'ALENES.

After seeing the bride swing off on her depressing honeymoon, the Pilgrim and the Pioneer picked up and took a short mountain trail for the same wild jungle. They encountered many little tributaries headed in smooth basins up among the rugged hills, occupied, generally, by a lone man, though now and then they found a family there. Travelers could always depend on these settlers to give them a dismal picture of the country that they might move on and leave this lone occupant monarch of his basin.

On a sloping hill, by a gushing spring, in a clump of quaking asp trees, they picketed the horses out to grass, and went down to a long pole cabin, with elk and deer heads all over it, a long rough board nailed over the door, and a sign written with charcoal, "WOOLY APHIS INN." The snow was deep, and as the shades of evening crept over Woolly Aphis Mining Camp it became bitterly cold. Old Woolly Aphis had a big Dutch fire-place across one end of the cabin, and one corner of the room was filled with large pine logs. All hands put their blankets as near as possible to the fire-place and retired early, all except the grotesque host, doubling up to try to keep both sides warm. About one o'clock in the morning, some one knocked on the door, and a quivering female voice piped out, "Can I come in? I am almost frozen."

John's "woman" had become so hysterical on that high seat and over the thought that she had to sleep out among the crags that night, that he had put her in the mail wagon that plied from Missoula to Wallace, running day and night, and told her to stop off at Wolly Aphis Inn, "a first class stopping place," he said, and he would pick her up the next day.

Old Woolly Aphis rolled out of his blankets and exclaimed, "I, hoky, boys, thars the first woman that ever put her foot in Woolly Aphis! and how can we take care of her? We ain't fixed for ladies?"

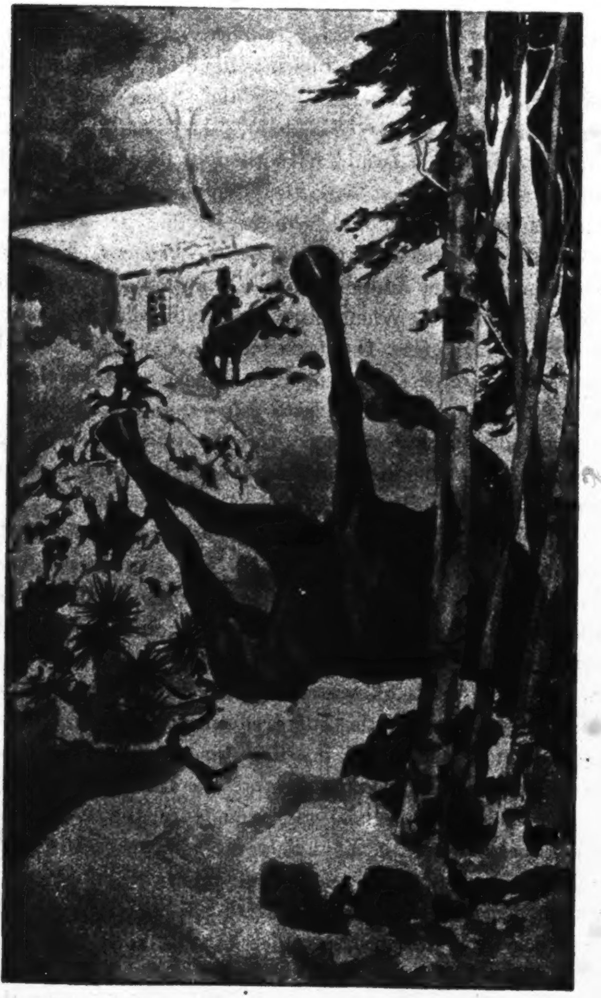
He hurriedly opened the door and the woman, with chattering teeth and a benumbed body, almost fell into the room. As she began to warm up a little she came near falling into the yawning Dutch fire-place. Mr. Wickham arose and said, "Gentlemen, this woman must have a place to sleep. We must divide our blankets with her, or some of us must sit up."

Old Woolly Aphis retorted, "Pardner, you content your soul in peace and patience. I guess old Woolly Aphis can run his own house and look after his own guests, if one on 'em do be a woman." He turned down his blankets and got one of the long logs of wood from the corner and placed it in the middle of his blanket-bed, and said, "My dear, m'am, I ain't fixed very well for ladies, but I'll provide for you the best I ken. Now, you see this back log in the center of my blankets is the dead line between us. You get on the side of the log next to the fire and go to sleep, and I'll guarantee you will be jest as safe in my blankets as in your mother's arms. Narry a finger nor a toe of old Woolly Aphis will ever cross to your side of that back log. While you are a guest here, I'll be your protector." The woman, benumbed and stupid, dropped between the blankets with her clothes on, instantly fell asleep and knew nothing until she was awakened for breakfast the next morning. She arose refreshed, and for the first time intelligently comprehended her precarious surroundings, and became frightened. She said to Mr. Wickham, "If I had been myself, I never, never, could have thought of sleeping as I did last night. What would my neighbors, my people, think of me if they should hear this?"

"Ah, my good woman," replied the Pioneer, "because they would never understand the situation, they should never know of it. When I saw the landlord's unique arrangement last night I was perfectly satisfied, because I knew from my past experience that you would be secure on your side of the dead line, as you would have been in a locked room by yourself with a trusty guard standing at your door. The old host would have forfeited his life in your protection."

"I am so glad there is some redeeming feature among the men, as my one day here had convinced me that they had all degenerated to brutish beasts. The good example you extol is so blended with heathenism, that I dare not tell that, even to my wild husband. I would, however, like to relate the story of this night's lodging, the only redeeming feature I have seen about this life, but my lips are hermetically sealed on this commendable, though grotesque treatment. O, if I could only tell this to my friends in the East, and make them believe it, how it would change their minds relative to the characters of these pioneers, but I can't, I can't, without compromising myself, so I must keep this night's lodging a sacred secret."

The first thing that met the eyes of the Pilgrim and the Pioneer when they awoke in the morning was the pack horse, with his feet sticking up, stiff in death. He



STIFF IN DEATH.

had lain down at the end of his rope, on the hillside, and every time he struggled to get up he slid further down the hill and the rope drew tighter and tighter around his neck until the poor animal choked to death.

Mr. Wickham handed Mr. Campbell fifty dollars and said, "I see a smoke curling up in the deep canon below, gallop over there and see if you can buy a horse, and be very careful to get a guarantee, or you may get something that we cannot handle."

Mr. Campbell had been gone just a little while when he trotted up to the camp, leading a typical, knotty-headed and lop-eared broncho. He handed Mr. Wickham twenty-five dollars and a bill of sale for the animal, which read as follows: "I certify that I own this broncho, and there is no claim against him; that he is as sound as a dollar, as tough as whit-leather, and as to his gentleness he speaks for himself. A man, woman, or child can saddle or cinch the pack on him with perfect safety."

Mr. Campbell fully expected the Pioneer to be pleased with the good trade he had made, but on the contrary he observed a perplexed cloud upon his face as he looked from the bill of sale to the broncho. Then Mr. Campbell asked: "Aren't he and the bill of sale all right?"

"I fear him. The bill of sale does not guarantee that you can pack or ride him, but says he will stand and let anyone saddle him or cinch the pack. The most desperate bucker will save his strength until you start to move him off. He looks like a very healthy pitcher, but we can only tell by trying him."

After breakfast the packsaddle and outfit were securely cinched to his back and Mr. Wickham goaded him and said, "Get-up." The broncho shot his head between his front legs, humped his back, swelled up and began to squeal like a pig, and bucked and squealed and pitched and swelled until he broke the cinch, and as he darted from under the pack, he struck the saddle with both hind feet and tore it to splinters.

The dark cloud of wrathful indignation that gathered upon the Pioneer's brow will never be eradicated from the mind of Mr. Campbell. The old man picked up his Winchester, mounted his horse, and without saying a word, led the broncho back toward the curling smoke in the canon below.

Mr. Campbell was almost paralyzed with chagrin and fear. He now felt sure that the sight of the band of Indians had dislocated the mental equilibrium of the Pioneer. Mr. Campbell, however, felt that his own shortcomings were constantly irritating the situation, and he firmly determined at the first opportunity to turn his steps toward Colorado. He walked to a high point and breathlessly listened for the crack of a Winchester. At the end of an hour, Mr. Wickham came trotting up the trail with his proverbial radiant countenance and Mr. Campbell knew that he had gotten complete satisfaction in some way.

Mr. Wickham remarked, in his usual genial tones, "We will pack our outfit behind us on our saddles." Mr. Campbell waited anxiously for Mr. Wickham to explain how he had settled with the vendor of the broncho, but the old man never recurred to the subject.

The Pilgrim felt that the settlement was very satisfactory to the old man from the change from dark clouds of wrath to placid sunshine. The question with Mr. Campbell was, did he kill the broncho trader and satisfy his vengeance, or did he find satisfaction in some milder form? However, it occurred to him that if the Pioneer had settled on terms that were safe to communicate, he would some time mention the same. He waited from day to day in anxious expectation, but when they parted he had not broken the seal of his lips on this dark page in their travels.

After passing the Missoula foot-hills they diverted their course and crossed the range on to the Coeur d' Alene River. They stood on the point of a hill where many small streams come together, and viewed the grandest green forests that they had seen on the entire trip. There is such a great rainfall in northern Idaho and the adjoining parts of Montana that the growth is almost as rank and verdant as in the tropics, and they had ~~not~~ seen finer summer ranges or greater forests of pine and spruce than here.

While standing here admiring the heavy, rich green on the mountains south of them, their attention was attracted to the moon standing in the sky almost as distinct as it is at night, though the bright morning sun was shining in all of his glory. It was in the form of a crescent turned this wise with the lower part invisible. A nervous Irish miner kept circling around them with a mining stake and a pick, seemingly fearing that they might stop there and prospect. Mr. Campbell said, "My dear sir, can you tell me why the horns of the moon in Idaho are turned toward the earth instead of Heavenward, as in God's country?"

The Irishman said, "Be Gory, for the same reason that iverything es wrong side down and wrong ind up out here. The sun seems to rise in the wist and sit in the 'ast; the moon is cut off at the botthom instid of the top; it shoines in the day instid of at noight; wather seems to run up hill instid of down; and if you sea a peak over there a quarter of a moile away and start for it you'll be after chasing it three to four moiles before you'll catch up with it; and the ivolution, that the scientists talk so much about, is so far in the rear here, that iverything is wrong end to and wrong side down, so it is." While they had no doubt that the Irishman's main object was to bluff them out of stopping here, nevertheless every one that has been on the western domain realizes that appearances are very much as depicted in his eloquent speech.

The mountains here are literally underlaid with lead deposits, awaiting transportation. Major Sweany, of the U. S. army, informed them that he and a company of cavalry camped in the basin several weeks, and a number of their dogs and horses died, and that the sergeant attributed this to the lead fumes, saying that they were simply leaded.

After a wholesome rest here they followed the Coeur d'Alene River down to the Coeur d'Alene lake, crossed it, and went into Spokane Falls. The Spokane Falls are most charming and the surrounding country is so vast and fertile that this must make a great inland city.

The Pioneer hurried off to the postoffice and received letters from his sons-in-law, friendly, affectionate, newsy, and apologetic for the failure of their wives to write.

This deeply affected the Pioneer in two ways: First, it greatly exalted his sons-in-law in his estimation and further lowered his appreciation of the Indian blood in his unfortunate daughters.

He rubbed his head and said, "Poor, unfortunate things; they are not to blame, but I am, for paying my debt of gratitude to their mother in this unnatural way. They will always be mere children, a thousand years behind their more fortunate sisters and their adorable husbands."

"Well, I shall make no further effort to communicate with them. Their superior husbands evidently feel the same obligations of gratitude to them and to me for what I have done for them, that I felt to Hopping Antelope and Bluejay for what they did for me, and will treat them kindly. This is, after all, as much as they are capable of enjoying. Oh, what a noble race the Caucasian is! After all is said and done, there is much in the strains of human blood. The fool thinks you can pick up the barbarians, mix their blood with the Caucasians, and the offspring will be redeemed. It would require a hundred generations of cross breeding to bring up to our standard this wild, untamed blood."

The separation of Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell presented a sad spectacle. The Pilgrim was about to collapse as he said, "Good-bye; I have relied so much and so long on you, and with so much benefit to myself, that I fear I have not now the courage to face the world without the aid of your good common sense and kindly advice."

"Don't think of that," replied the Pioneer. "When our attachment began, you were a green sapling, subject to the sway of every passing breeze. I have seen you gradually and thoroughly become seasoned, so that you may safely stand on your own pedestal. I have often acquiesced in your punishments; yea, sometimes I have added fuel to the flames under the crucible in which you were being tried, but always for your good, that you might be the sooner and more thoroughly seasoned. I am content to trust you everywhere and under all circumstances. The morally weak thrive upon expedients; the truly strong are content with nothing less than justice. Let your motto ever be, 'For the right, though the heavens fall.' And ever keep this emblazoned on the horizon of your ambition that 'Invigorating optimism is the gladsome mother of the world's successes and joys; while pinched-faced pessimism is the gruesome dame of its failures and miseries.' Now, good-bye. You must go back to Colorado while I go into British Columbia in search of a greater excitement. It is too dull here to prevent my mind from recurring to the abused past. I must try to get farther from my victims."

While Mr. Campbell deplored losing the benefit of the philosophy and unusual good common sense of the Pioneer, he experienced a feeling of relief, because of the foreboding of possible results from such desperate remedies as were resorted to by him in the case of the owner of the gambling hall and what he feared had been done with the dealer in bronchos, so, with a dejected spirit, he turned his face toward the little law office in Lake City, Colorado.

CHAPTER XXX.

"ANOTHER SELF."

When Mr. Campbell reached that most delightful, shaded, and cheerful spot, Provo, Utah, he concluded to stay over a day and commune with his fellows. Though the little city is in the dry and thirsty belt, where it does not rain either on the just or the unjust, enough even to cause trees or grass to grow, nevertheless, through the pride and enterprise of the splendid population, gurgling little ditches were running on either side of the streets near the roots of regular rows of trees, and the water in these ditches (at intervals of about fifteen days), was spread over the lawns, making the whole a beautiful bower of fresh grass, flowers, cheerful trees, and vines. There are probably thirty miles of these ditches skirting the streets. As Mr. Campbell passed down the main street, a short, spare, dark-complexioned, wizard-like individual was wading one of these ditches from end to end. A young physician informed Mr. Campbell that this person was a splendidly educated, well raised young man, a painter by trade; that his name was Teague, of the firm of Brown & Teague; they were without money, but had just painted the Magnolia Livery Stable, run many bills, and expected to pay them from their earnings. When they presented their bill to two ranchmen, owners of the barn, they said: "We have no money, but a number of bronchos and a large cellar of potatoes; we will pay you in bronchos and potatoes." This disappointment had caused the young man to go upon a spree.

As they approached him, the physician said, "Mr. Teague, come out of that water and go to dinner with me. That cold water will make you rheumatic." As the young man stepped out of the water he was introduced to Mr. Campbell. He ran up under Mr. Campbell, for the top of his head didn't go above Mr. Campbell's arm pits, and began to hallo at the top of his voice: "O, Mr. Campbell, come down here until I introduce you to my friend Brown!" Just at this moment a little boy drove up a shepherd dog hitched to a little wagon and piped out, "Introduce my dog." The young painter got the impression that Mr. Campbell made this disrespectful remark, and his dignity was wounded. He began to wave his hand to his partner, who was approaching, and cried out, "Go on, Mr. Brown; go on, Mr. Brown; go on, Mr. Brown; this fellow has acknowledged that he is all dog up as far as I know him, and we will presume him to be dog all the way up." He then turned to the doctor and said: "I shall dine with you with much pleasure."

One of the principal vocations here was mining on the public domain. The statute required every one finding a mine to put a plain sign on a stake at the point of discovery and within sixty days to do sufficient work on it to expose the vein. This is called doing the assessment. If you fail to do this work within sixty days, any one else may stake the claim. This is called "jumping" the claim. Hence every one here was talking about "staking claims," "doing assessments," "jumping claims," etc. When the three reached the dining-room the landlord took them to a table occupied by the Rev. Mr. Dowling, a Presbyterian minister, and introduced them. The painter extended his hand and said, "Brother Dowling, you have come up here to save us sinners, have you?" "Yes," replied the minister;

"I have come up here to stake Provo for Jesus Christ." The young painter retorted, "Yes, and if you don't work your assessment in sixty days the devil will jump your claim sure." The painter continued, "Brother Dowling, you might save poor Joe, if you could only get the prejudice out of his mind against water. Water is a good preventive. It prevented me going from East St. Louis to St. Louis in 1862. General Forest was quite anxious for us to go, too. Water is good for irrigation purposes and for external purposes; but, Brother Dowling, ever since my poor old mother induced me to read that little chapter in Genesis about the great deluge, water has always tasted to me like drowned sinners."

After dinner the three walked up to the Magnolia Livery Stable. Mr. Teague was very interestingly explaining the signs that Brown & Teague had just painted. He had completely ignored Mr. Campbell since the wound to his southern dignity. The sign was in large letters, "Magnolia Livery Stable," and in small letters in the corner, "B. & T." Every one knew these were the initials of the painters, but Mr. Campbell wanted to reestablish himself with the painter, and asked, "What does 'B. & T.' stand for?" The painter as quick as a flash replied, "Bronchos & Taters by ——." The by-standers all gathered around Mr. Campbell and said, "The drinks are on you." Mr. Campbell was glad to do anything to relieve the embarrassment.

The doctor told the stable-man to hitch up the horse, saying that he as going out a couple of miles to the arroyo, duck hunting. He asked Mr. Campbell if he would like to go. Mr. Campbell said he would be delighted. They adjourned to the saloon of a young, smiling, curly-haired Irishman, and all drank on Mr. Campbell. The doctor borrowed the Irishman's gun for him and made known his purpose. The Irishman inquired, "Just about how many ducks do you expect to get?"

"I must be back at four o'clock to tend my calls, but we will get thirty by that time," answered the doctor.

The Irishman replied, "I'll bet ye the drinks for all of the gintlemen in the tannery that ye won't git thirty."

The doctor took the bet, went to the stable, slipped on a buckskin hunting suit fringed with long strings, with two great game pockets on the sides, took his gun and a huge red retriever, stepped with them into the buggy, and they were off toward the duck grounds. Mr. Campbell was completely enchanted with the buckskin suit. He inquired all about the price, where they could be gotten, etc. The doctor lashed the horse into a gallop, saying, "It has just occurred to me that our Irishman will have every drinking man in Provo in his tannery, as he calls it, on our return, and if I lose, it will cost me five dollars to treat the crowd."

In a few moments they reached a long, meandering arroyo, with tall chicos on either side. At every turn in the arroyo a large bunch of ducks arose and the hunters mowed them down. The escaping ones flew about a mile further and lighted on the lake. When they reached the end of the arroyo they had sixty-five ducks in two large oat-sacks. The retriever worked splendidly and never lost a duck. He was quite a mathematician. If one duck fell, he made one trip, then took his place behind the hunters. If two fell, he made two trips; if a half dozen fell, he made a half dozen trips, never missing a count of a bird.

The ducks were thrown into the buggy and they were off for Provo. Mr. Campbell at once began the conversation about the buckskin suits, and his desire to visit the lake and fill another bag before night. "Very well," replied the doctor, "you will have plenty of time. You can get your suit and a horse and cut across the country and get there in a few moments." They soon reached the Irishman's saloon and found it crowded to the door with loungers expecting the return of the duck hunters and a free drink. Mr. Campbell and the doctor took their birds through the crowd and threw them upon the bar. The Irishman said to the bartender, "Partner, count those birds." The bartender opened the doctor's sack, which held the greater number, and counted them out one by one until he reached the thirtieth duck, when the Irishman leaped upon the bar, and said: "Stop that count; they have at least five hundred." He turned to the crowd and continued, "Gintlemen, I invited ye in here that ye might git a free drink at the expense of these handsome nimrods and that I might salt down the profits therefrom, but the sly old fox walked into his own trap. Now walk up and drink at the expense of pretty L. and laugh with the gay hunters." The crowd drank and jeered the Irishman.

The doctor threw him a half dozen big mallards and he and Mr. Campbell hurried to the stable. Mr. Campbell ordered a horse saddled, stepped over to the store, and soon returned dressed in a suit of buckskin. With his angular form and high cheek bones, he looked like a well-cared for Pi-Ute. He mounted his horse, whistled up the retriever, and cantered rapidly away toward the lake. The marshes near the lake were black with ducks and they had not been hunted much and were tame. Mr. Campbell slaughtered them while they sat in the sloughs, and soon had thirty ducks pushed into his big pockets. The weight of them had tired him out, but fortunately he had a cowboy saddle, covered with long buckskin strings. He took the ducks from his pockets and securely tied them to his saddle and mounted his horse. In the distance he saw six or eight persons dressed in leather suits coming at a wild run toward him with guns in hand. His horse became excited. Mr. Campbell exclaimed, "Indians!" turned his horse's head toward Provo, plowed the spurs into his flank, and the excited steed made a bee line for the city. The chargers opened fire on him. He dropped himself over by the side of the horse and plowed the spurs into him. The excited animal with his nostrils turned inside out, took a course as straight as a gun shot, leaping arroyos, fences, and all kinds of obstructions. The pursuers with a war whoop were close in pursuit, firing their Winchesters at him every few jumps. Just before he reached the city a bullet passed through his hat and took the hide from a long strip on the noble steed's neck. This caused an increase of speed and made Mr. Campbell press his body closer to the animal's neck. He came in a dead run right up to the porch of the hotel and simply rolled from his horse and into the house, out of wind and trembling like an aspen leaf. The guests of the hotel gathered about him and asked the cause of this strange conduct. Mr. Campbell gasped out, "O, a band of wild Indians followed me right into the city! Look at the bullet holes in my hat and look at the poor horse's bleeding neck!"

In a few moments the band of pursuing cowboys in a wild run reached the porch of the hotel, leaped from their horses, and asked the landlord where the Indian horse thief went that rode that horse up there. The landlord smiled and said no Indian rode that horse. The cowboys pulled their guns and replied. "We will search the house. We will tolerate no harboring of Indian horse thieves here." The landlord smiled and answered, "Search her from cellar to garret, boys." The excited cowboys rushed into the hotel with drawn revolvers. In the office they ran upon Mr. Campbell, dressed in his new fringed buckskin suit, with his teeth chattering as if he had the southern ague. The searchers saw the truth of the situation at a glance. A rough, burly one punched Mr. Campbell in the side with his gun, and said: "Pi-Ute, you would better pull off that Indian suit, or stay in the house, or some one will send you to the happy hunting grounds." Mr. Campbell's fear was too great for utterance. All he could do was to stand and stare the searchers in the face. One of the milder cowboys suggested, "Well, boys, that's all right. I guess the drinks are on us." One of them looked at Mr. Campbell and inquired, "Indian, this includes you, too." Mr. Campbell answered, "No, thank you; I don't drink." The big, burly one grasped him by the nose, ran the barrel of his revolver up one nostril, and said, "Yes, I guess you do drink, too," and led him up to the bar. They took round after round of drinks. In their cups they began rather to lionize Mr. Campbell.

The big, burly one came up and punching him in the ribs with his thumb, inquired, "Say, Pi-Ute, can you do anything but wear those buckskin clothes and run like ———?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Campbell, "I can kill ducks."

"Where are they?"

"I have thirty of as fine mallards on my saddle as ever graced a pot," replied Mr. Campbell.

The big, burly one said, "Now, tenderfoot, I know this is your game and I am a sucker to bite at it, but I'll bet you ten dollars you haven't got a duck."

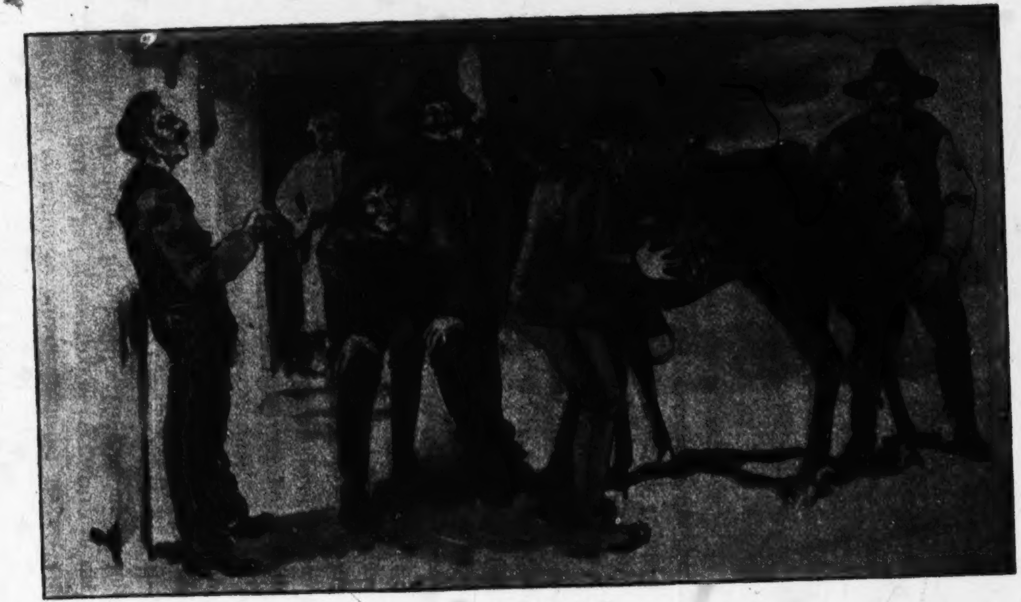
"I never bet," answered Mr. Campbell, "and if I did, I wouldn't take this one, because I know I have them and to bet would be like robbing you."

The big, burly cowboy looked him in the eye and replied, "Yes, you told me you did not drink, but you do, and I guess you bet, too."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Campbell, "I'll bet with you just this one time, but I don't like to take your money on a dead sure thing."

The cowboy put his ten dollars in the landlord's hands, and said, "Put up your dough." Mr. Campbell meekly put up ten dollars. All hands adjourned to the jaded horse to decide the bet. Mr. Campbell reluctantly strolled along behind wondering whether this cowboy would kill him after he had won his money. Think of the chagrin and humiliation of the Pilgrim when they reached his horse and found his saddle artistically decorated with thirty beautiful duck heads without a body of a duck intact. In this wild run the heavy bodies had wrung themselves from the heads.

This first day of civilization away from the controling influences of the Pioneer was a succession of mistakes, chagrins and humiliations. The Pilgrim spent a sleepless night and was first at breakfast, and, fortunately for his sensitive feelings, got out of Provo without meeting any of the witnesses to his blunders. When he became a solitary traveler on the long, lonesome road, his meditations brought on melancholy and intense thought. He inquired, "What is the use of trying to rely upon this abnormal self? It can't be trusted. It is erratic, unstable, a frosted reed." He realized fully that his mental vision seemed to have a reverse action. What he expected to be wise, others thought foolish. Acts that he thought should bring people to him set them against him. What he chose as



HE LOST THE BET.

calculated to influence others disgusted them. He was conscious that he had miscarried at every turn in the road since he left the old homestead. He gave up all hope of succeeding, mentally, morally, or socially, with the old self. His mental vision seemed to be adjusted obliquely; nature seemed to have been at fault in his whole mental construction. "Why not graft or bud on the scion of some other self? If it is true that nothing in the great economy of nature is lost, then what becomes of the myriads of great thoughts turned loose in infinite space? Why not attune the nerves and brain to receive the thoughts emanating from greater intellects? Why are there so many minds at greatly removed places, receiving the same impressions at the same time, unless thought, the very essence of the soul, shot through the great electric battery, the brain, is carried on the undulating waves until a mind is reached properly adjusted to receive it?" John Campbell declared that he would throw off the old self, as a serpent casts off its epidermis with the approach of warm weather, and attune his faculties to receive the great thoughts and aspirations of the Pioneer; that henceforth he would live another self.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. CAMPBELL'S FIRST TEST.

In the early spring Mr. Campbell was again ensconced in his little law office in the happiest mood that he had felt since his departure. His friends were coming and going on divers missions. The good Methodist ladies soon ushered in a young minister and introduced him. One of them suggested, "Mr. Campbell, we are scarce of house-room and we have come to see if you will not permit Bro. Munson to move his cot and trunk into your office." This startled Mr. Campbell. He answered, "W'y I am afraid he would not enjoy it. I am quite worldly; I am hard to understand; people don't take to me." He gasped and drew back. This was the old self. The thought flashed over his mind, "This must be decided by what my mentor would do—my other self"—and before the ladies could reply, he continued, "Yes, move right in; you will be quite welcome if you can endure my scant hospitalities."

Rev. Munson and the ladies, one by one, grasped him by the hand and heartily shook it, and in turn told him how he had relieved them of a great embarrassment, and hurried away to move in his trappings. Mr. Campbell began to meditate rapidly upon what the old self was wont to do and what the other self did do; what the conduct of these visitors would have been if his first inclination had been carried out. But he resolved that there should be no mixture of weakness and strength in the situation; that all must be strength and justice in dealing with the new lodger.

In the evening before retiring Rev. Munson dropped upon his knees and fervently prayed aloud for all such things as he needed as well as thanking God for the few things he had on hand. This thoroughly aroused in his host the manly spirit of the other self. When he arose Mr. Campbell inquired, "Mr. Munson, don't you think God requires us to use the means He has given us to obtain these temporal wants, rather than to beg?" The minister dogmatically answered, "If I should fervently pray with sufficient faith I could work a removal of Uncompahgre Peak."

"Well," replied Mr. Campbell, "I think it would be more complimentary to God if you would take a drill, hammer, dynamite, and the brain and muscle He has given you, and go up there and blow it off. God gives nothing in this life. He sells every blessing."

"Mr. Campbell, I am pained to learn that you have no faith in prayer."

"There you are mistaken, Mr. Munson; I believe every time I get upon my knees and pray fervently to overcome my evil passions, I get aid from some source. I admit that I have much more faith in good works. I have no patience with the sects that slothfully stand around upon their knees and allow their children to suck the fumes of death from rotten vegetation in the cellar and drink deadly poison from filthy cisterns, permit them to decay gradually in unventilated huts, and then hover over their dead forms and say, 'God's will be done.' If such a father had done his duty, God's will would have been for life instead of death. Christ said, 'Seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.' He did not say, 'Sit down and let God bring it to you;' He said, 'Go after it.'"

Mr. Munson looked at Mr. Campbell pityingly and answered, "I shall pray for you."

On Saturday evening Mr. Munson prayed fervently for five dollars to pay the rent on his little log church and Sunday morning he sent up the same petition. At church he asked Mr. Campbell to pass the hat. After the benediction General Slocum walked down to the law office with Mr. Campbell. In a few moments Mr. Munson came bounding in, saying, "Mr. Campbell, I have demonstrated the power of prayer.. You remember my prayer last night and this morning for five dollars to pay the rent of the church. When the hat was passed this morning we got five dollars to a cent."

Mr. Campbell answered, "You should thank the people for this."

"No, no," replied Mr. Munson, "I thank God for putting it into their hearts."

Mr. Campbell suggested that it was a mere coincidence, but Mr. Munson insisted that it was the providence of God in answer to his prayer.

Mr. Campbell replied, "Your prayer brought the exact amount, but I, instead of God, heard your prayer. I kept track of the money as it was placed in the hat and when I had finished I had but four dollars and I put in a dollar to make up your rent. If I hadn't heard your prayer I would have put in twenty-five cents. Then you would have been seventy-five cents short."

General Slocum raised his glasses and shouted, "Brother Munson, suppose Echlin & Route's planing mill should be on fire and you should humble yourself and pray to God to quench the flames. Do you think he would do it?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Munson, "if I showed the adequate faith."

"No, no, no," answered Slocum; "he would look down upon you with scorn, and say, 'You lazy scoundrel, there is the Gunnison River; go and get a bucket, and put out the fire yourself.'" In three months Mr. Campbell had this preacher depending upon good works rather than long prayers. This success strengthened the Pilgrim quite as much as it did the young preacher. Mr. Campbell said, "Figuratively speaking, I have begun with the calf and now I am ready to test my growing strength with the ox." He continued to "attune himself for higher things," and awaited patiently the presentation of a greater opportunity. Mr. Munson became a devoted teacher of self-reliance, high ideals, and good works as the road to salvation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

INFLUENCE OF A NOBLE ACT.

In 1878 the Indian Bureau at Washington tried one of many foolish experiments with the savage White River Ute tribe. It appointed the venerable, steadfast, and incorrigible Meeker as agent, knowing that he would ruthlessly invade their most sacred idols and traditions. Almost instantly after he was inducted into his office he demanded that these hunters be converted into plowmen; that their beautiful grazing-meadows be turned into grain-fields and their dancing-seasons into schooldays.

These were most laudable aspirations, and, if they had been approached gradually, an impression could have been made in a few generations.

The state officials and home population tried to suggest and advise, but he would not yield unenlightened impressions to the greater experience of others.

He prodded the Indians on day by day until they were in open rebellion. He then called in the military. At their approach, these red fiends murdered the agent, drove barrel staves through his body, murdered all of the male employes, took the women as hostages into the wilds of the mountains, intercepted General Thornburough's troop in a deep, narrow defile in the mountains, massacred them and escaped. This stirred the martial spirit of the people of Colorado to fighting heat. Lake City was a little mining-camp with not more than one or two thousand people, three hundred and fifty miles from the capital of the state, without railroad, transportation, or telegraph communication, and yet the people here organized the Pitkin Guards and announced to the governor, whose name they had taken, that they were ready for any military duty he might assign to them.

The recruiting officer solicited the enrollment of Mr. Campbell. He was averse to the militia and to the law of physical force in any form. He replied: "O, you have plenty who desire this work. I abhor it. You will please ex——," then he threw up his hands and answered: "I will enlist, of course; every one should in times of dire distress," and he hurriedly signed the roll. He was startled at the insidious reapproach of that abandoned, cast-off self. He now firmly determined never again to go off guard. He determined then and there to be the most assiduous, dutiful and fearless in the ranks. He took down a large card board and wrote: "Let your motto ever be, 'The morally weak thrive on expedients; the truly strong are content with nothing less than natural justice.' 'For the right, though the heavens fall,' " the parting injunction of the Pioneer. He pinned these upon the wall at the foot of his bed. The company now began to meet nightly for drill. Mr. Campbell was always at his post. He was among the first upon the ground, and never departed until everything was in its proper place. His dutiful conduct soon attracted the favorable notice of all the officers. A corporal dropped out and every officer made it his pleasure to see that Mr. Campbell was elevated to the place, a favor which excited the envy of many in the ranks.

The Governor called them into service, and war-order No. 1 was, "Bring in, dead or alive, all hostile Indians found off the reservation." A copy of this order was posted in the armory. Mr. Campbell was detailed to visit the Guard at the armory at ten P. M. before retiring, and see that everything was in order. He performed this duty and went to bed. The Guard became green-eyed with envy. Think of this tenderfoot being elevated over the heads of the old residents! It was intolerable. They devised ways and means to destroy him. They took down order No. 1 and wrote, "How can one tell a hostile from a docile Indian?" and sent two men down at three o'clock in the morning to make this inquiry. When their mission was made known, Mr. Campbell did not lose his temper or apparently discover the motive. He gathered a pen and wrote: "Consider all Indians off the reservation hostile, and bring them in, dead or alive, and we will determine their docility afterward." The men took their query and answer back and posted them. The next morning when the captain and lieutenant arrived, the men derisively pointed to the query and answer, expecting a harsh reprimand to Mr. Campbell. The captain carefully read them, and replied: "That is the kind of material that makes the great soldier. This young man is the bright rising star in this company." His traducers turned black in the face and about-faced. Soon the first sergeant dropped out of the rank and Mr. Campbell was elevated to his place.

Before the Indian war ceased, Bates & Benton, proprietors of a dance house, attempted to rob a furnished residence. The sheriff and marshal learned of their intention and concealed themselves in a dark hall, and as the older one entered the sheriff ordered him to throw up his hands. Mr. Bates fired into the dark hall and ran away. The sheriff dropped dead in the hall. The marshal immediately gave the alarm and in a few moments the dance house proprietors were in the custody of the officers.

The sheriff was a miner, and when the news was noised around among the hills five hundred miners gathered about the jail, demanding vengeance on the murderer. Mr. Campbell was detailed with a number of guards to protect the prisoner. At twilight the first lieutenant called Mr. Campbell aside and said, "Sergeant, these miners intend to hang the murderer tonight. He deserves hanging. You make an appearance of resisting, but don't resist or hurt any of them. The leaders have been informed that you will make much pretense of resisting without real resistance. The murderer is not worth defending." Mr. Campbell replied, "Never! never! As long as I am in charge of this prisoner I shall protect him." The lieutenant answered, "Very well, sir; you are relieved until nine o'clock tomorrow, at which time you will report at the armory." He laid down his gun and went to the office. He looked at his mottoes and said, "No, no; I can't stay here. Justice must be done." He went out in search of the captain, the deputy sheriff, the marshal and the justice, but could find none of them. He said, "They are a part of the mob." He walked into the crowd and began criticizing mob violence as beneath the aspirations of a really civilized being. As he went from man to man in his opposition he learned that he was lecturing his captain, yet he never winced, but poured the hot shot right into him. The captain suggested, "We will go and get our company and protect the prisoner; you are quite right," but when they endeavored to leave, the mob would not permit it, and the captain and the sergeant were placed under arrest.

Soon the mob moved to the jail. The guards ordered,

THEY PAID THE PENALTY.

"Halt," but no one halted. They knocked the door down, threw a rope around the murderer's neck and pulled him out. A few weeks before, the smaller man had grossly offended a certain politician of the town. The politician had quite a coterie of friends and had conspired with them to take advantage of the occasion and hang Mr. Benton, the petty thief, not because he had done anything to the sheriff, but to glut the politician's vengeance. The conspirators threw a rope around the petty thief's neck and dragged him out. Mr. Campbell cut the rope three times, trying to save the man, but they overpowered him and held him fast. The mob took the two to the Ocean Wave Bridge, threw the ropes over the beams of the bridge, and pulling them up six feet from the floor, tied them there and left them till morning. The murderer did not seem to move a muscle and appeared to expire from mere will-power, but the thief had small hands and fat wrists, and he slipped one hand out of the handcuffs and pulled himself up by grasping the ropes. He felt innocent and died with his tongue between his teeth at the end of a great struggle. The conspirators grasped him, tied his hands behind him and taking him by the legs, pulled the rope tighter around his neck. The next day the mob saw the murderer buried before the sheriff and then dispersed.

Mr. Campbell reported to the armory to receive a knowledge of his fate for refusing to merely play soldier. The lieutenant reported the sergeant for disobeying orders. The captain asked him, fortunately in the presence of the company, if he had any explanation of his conduct.

"Yes," answered Mr. Campbell, "I felt that there was greater credit in disobeying than in obeying such an order. I was asked to play the part of a tin-soldier. As

I enlisted as a real soldier, I declined to disgrace myself and the company, even at the command of a superior officer. Why are the militia called tin-soldiers? It is because of their poor mettle, their proverbially unsoldierlike conduct. Ignoble, indeed, is he who conspires in these uniforms against the laws he is sworn to uphold. The crimson blood of that petty thief is indelibly impressed on these uniforms. What a causeless and inhuman disgrace! Tin-soldiers, indeed, unless there is some lower level! Why does not the state furnish us with alder guns and leaden bayonets? They would be commensurate with our conduct last night. That order was mothered by hypocrisy, fathered by false pretense, and written in innocent blood. The only honorable, open way was to disobey it. I am ready to receive my punishment." From every part of the armory came the cry, "No! no! no! He is not the guilty one. He deserves promotion." The captain said he felt that the punishment should be visited upon his own head; that he was the culprit; that while disobedience to orders, especially at this time, could not be countenanced, there was such credit in disobeying one so disgraceful that he would not, he could not, lose the opportunity of praising this sterling conduct. He humbly apologized for having permitted the promulgation of this unsoldierly order, and assured the company that the laudable conduct of the sergeant should be the future rallying cry of the Pitkin Guards.

In a few short weeks Dan Early assaulted a scarlet woman, an inmate of a dance hall, who was quite popular with the frequenters of these resorts. The sheriff learned that the dance house and saloon customers had organized a mob to take Early from the jail that evening, and asked the captain of the Pitkin Guards for a detail of troops. Mr. Campbell was assigned to take twelve picked men to protect the prisoner at all hazards. At two o'clock in the morning a mob of two hundred motley men approached the jail with a sledge hammer and a rope. When they got within ten paces of the jail the guard stood with fixed bayonets. Mr. Campbell commanded a halt. The mob stopped and the leader said: "Sergeant, we are friends of yours and of the people. You give us the keys and retire and we will do our work orderly and quickly, and you will have done you full duty, as it would be folly for you to try to keep back these two hundred men."

Mr. Campbell replied, "No man can be a friend of mine who attempts to interfere with my duties, and if you enter this jail it will be over the dead bodies of every soldier here, and I now warn you that no leader will be left alive to tell the story if you even attempt it."

The spokesman answered, "O, yes, we know you have to do your duty, but you can't stand off this mob, and we will now move on the jail and break down the doors if you deny us the keys."

Mr. Campbell gave the orders, "Ready, aim," and the twelve soldiers had their cocked guns at their shoulders. The mob back-stepped a few feet, astounded at the audacity and determination of the young sergeant. Mr. Campbell then addressed the soldiers as follows: "If anyone advances a step, fire and then charge, and keep firing and charging as long as a man has his face toward this jail." This dauntless courage and determination paralyzed the leaders and they began to weaken and in a few moments went sullenly away, saying, "It is folly to give twenty-five good men for this worthless one."

The newspapers were full of praise for the conduct of this troop.

On Saturday night when the company met at the armory the sergeant made a simple written report of what had occurred. The guard was covered with praise by the officers and heartily applauded by the men. In a couple of weeks clippings were gathered from Eastern and Western papers holding up this conduct as a model for the militia and officers of the country. Governor Pitkin detailed a scouting party from this company to reconnoiter the Uncompahgre Valley, where the Southern Utes were located. This caused envy among many other companies. Later the Denver companies offered prizes for the best drilled men in the state. The Pitkin Guards sent up two contestants. Officers of the U. S. army were appointed as judges. Mr. Crowley of the Pitkin Guards was awarded first prize, and Mr. Hammond of the same company tied for the second. This so stirred the feeling of envy in the capital companies that they failed to deliver the prizes for months, if they ever did. Subsequently two adjutant generals and two inspector generals were, by different governors, appointed from this company, giving it the greatest distinction of any like organization in the state. This all grew out of the Wickhamizing of the moral code of the company. It grew out of following the mottoes of the Pioneer: "The morally weak thrive on expedients; the truly great are satisfied with nothing less than natural justice." "For the right, though the heavens fall." A close following of these mottoes will bring a like success in any profession or calling.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PERFECT IDEALS ONLY ARE EFFECTIVE.

The murdered petty thief had long lived with a certain scarlet woman, Hellen Mallory, by name, who sank into a pensive grief after his burial. She dressed in deep mourning and associated alone with her young daughter. When the business men saw her grief they began to talk. Every one said, "She has a natural modesty and refinement inconsistent with her life. She has always been very ladylike in all of her dealings with us." In a few weeks after her paramour was hanged her little daughter fell sick with fever which soon took her to her grave. The mother went into a complete solitude and gloom. Every one pitied her, but no one was brave enough to help her. The women said her lot was what she deserved; the men said they would like to help her, but the world would misconstrue their conduct, and they did not care to compromise themselves.

Mr. Campbell heard much of this talk, but he was not aesthetic or particularly inclined to the opposite sex. He had often thought, however, of an expression used on one occasion by the Pioneer: "What inhumanity of man to woman!" Mr. Campbell said, "Yes, and the much greater inhumanity of woman to woman." Then he would say, "Why don't the women look after her?" He was conscious of a failure to live up to the highest humane standard, but he realized that he was awkward and no favorite with the gentler sex.

While he was doubting between timidity and duty, the pale, haggard mistress of the murdered petty thief entered the little law office one afternoon, and introduced herself. She said, "I heard of your manly conduct in trying to save Mr. Benton from the mob, and my first duty is to extend to you my sincere thanks for your noble conduct. From the time of my disgrace and abandonment by the world I had one dear tie, my little daughter. She has been taken from me, and I have concluded to follow her in a few days. I have a few hundred dollars' worth of jewelry and ready money in a safety deposit vault which I wish to leave to you, and if you will make out the necessary papers, stating clearly that it is a token of regard for your manly conduct the night of the mob, I shall be pleased to sign it."

This struck Mr. Campbell dumb for a moment. When he regained his presence of mind he answered, "No, not yet; let's see if we can't find a better way. Why not wait awhile and see if some one else as kind as Mr. Benton may not take you in." "O, no, no," said the woman, "it was a wretched fate that linked me to him. I loathe such an existence, and but for my child I should have destroyed myself years ago. I now have nothing to keep me here." Mr. Campbell inquired, "Haven't you a father or mother?" The sad woman answered, "I did have, but a misfortune for which I was not wholly responsible overtook me and they abandoned me to the cruelties of this sin-stained world. They made me believe that I had fallen so low that no one above the class I am with would recognize me, and I chose the only path that I thought was open to me."

Inadvertently the unfortunate woman mentioned the town where her father lived. Mr. Campbell persuaded her to put off everything for a week or ten days until he could look up the law of the matter, and then they would determine what was best. He gathered his commercial publications, selected a correspondent in the home town of this unfortunate woman, gave her history and asked him to find the father and dispatch him there at once. By return mail he received a reply telling him that he had no difficulty in putting his hand on the father, a Methodist preacher of much distinction and of considerable wealth, who would depart the next day for Lake City. The father arrived on time and Mr. Campbell left him in his office and went for his daughter. He ushered her into the room where her father was seated without any knowledge on her part as to his presence. The father seemed considerably affected, but the daughter appeared as cold as a marble slab and as formal as a nun with him. He informed her that through the kindness of Mr. Campbell he had come to see what he could do for her. He told her that her mother had recently died, that he was going abroad for two years and that he would be delighted to take her along; she would have no cares and could have a complete rest.

She thought for a moment, then said that after she had suitably marked Mr. Benton's grave she would go, but only on these conditions: That she take the body of her child, that no limitation be placed on her future conduct, and that the past be completely obliterated.

"What do you care about the grave of that paramour?" inquired the stern old minister.

The daughter replied, "His instincts were low, his tastes were groveling, and his ambitions were unworthy, but my child and I received more tender kindness from him than from any other living person, and he was not at all responsible for our disgrace or our being forced into his class, and I owe him praise rather than censure."

The tears boiled out of the old man's eyes and he quaked like one with palsy as he answered: "You are quite justified in remembering him and in taking the body of your child with you, but you do not desire to continue this disgraceful life?"

"No, no," replied the daughter, "I want to draw a dead line at the death of my child and never shall I look backward to the somber landscapes and parched fields where I have endured such excruciating miseries. I want to go right into the haunts of vice and search out the inmates that are there, not from choice but through cruel fate, and find means for their extrication. I want to show the world that there is one woman, at least, willing to extend a helping hand to the fallen of her own sex. I want to teach the world the inhumanity of parents toward womankind. If a son, the alleged stronger of the sexes, drifts into the quicksands of social ruin, the whole family flies to his rescue. If the daughter, the weaker of the sexes, is lured into sexual transgression, by some dashing Lothario, even under the promise of marriage, the whole family ruthlessly pushes her into the vortex of irretrievable ruin. If the male members of the family are without means and without work, they can tramp from place to place, foraging on railroad and country for travel and living. If the female is helplessly poor and without available employment she becomes the unwilling prey of the more fortunate of the opposite sex.

The stern minister felt the burden of his guilt and that it was four-fold greater than that of his daughter. He made every desired concession and set about preparations for their departure. The unfortunate daughter took Mr. Campbell by the hand and said: "All of this is due to your model character, your great moral worth, and I shall report to you as my master as to the success or failure of my good intentions." With much embarrassment, Mr. Campbell replied, "You do not understand my weakness. I am a broken reed, as unstable as the mountain zephyrs. I am struggling to live, not myself but a better self, and will be delighted to have you join me in this laudable undertaking."

In a few months Mr. Campbell received a long letter postmarked "London." It was from this unfortunate woman. She detailed her great success in extricating many of her sex, unwilling inmates of houses of vice. She gave the number of energetic women who had joined her in the great work, but added: "Be it said to the discredit of the so-called better class of women, not a warm impulse or encouraging word have we received from them. The whole force have been tried in the fire." She closed by saying she got all of her inspiration and strength from the spotless character and pure thoughts of Mr. Campbell.

In the same mail he received a letter from Mr. Wickham, giving the effects of his work in British Columbia. It delighted Mr. Campbell to know how Wickhamized thought was spreading from these far removed places, but he realized that the work was lagging at Lake City. He had become morbid about the perfect model, the other self. The form of Mr. Wickham came up before him daily like a morning sun covered with black spots. He could see the mark of Cain on his forehead. He could see the crimson blood trickling through his conscience from the body of the old hermit in that gruesome canon. He could see the horseman's bleaching bones eroding in an old abandoned shaft. He fully realized that these dark spots on his sun, these blood stains on his working model, must be eradicated or he would degenerate back to the old self. Fortunately for Mr. Campbell, he was attracted to a notice in a Colorado Springs paper of an organized party of newspaper men going overland through the North-west. Mr. Campbell wrote them of his former experience and proffered his services as guide on condition that they visit this deep, dark canon with him and assist him in determining the fate of the old horseman. The secretary immediately replied, accepting his offer, and telling him that just such an investigation would furnish the best material for their papers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"CLEARING UP THE WORKING MODEL."

Early in September these newspaper men, with Mr. Campbell as guide, started over the route formerly covered by the Pilgrim and the Pioneer. Their experience was very similar to that of the Pilgrim and the Pioneer until about five o'clock, October 10th. When they were within a few miles of the unfortunate camp where the pack-horse had been lost, they were overtaken by the most dirty, greasy, matted and ringlet-haired, and unkempt-whiskered individual that any of them had ever met. He was dressed in a mouldy, stringy buckskin suit, with a long butcher knife and two six-shooters stuck in a wide leather belt around his thick waist, and a Winchester rifle strapped to his saddle. He was riding a vivacious sorrel stallion, and leading a nimble, toppy, diamond-eyed, bay mare, and each of these superb animals had a blue ribbon in its brow-band.

Mr. Campbell said, "Stranger, you must be in the fine-horse business, from the splendid animals you have there."

The horseman responded, "Yes, they are 'beauts.' They have just taken first premiums down at the Missoula Fair. Yes, I have been chasing horses in Horse Thief Gulch for twenty years, and I reckon I'll never quit now, for I don't know anything else."

One of the newspaper men replied, "One generally sees those toe-headed bronchos out here, and the sight of such horses as these is quite a relief. They make a Kentuckian homesick."

"Are you from Kentucky?" inquired the horseman.

"Yes," answered the correspondent, "I was raised there."

"Here too," replied the horseman, "I was in college four years at ——. Well, never mind, I'll get to blowing about my pedigree if I get to talking about 'old Kentuck' and so I'll desist right here." But he continued, "I didn't have much money when I first came out here, and I bought some of those brush-tail cayuses that would make a saint lay aside his religion occasionally, until he could express his opinion of them. I used to get me a good healthy club and hitch one up every time I felt right well and thought I could get through without losing my temper and shooting him. When I hitched one up I pushed him off right brisk-like with my club. He would go off crow-hopping and looking back over his shoulder at me, and I could fairly see the thought running through his head, 'Now, just how little can I do for that —— scoundrel without getting hit with that club.' I always took a club because it was the mildest treatment that the stubborn animal would submit to. O, they are 'onery.' I very well remember the worst one I ever had. I sold him once, to my sorrow, but the purchaser soon persuaded me to take him back. I never was gladder than when I sold him, except when I was given an opportunity to take him back.

"I had just built a fire one morning, when a long, lank, bony-faced boy came galloping up and inquired, 'Hello, mister, have you got a good, gentle, trusty horse, that you can sell cheap, and that you can warrant is all right?'

"I answered, 'Yes, sir, I have just what you want.' I went out to the barn and threw a rope on old 'Money Musk' and led him up. He was knotty-headed, his eyes were small and stuck away back and high up, where he should have had brains, one ear lopped down over his left eye and the other lay back on his neck. The position of those ears would have been enough for an old-timer, but this tender-foot thought them cute-like.

"I pulled a leaf out of my blank book and guaranteed that he was mine, and that any man, woman, or child could saddle him with perfect safety, but I did not say that anyone could ride or work him. Here is where I made my mistake. I have always been sorry that I did not say that he would buck any one's boot straps off that was fool enough to get on him, but I forgot about this until after it was too late.

"I sold the sleepy outlaw for $25, took a hearty laugh at the coming circus when they should hitch him up. I went to the house and got my breakfast, got my buckets, went out, took off my guns and knife, laid them against the barn, smoked my pipe, laughed again, and milked the cow.

"By and by, I had a mysterious feeling, like some enemy was slipping up on me, though I had seen or heard nothing. I whirled around toward my guns and knife, and stuck my nose almost into the muzzle of a Winchester, held by a handsome, determined old man, the boy's father, I guess, who said, 'You'd better make your guarantee good, I reckon.' He continued, 'You shell out my twenty-five dollars and ride that horse or I'll pump a pound of hot lead into you.'

"I replied, 'Hold on, now; let's talk about this. If you look at your bill of sale, you will remember that I only guaranteed the horse to stand till you could saddle him, that he was mine, was tough, etc., and I think he fills the bill to the letter.' The old man showed no disposition to see or remember anything, but kept bringing his cocked Winchester nearer my teeth. I threw the twenty-five dollars at his feet and said, 'Now, you have persuaded me to take the horse back, he is mine, and if I don't want him broken to ride, I suppose that's nobody else's business.'

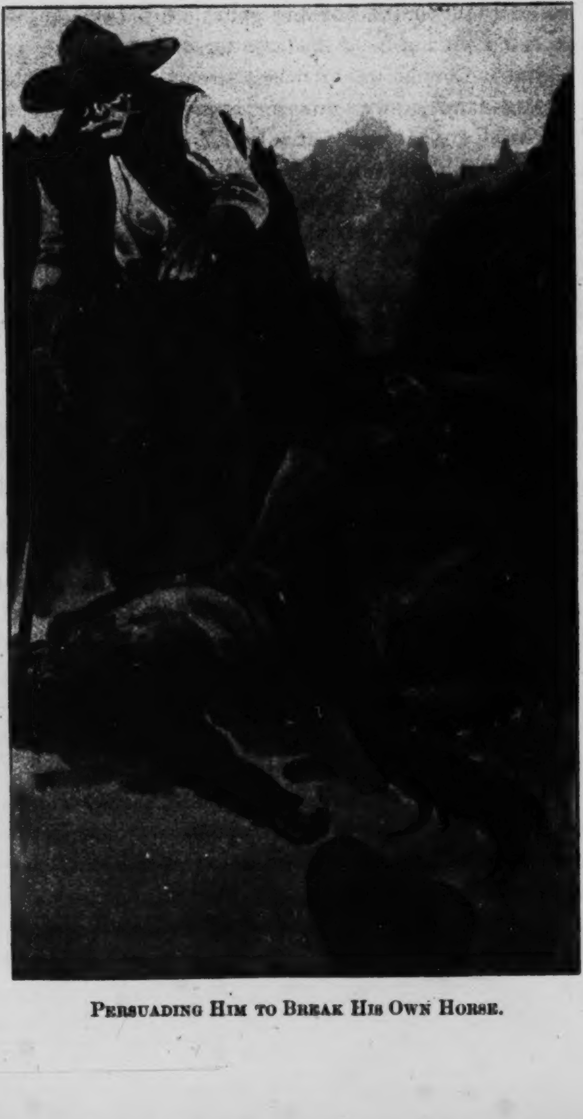
"The old man, with death in his eyes, answered: 'You throw your saddle on that horse and ride him or I'll make you swallow a magazine of Winchester bullets.'

"I saw he was determined not only to persuade me against my better judgment to take the horse back, but to make me break my own horse to ride. I saw from his wrought-up countenance that I was in for it, and it occurred to me that I had better try to gain his admiration by displaying my daring horsemanship, lest he might conclude to kill me after he had made me take the horse back, ride and break him. So I threw my saddle on him, cinched it up, took the horse's left ear between my thumb and forefinger of my left hand and placed the palm of this hand over his left eye. While he was turning his head toward me to see what I was going to do to him, I slipped my right leg over his back, caught the right stirrup, then loosed his ear and gave him his vision. It took the broncho several seconds to recover his presence of mind, but as soon as he did he began to quiver, elevate his back, and place his head between his front legs. When he got good and ready he began to squeal, squirm to the right and left, pitch forward, then dart backward, first to one side then the other, pitching and bucking, swelling and foaming at the mouth. The old man kept right up to us with the muzzle of his gun in my face, but the dark cloud on his brow had scattered and he was now chuckling. In time the broncho's strength was completely exhausted, and so was mine. He tried to give up the contest and I was mighty thankful, but thought I would make the old man think I really enjoyed such exercise. So I gave the exhausted broncho a vicious jerk and plowed the spurs into his flanks. The poor fellow could not buck any more, and discouraged, he reared up and fell sprawling on his back, caught my left leg under him, closed his eyes and lay as still as death. I closed my eyes and played dead, too, though my leg was in the crease next to the broncho's shoulder and did not hurt me at all.

"The old man deliberately walked up and looked us over, then placed the cold muzzle of his cocked Winchester on my temple and with it rocked my head backward and forward. Then with a tinge of pity in his voice, he exclaimed, 'My ——, I believe they are both dead.' He dropped to his knees, felt of my pulse, then put his ear to my chest, saying, 'It is beating, but is very weak.' He put his gun back on my head and said, 'Poor fellow, I only intended to teach you a lesson that would benefit you as long as you lived, and would forever hereafter protect the public from your fraudulent machinations, but I did not intend to give you so serious a blow as this.'

"I saw now that he did not intend to kill me, but to administer such a wholesome lesson as would forever deter me from taking short cuts on tender-feet in horse trades, and I felt perfectly safe in beginning to breathe again. I distorted my face and writhed with apparent pain, and frothed at the mouth like a dog with hydrophobia.

"The old man took the horse by the ears and tried



Persuading Him to Break His Own Horse.

to pull him off me, and said, '—— you, you ought to be killed, and I guess you are dead all right. Your cussedness has caused all this trouble, and has probably caused this man's death.'

"He stepped back to the barn to get a pole to pry the horse off me, and while his back was turned, I drew up my right leg so that the rowell of the spur rolled right over the most ticklish part on the broncho's flank. He sprang to his feet, humped his back and squealed like a pig. He swelled up and bucked and bucked, trying to relieve himself of the saddle.

"The old man returned and again put the cold muzzle of his Winchester against my head and rocked my head backward and forward, and said, 'Poor fellow, it is too bad to administer such a punishment as this, even if you do not die from it, all on account of that onery broncho. It would be too bad if he should live and you should die.'

"I lay perfectly still, just breathing occasionally, as I wanted the old man to state his intentions clearly. It occurred to me that I should play my trump card, and I distorted my face, frothed at the mouth and mumbled out the word 'mother.' The tears just streamed out of that old man's eyes, right into my face. How I did want to laugh, but my condition was a little too precarious to make any light experiments.

"The old man brought up his horse, tied one end of his lasso to an old sled, the other to the horn of his saddle, and made his horse pull it up to my side. He then rolled me onto the sled and made his horse pull me up to the door of the cabin, then he gently dragged me into the house and onto the bed, tenderly covered me up and bathed my temples with cold water.

"I closed my eyes and gasped as though I was about gone. The old man went to the wood-box, picked up a hatchet, and started toward my bed. It forcibly occurred to me that he had concluded that I must die any way and it might get him into trouble, so he would just knock me in the head and throw me into one of the abandoned mining shafts around there and be done with me.

"I abruptly changed my policy, and mumbled out the word 'water.' He brought me a cup of water, and I drank it and looked around the room, and asked, 'What does this all mean, and what am I doing here in bed?'

"He gave me a contemptuous look, dropped the hatchet, mounted his horse and trotted off up the trail, and has not been seen around here since.

"I got up and tried to walk around, but I had been studying the nature of that old man so intensely that I was entirely exhausted. The cramming system in the public schools may be a deplorable thing, but it is pleasant pastime compared with my determination to cram the whole nature of that man into my mind in one short half-hour. However, this strenuous half-hour so impressed me with the danger of misrepresentation in a horse trade, that I am almost afraid to tell the whole truth about anything."

Mr. Campbell saw it all now, and the Pioneer was re-established in his esteem and confidence.

The broncho dealer continued, "In a few days everything was about as usual and a big, strapping, nice-looking fellow came along and wanted to buy a gentle old pony that any child could ride. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll sell him to you for fifty dollars.' He told me to 'bring him out.' I caught him and led him up to the cabin. The fellow called for some paper and he then wrote out a long bill of sale and a guarantee of my ownership, his soundness, gentle qualities, etc., and passed it over to me to sign.

"I replied, 'Now, look a-here, partner; in this country where we are not bothered with courts or lawyers, I have known men to get into serious trouble over these guarantees, and have occasionally known them to be compelled to make them good according to the spirit in the way the purchaser understood them, when no words would justify such a construction, and I swore that I would never give a guarantee of one of these bronchos, and that purchasers would have to take them for better or worse, or not take them at all, and now I guarantee nothing.'

"He got upon his horse and rode away, and somehow I could not sell any more of them because I could not guarantee them. I got disgusted-like and traded the whole herd off for a dozen of these sixteen-hundred-pound Normans. I was willing to guarantee them. After waiting a long time, a fellow came along and said, 'What's that big grey horse worth?' I replied, 'A hundred and a half.' He inquired, 'Isn't that an awful price for a horse?' I answered, 'Yes, that is considerable money, but just look at the size of him, besides I shall guarantee him.' The fellow said, 'Every darned thing you could say in a guaranty would be, Just look at the size of him.'

"When I came to consider it, I really couldn't think of a single point I could make for him, further than this, and I said to myself, 'I never can improve as a horse-trader on a horse about which all I can say is 'Just look at the size of him.' So I traded them all off for a bunch of Messengers, and now I can just talk a leg off anybody wanting to buy a horse.

"I am kinder glad I owned the bronchos and Normans, bad luck as I have had with them, and especially with the bronchos. Knowing their poor qualities enables me to lead up to the grander qualities of the Messenger.

"I say, the broncho might be likened to the watery and curly elms among woods, too tough to handle profitably, or to the cast-iron among the metals, too snappy and brash to trust on important occasions. The Normans are something like the great, soft, spongy mountain chestnut among woods, or the wrought iron among metals; most easily handled, can be bent to your liking in most ordinary uses, but are not persistent enough to endure anything beyond the ordinary strain; but the noble Messenger may be compared to the smooth, fine-grained, elastic white hickory, or the variegated, tough, polished quartered oak, or the glistening, springy, and everlasting steel that so completely fills the ideals of the inventor and artisan. Hello, there is Horsethief Trail, and I must leave you, just as I am growing really eloquent in laying my premises to present some of the superb qualities of the imperial Messenger. Good day."

Mr. Campbell inquired, "May we have the pleasure of knowing your name before you leave us?"

The old man answered, "I haven't seen any one I knew in my youth in so long that I have about forgotten what they used to call me. Out here I am known as Butcherknife Hank, and we will just let it go at that," and he turned into the dark Horsethief canon, out of view.

This very intelligent and well educated man, had in his young manhood consigned himself to a life of filth and a hermitage in this gruesome canon, probably because of some criminal act which would not permit of general knowledge of his whereabouts, without danger to his liberty. So many blighted lives are seen finishing up their days in putrid filth, with wild beasts in the dark canons of the Rocky Mountains, that it is no longer a matter that excites any particular attention.

After clearing up the working model, Mr. Campbell related to the pressmen the story of the Pioneer wedding and the exciting honey-moon, and informed them of his desire to visit John Farley and his "woman," and to learn the result of their unique marriage.

The newspaper men all agreed to make the visit, and before noon they were knocking at the door of John's peeled-log cabin. John Farley approached the door with [illegible]v, halting steps, followed by a huge boarhound. He [illegible] a greasy, stringy buckskin suit of the same pattern [illegible]en Mr. Campbell first saw him, but his wealth of [illegible]e, bushy, unkept whiskers and his mass of white, matted hair, and his form prematurely bent by his great burden, concealed his identity from Mr. Campbell. One of the visitors inquired, "Can you inform us where we may find John Farley?"

The old man, with a trembling hand, pointed toward the stars, and answered, "John Farley has gone thither." He then struck himself on the breast, saying, "This is the old hulk in which he formerly lived."

Mr. Campbell grasped the old man's unsteady hand, and suggested to him, "My name is Campbell, John Campbell. I witnessed your happy wedding at Missoula a quarter of a century ago. Where and how is your 'woman?' " John Farley dropped heavily to a wooden bench, a piteous groan escaped his pale lips, he grasped his temples and streams of hot tears boiled from his eyes for a few moments, then he pointed them to a paled-in knoll a few yards from the cabin, containing two long graves, and between them a very short one. Substantial granite slabs were set at the head of each grave, and each slab was marked, beginning from the left, "John's Woman," "John's Baby," "John's Faithful Hired Man." Wooden vases filled with fresh water and columbines stood on each grave. At one side of the grave stood a great rustic arm chair, with a high cushioned board in front like an infant's chair, so that the occupant could fasten himself in and rest himself on the cushioned board. The packed ground showed that the old man spent much time on the paled knoll.

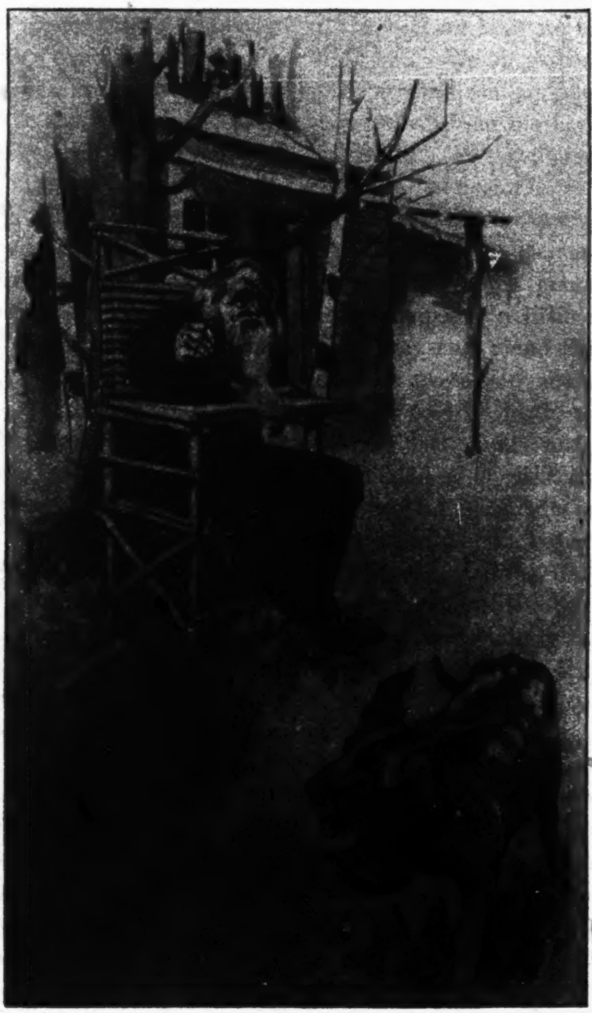
The newspaper men gathered some mint along the spring branch, got some fresh water and whisky, made the old man a strong toddy, had the cook fix him a dainty dinner, gave him a highly flavored cigar, then Mr. Campbell began, by easy gradations, plying questions tending to elicit the fate of John's "woman." It was as hard to get him straightened out as to get a bloodhound to take the trail of a criminal, but when he started he went to the end without a break.

John Farley informed them that after his "woman" had been here about a year, and before she liked the West, she was about to become a mother, and she thought that she would die if left here in her trial and cried to go home for the ordeal. The old man shook his head and continued, "I couldn't bear to have her go. I felt that after all of us and everything on the Hill had learned to love her so, we could not live without her so long. I was afraid they would not take good care of her there where they have so many other women, as we would on the Hill where she was the only woman. I persuaded her to go with me into the valley to Dr. Weston's office, thirty miles from the Hill, to arrange with him to attend her, and to get cloth to make apparel for the expected stranger. We stopped at a half-way house and arranged for a change of horses for the man when sent for the doctor and a change for the doctor on his way to the pole cabin. We met Dr. Weston, and he agreed to be there in two hours after notified. We went to the store to get the material for the clothes, and my woman wept, and said that it was not worth while as she knew that something would happen. So she bought two ready-made suits of little, long clothes, and said that she felt it a waste of money. We returned home, and at the first appearance of trouble, I mounted Simson on Tawney, the noblest horse of them all, gave him ten dollars and asked him to have the doctor here in four hours, if I had to pay for four dead horses. The tears trickled down the faithful hired man's cheek, as he replied, 'He shall be in on time if a dead man has to be thrown in.' The hired man cantered off toward the valley, and I returned to the house to watch developments.

"Four hours passed and no doctor in sight, and my woman getting worse every minute. I blew my distress horn, and all the men on the Hill immediately appeared. I laid the situation before them and we determined to put out a sentinel with a red flag, on the big hill below, where he could view the road for four miles, with orders to signal us the approach of the doctor that we might encourage my 'woman' to bear up under her suffering until he arrived. Eight hours, ten hours, twenty-four hours passed and no doctor in sight and my 'woman' losing consciousness. We held another conference and decided to mount two more men on fleet horses and send them to meet the doctor, then have the one on the fleetest horse come on in advance and relieve the distressing suspense. The men were started immediately. In half an hour we saw one of the men returning on a dead run. We all gathered in the yard, threw our hats in the air and sent up shout after shout for joy. As the man rolled from his horse, we grasped him in our arms, hugged him, and exclaimed, 'Tell us, tell us quick, how far back is the doctor?'

"The man burst into a flood of tears and broke away from us. He was dumb, speechless. Every one clamored and prayed for some information to break the painful suspense. When the man became composed a little he informed us that four miles below they had found Simson, Tawney, and the shepherd dog pressed in against the cliff by a huge snow slide, and all cold in death, and that the doctor had never been notified. This nearly paralyzed every one present. We held a hurried conference and decided that the only ray of hope left was to take the child from her as best we could. We brought the little stranger to light with dispatch, but he never saw the light, he was dead. We washed his little body, put one of the little, long suits on him, and tenderly laid him in a little cradle." The old man pushed open a little door leading into a pole annex, pointed to the wall, and said, "There is the other little suit."

The little peeled-pole annex had been built and dedicated by John Farley to the belongings of his woman and his boy. It was, indeed, a veritable curiosity shop. Everything was immaculately clean. Their things were most carefully and touchingly arranged. Potted silver-tipped spruce and mountain evergreens were growing in the corners. The little cradle, the woman's arm-chair, were ornamented with mountain ferns. This was verily sacred ground. But lest the opening of this scene should disturb the old man's mind, Mr. Campbell abruptly in-



GRAVE-YARD SCENE.

quired, "What was the fate of your 'woman?'" "Well," the old man answered, "after we put my baby into his little cradle, I fell into a long, deep sleep, and when I awoke they were all buried on the knoll, the graves marked, and the ground paled-in, just as it is now."

Mr. Campbell suggested to Mr. Farley that he must go with them to Spokane Falls, and that they would have him taken care of. He insisted that it would not do for so old a man to stay there any longer alone.

The old man's hair fairly stood on end. He sharply retorted, "I leave here? I leave my 'woman' and baby without company or protection? I abandon them? Who would sprinkle their graves? Who would gather them flowers? Who would be company for them if I went away? I alone? I have my woman and my baby with me. We never were so happy. She is just beginning to like this Western life. Excuse me, you have so highly entertained me that I have neglected my 'woman' and baby." The old man impatiently sprang to his feet, stood erect, and with an elastic step ascended the knoll and fastened himself in his chair. The boarhound stood at the head of the graves watching him. The light began to blaze in the old man's face and a wreath of smiles played about his mouth, as he began a spirited conversation with the dead. He made the voice of his woman coming from the grave the fac-simile of her voice when living. If it could be imagined that such an infant could talk, then the voice that the father assumed was the one that the child would use. If a blind person had come on the scene he would have concluded that the father, mother, and infant were having a most pleasant colloquy. In his long practices in these seances, he had become so accomplished a ventriloquist that he had the voice of his "woman" and baby located so accurately over their sealed lips in their graves, that the excited boarhound, with every hair and ear standing out straight, several times raised his paw and put it right over the mouths of the dead, determined to dig them from the damp, deep vaults, but his master frowned and motioned him to desist. After a short, excited conversation and much laughter, in which it appeared that the father, mother, and child equally participated, the old man fell over on his cushioned board, exhausted, and a dark, grayish pallor crept over his face and drove away the red glow and joyful smile. The boarhound put his paw down time and again on the very spot where the old man had located the voices of the woman and child, and seemed distressed that he could not exhume them. The hound soon gave up, and with a solemn, cat-like tread, moved to one side, stretched out on the ground and closed his eyes. There was not now a rasping sound of a cricket, the chirp of a bird, or rustle of a leaf on Farley Hill. The sad visitors silently viewed the death-like tableau for a moment without exchanging a word, then pressed on down the Coeur d'Alene River to Coeur d'Alene Lake and across it into Spokane Falls.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM TRAPPER AND PIONEER TO SETTLED CONDITIONS.

One morning Mr. Wickham arose tired and sick and exclaimed, "God forbid that I ever again try to do business burdened with the ponderous ways of a government so far from the people as this one is. I am now approaching three score and ten years and long to get back to the pure democracy of Colorado, where every man, woman and child is an entity, where flesh and blood, the heart, the high moral character rather than the accumulations or the pedigree make the man."

Yes, that will do to tell, but the real reason was that mysterious power that ever impels a criminal to return to the scene of his transgressions with approaching old age.

He bought his ticket to Denver and wired Mr. Campbell to meet him on the way.

The meeting of the Pilgrim and the Pioneer was a curious mixture of pain and pleasure. Mr. Wickham was overjoyed upon observing that Mr. Campbell had passed from the ungainly, awkward, and green boyhood state, to that of a mature, conservative, and sedate middle-aged man.

Mr. Wickham went into ecstacy over the deferential greetings extended to this Pilgrim by the trainmen and passengers, and was especially proud of the titles used in addressing him, indicating that he had been trusted with a number of honorable official positions.

Mr. Wickham surmised that his always interested and often somewhat severe tutelage, in the seasoning process when his friend first appeared as a stranger in a strange land, might have contributed to this happy fruitage.

Mr. Campbell was pathetically sad, when he observed that Mr. Wickham had passed the cheerful, warm meridian of supple, vigorous manhood, well into that stiff, shaded, and frosty zone, awaiting all who reach the three-quarter century parallel. It was indeed painful to observe the deep furrows in his face, the rounded, stooped shoulders, the lifeless, bleached hair, which so plainly bespoke the grinding ravages of merciless Time. Both had been fairly prosperous; a just cause for common joy. It was six o'clock in the morning that Mr. Campbell met the old Pioneer at Grand Junction with a cab, and after a hurried breakfast, drove him to Orchard Mesa, to the fruit drying and packing house and to the sugar factory. He was carried beyond himself. He said, "Those trains of coal I expected, but these sprightly orchards, these luscious fruits, these sugar-beets, are the figment of a wild dream. This is a California scene, but it does look so natural."

Glenwood Springs and Bath House.

Mr. Campbell informed the old Pioneer that only ninety miles south was Glenwood Springs, with its acres of cemented bathing-pools, grassy and shaded parks, and the matchless Colorado Hotel, equipped with broad verandas and cheerful fountains, snugly nestled in Gleenwood Park and overlooked by towering peaks. It was situated on Grand River and on the main lines of the D. & R. G. and Midland Railroads, and was attracting tourists from all parts of the globe.

The old Pioneer hung his head and meekly replied, "What a sweet delusion; what a fantastic dream!"

At 9:45 A. M. the Pilgrim and the Pioneer drove to the Narrow Gauge, boarded the train, and were soon whistled into Delta. The brakeman informed them that it would take half an hour to load the fruit in the express car. They got out, visited the Association building, the canning factory and the cars which men were loading with melons, tomatoes, and all kinds of fruits. They were told that the day before a hundred big wagons loaded with peaches had come down from Surface Creek and the North Fork, and that two railroads were surveying up there to get to the coal-beds. The old man said, "The coal story is so natural, but the remainder of the scene is in California."

The conductor soon cried out, "All aboard!" and the Pilgrim and the Pioneer took their seats on the side next to the river. Mr. Wickham gazed constantly at the ribbon of cultivated green until the conductor cried out, "Montrose! twenty minutes for dinner." The old Pioneer said, "Here is a Nile Scene. Saw-Tooth, Uncompahgre, and surrounding peaks make the pyramids, Montrose is Thebes, and Delta is Alexandria." The conductor interrupted by announcing, "A small culvert has burnt just ahead of us and it will require probably two hours to build around it. The engine will whistle three times, ten minutes before we start."

A friend of Mr. Campbell appeared with a double rig and drove the Pilgrim and the Pioneer out to the Ashenfelder orchard of two hundred acres. A regular school of girls were packing peaches, plums, nectarines, grapes, pears, etc., and many were drying Italian prunes. The old man said, "A perfect California scene. How unfortunate that this can't be real. How natural the features of Mr. Campbell, and how familiar the voice. This fantastic scene is the precursor of a horrible nightmare. I haven't started to Colorado yet,—but how vivid and natural. Oh, that I could awake now without having this fairy scene blurred, and write him. But what is the use? Such scenes are impossible in that waste desert. The picture would be so far-fetched that it would not even interest him."

They were driven back to the Fruit Association warehouse. A number of men from Texas were loading potatoes for the southern market. Men from Minnesota and Iowa were loading peaches for the north-western market; men from Chicago were loading pears for the Windy City; five or six cars of the purest and most delicious honey were being loaded for St. Louis, and numerous teams were passing with coal from the close-by hills. The old Pioneer pointed to the coal wagons and said, "There is the only part of the scene which belongs to Colorado. Oh, if these other imaginary industries could only be added to the monotonous mining and stock business of this parched land, what a boon it would be to that part of mankind who are compelled to live here or not at all."

The three whistles blew and the Pilgrim and the Pioner boarded the train.

When they approached Gunnison they saw train after train on the side tracks loaded with coal and coke. "Here is a Colorado scene," said Mr. Wickham. "This is as I expected. This inclines me to believe these scenes are not purely fantastic."

They changed cars at Mears and went through the San Luis Valley. They saw waving wheat and oat fields as far as the vision could reach, grain, grain, level and waving like a great ocean, with an occasional field of peas and potatoes. They stopped at ——, a milling and elevator station, where about 7,500 bushels of most excellent wheat were taken in daily. The old Pioneer was led to a high look-out and around Center he counted the curling smoke from twenty steam threshers. The elevator men told them that water was scarce and they expected a short yield, probably only a million and a quarter bushels.

The old Pioneer rubbed his head and said, "This is a Dakota scene. I know it is not Colorado, because when I left here they could not grow a good milling wheat. This dry bed is not the Rio Grande. It was a great river filled with fish and covered with fowls. There is not enough water here to hide a fish or float a duck. This is but an erratic dream that beats imagery of Fauntleroy. Parts of it are so natural. I do wish I could awake and write it up before some horrible nightmare blurs it."

In the autumn of 1900, after an absence of twenty-six years, Mr. Wickham and Mr. Campbell were ushered into a splendid stone depot in the city of Denver, just after the electric lights had been turned on in the evening. What an improvement on the little tumble-down brick structure from which Mr. Campbell boarded the D. & R. G. train in 1874 when taking his departure for the San Juan and farther west.

There was in 1874 a stem of the D. & R. G. narrow-gauge railroad, with its roots firmly fixed in the heart of Denver. It really looked like a toy or plaything when contrasted with the standard-gauge roads. But since then the little giant, fertilized by a healthy commerce and a plenteous travel, has gradually crept through gorge and over mountain passes until it has reached the Utah line, and a branch has been budded on at every canon or water-course leading out to a mining-camp, grazing park, or other desirable point, until it now has a system of 1,500 miles of the most expensive and best equipped line of the kind and extent in the world, and when spread out on a map, looks like a great tree with a wealth of branches. It also enjoys the distinction of having the best-paid railroad employes for a system so extensive, in the world, and the management has ever been so vigorous and efficient that competition has made but little impression on its business.

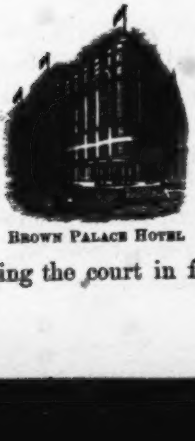
Mr. Campbell inquired of the information bureau about the Planter's Hotel, whether Captain Lambert was still operating it, and as to the best means of reaching it.

The information man ran his fingers up through his hair and inquired, "The Planters, Captain Lambert, really I do not recall such a place or person." Then, with a quick jerk of his vocal organs he said, "Say, this is Denver, maybe you are thinking of St. Louis. 'The Planters' is an old standby there, but I never heard of such a place here."

"Oh, no, no," said Mr. Campbell, "twenty-six years ago I came from the Planters Hotel in St. Louis to the Planters Hotel in Denver. Captain Lambert, a very congenial gentleman, was proprietor of the latter and I should like to renew my old relations there, but the great changes here have blotted out my old landmarks and I have forgotten the number."

"Twenty-six years ago," replied the information man, "that was just one year before I was born. I have seen practically all of the Denver of 1900 built. In 1878 H. A. W. Tabor began building the Tabor Block and later the Tabor Opera House. This inspired others and they began the Windsor, Albany, St. James, and other splendid hotels, and the good work went on and on until they have climaxed with the Boston, Equitable, Masonic Temple, Ernest & Cranmer, People's Bank, and the Brown Palace Hotel, a $4,000,000 state capitol building, and many thousand beautiful private homes that would grace any great city. Old Denver has passed away. I would suggest that you take the Seventeenth street car and go to the Brown Palace. You may not find it as much to your liking as the Planters, but you can obtain the necessaries of life there, at least; besides it is quite convenient to theatres, capitol grounds, etc."

With valises in hand they moved over a half-block, stepped on to a well-equipped electric car, and were soon landed at the Brown Palace, a huge brown stone edifice, nine stories high, covering all of the small triangular block, which gives street space and light to every part of the building. Uniformed messenger boys met them at the door, took their valises and ushered them into a large, brilliantly lighted court, extending to the roof, with a chaste tile floor, wainscoated with Mexican Onyx, and lined with handsomely banistered balconies facing the court in front of the rooms on every floor, with



BROWN PALACE HOTEL

many ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, promenading, or sitting on divans and watching the busy scenes below.

They were ushered into the elegantly equipped dining-room, and found it filled with stylishly dressed ladies and gentlemen and tended by uniformed waiters. The gist of the table talk was the great agricultural, grazing, mineral and manufacturing resources tributary to Denver, and the brilliant prospects of its becoming a great inland city. Mr. Wickham said, "Is this real, or is it a mere erratic phantasm, a figment of a diseased brain? Where are the blue shirts, the nail boots, the democratic social crowd that we left here? How am I to become one of these made-to-order society chaps? I am too old, I cannot, I never will."

Brown Palace Hotel Dining Room.

They arose early the next morning and took in Denver *via* a scenic car. After they returned to the Brown, Mr. Wickham sat a long time in solemn meditation, then raised his head and said, "Mr. Campbell, this is a wonder. These are some of the changes that are gratifying to me. I am delighted to see Denver metamorphosed from the little, naked, dirty village to the well paved, shaded, watered, lighted, and magnificently built city of 160,000 people. I appreciate the elegant capitol building and grounds, the splendid transportation facilities, the sumptous hotels and the enviable position Denver has attained as a great commercial, manufacturing, and distributing point; but in the last analysis it is the people who make a country truly great. What has become of the modest, sterling, simply-dressed, unpretentious women? Where are the sturdy blue-shirted and nail-booted men that we left in possession of Denver? Where are the faithful ponies and comfortable buckboards that our wives and daughters used to drive over range and prairie, bringing us supplies or taking us to work? Have those noble democratic customs been swallowed up by the empty, ostentatious ways of the Four Hundred? Who would have expected in the space of a quarter of a century to see the 'swallow tail' coat, the train, the bosomless evening dress, the liveried coachman and footman, the bobtailed horse, the exclusive set, the senseless society 'chitter chatter' wipe out the natural, sensible, and enjoyable social customs of the pioneer days? Is there nothing but the constant sunshine, the dry, pure atmosphere—things that depraved men cannot contaminate—left of the matchless pioneer civilization? From what I have seen in the last few days, I fear this is too true!"

At this point, Hon. ——, candidate for governor from Pueblo was introduced to Mr. Wickham. Mr. Wickham's face brightened up as he grasped his hand and said, "Yes, I left the little Mexicanized village of Pueblo, April 10, 1874. When I bade Major Bently of the Schuyler Hotel goodbye, I had no idea that I would be gone so long. We left on his 75th birthday. How are Major Bently, and the Schuyler House, and the village of Pueblo?"

The genial candidate for governor, cut somewhat at this light reference to his home city, replied: "My dear sir, I never heard of such a hotel as the Schuyler House, nor of such a man as Major Bently, nor the Mexicanized village of Pueblo. Pueblo, sir, is a magnificently lighted, well-paved, and well-built city of 40,000 people; it has as fine hotels, business blocks, and opera houses as any city in the state, with the greatest steel plant and the largest smelters west of the Mississippi River, in fact one of the largest steel plants in the whole country, and the heaviest pay rolls in the state; and the Arkansas Valley tributary to Pueblo is now becoming the greatest melon, sugar-beet, and alfalfa-producing territory in America. From Rocky Ford and Sugar City they are shipping 175 tons of sugar per day, grinding 1,700 tons of beets per day, and are shipping train loads of cantaloupes and other melons daily to all Eastern markets. And these industries are still in their infancy. My friend, they have actually lifted the Arkansas River from its banks and spread it over the prairie, and for three hundred miles below Lamar and Amity, the pedestrian can make his bed in late summer in the bottom of the Arkansas River on the dry sand. The matchless coal fields of Trinidad and Walsenburg are almost at our doors, and furnish us unlimited steam power at a mere nominal cost. Pueblo, sir, is no village, but the Pittsburg of the Middle West."

"Wonderful, wonderful changes in the country," said

Mr. Wickham, "but have the social conditions of the people changed in the past quarter of a century?"

"O, quite as much as the country," said the candidate. "You can find as many fine-liveried turnouts with coachmen and footmen, as many ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress at the balls or theatres, as you will find in any Eastern city of like size. Yes, the inhabitants of Pueblo are very much like other people now."

"Sad, sad!" said Mr. Wickham, "From what you say I feel no interest in the people except that I would like to see Major Bently. I am sure he is not changed."

"O, excuse me, I forgot to recur to him," said the candidate. "You say you left Pueblo on Major Bently's 75th birthday, some twenty-six years ago; that would make him 101 years old. We live a long time down there, but we don't all pass the century line."

"Oh, yes, yes, I forgot to note the flight of time."

Col. McShane, candidate for the legislature from El Paso and Teller counties, was introduced. Mr. Wickham brightened up and said, "Yes, yes, you want to represent that beautiful spot of Colorado Springs, and that sacred spot, the Garden of the Gods, reverently referred to as the 'Lord's parlor,' by that wordy lawyer—what is his name?—yes, General Danford. How is the little village where they supported the incongruous trio of professional foot-racers, whisky-wheels, and a garden for the gods?"

"Oh, my dear sir," replied the breezy colonel, "the village-days of Colorado Springs have passed and gone, and her aesthetic city-days are here. Colorado Springs has more stately stone and brick business blocks, more elegant homes, more wealth *per capita,* more magnificent hotels, and is the best governed city of twenty odd thousand people in the world. My dear sir, Colorado Springs, the reception room, has become about as elegant as the Lord's Parlor, and the streets,—well, they are simply macadamized with grains of pure white sand and are as elastic, level, clean, and smooth as Galveston beach. The present population knows nothing of a professional foot-runner, and a gentleman can get all of the invigorating drinks he wants if he has character enough and sufficient money to get into one of the splendid clubs supported there; the Garden of the Gods we have always with us. You should see the New Antlers Hotel and some of the new residences; they are dreams, they would ornament New York City."

New Antlers Hotel.

Mr. Wickham answered: "Yes, yes, these material improvements are very desirable if they can be maintained without degenerating the people. Where are the sterling, hardy pioneers? Where are the calico dress and the blue-shirt and nail-boot brigades? Are they still dominant? Or have insipid, unnatural, and unjust select sets pushed these noblest sons and daughters of God to the rear? Are the democratic methods still in vogue or have the ostentatious assumptions of wealth put the dollar above the man?"

"O, now, my Christian friend, I can see you are in league with the republicans. You are certainly trying to encompass my defeat; but, confidentially, if you go down there take your plug hat, patent-leather shoes, dress suit, and a book on London etiquette, and drop your H's, if you wish to thrive with the Four Hundred. You know I suppose that some malicious wretch has dubbed this model city 'Ittle Undon.' He ought to be hung. Yes, I am sorry to say that the plug hat, the swallow-tail coat, the patent-leather shoes, the *decollete* dress, and the bob-tail horse battalions have driven from the ranks of the prevailing society the calico dress and blue-shirt brigade."

"Enough! enough!" said Mr. Wickham. "Were our people sincere? Were the many visitors from the East sincere when they and we used to teach and claim to believe that men and women should be judged by qualities of head and heart rather than by their dress, pedigree, or accumulations? Were they or we sincere when we used to encourage the house-girl and the teamster to clean up and attend all of our balls and banquets as an equal of any one who possessed no greater moral character? Were we mistaken when we boasted that these great stimulants to the working people did more to elevate them morally, socially, and intellectually, than all the sermons and moral lectures that could be poured into them? Is it possible that aristocracy of wealth rather than of human character is the inexorable result of evolution? I am sorry I have learned of the decadence of the grand pioneer civilization in my fast declining days."

Senator Colton from Utah was presented to Mr. Wickham, and the old man held his hand and told him of the delightful trip he had in that great territory, and how grateful he was to be set right on the Mormon question. He said he really thought before his visit that one and all of this great army of people deserved hanging, but that his actual contact with them convinced him that the things objectionable in their creed were like a mustard seed in a bushel of chaff compared with the teachings and practices of the many virtues that all thinking people approve. "I presume the Edmunds law has blotted out every vestige of polygamy in Utah by this time?" concluded Mr. Wickham.

"No, no," answered Senator Colton, "You are quite as much in error about the cause of the disappearance of polygamy in Utah, as you were about the general customs and practices of the people before your visit among them. The Edmunds law punished some of those who had duplicate wives, when the law was passed, married when it was lawful to marry them, but the young boys and girls of Utah have blotted out all sentiment for duplicate marriages. When the Gentiles became thoroughly mixed with the Mormons, the subject was generally discussed, and the Mormon girls naturally concluded that the Gentile custom of having but one adored queen in every household would be too nice for anything. This convinced every thinking young gentleman of Mormon antecedents that one wife was the natural and proper complement for man, and in this wise polygamy was destroyed. Public sentiment is the only effective human law. The misinformation on this subject comes from designing politicians and from some few narrow-minded, bigoted church representatives in Utah, who are jealous of the hold the Mormon church has on the masses there."

"I am very much gratified," said Mr. Wickham, "to be set right again. Has Utah progressed like Colorado?"

"It is marvelous how Utah is driving to the front," said Senator Colton. "Handsome buildings are going up everywhere, and the people are prosperous and happy. The Knutsford Hotel and the city buildings in Salt Lake City, and the Salt Air Pavilion of the Great Salt Lake would be ornaments to Boston; great farms are being developed, and manufacturing plants, canneries, and sugar factories are going up all over Utah. The United States Industrial Commission that took evidence in Salt Lake last summer pronounced the industrial condition of this state the best of any state in the union. We have an eight-hour law, passed by the legislature, which is recognized and approved by both employer and employe, and there has never been a successful strike or labor organization there."

"How do you account for this?" said Mr. Wickham.

"Largely through the control that the Mormon church wields over the laborers of Utah," said Senator Colton. "They have been thoroughly instructed in fidelity, industry, and conciliatory methods, and in the desirability of home building. Most of the miners have little tracts of agricultural ground upon which they can grow their own vegetables, etc. If work in the mines shuts down they retire to their little farms and cultivate them. When they are in demand again they leave the care of the patches to their families and return to their usual vocations. I might say that the independence of the wage workers here makes their superior condition, and the frugal teachings of the Mormon leaders have imbued them with the salutary principles of independence."

"How gratifying," said Mr. Wickham, "but how is the social condition? Do they maintain the same just and natural democratic social conditions as they did twenty-five years ago?"

"Not exactly. Aristocracy is daily encroaching on democracy, but not at the rapid pace of Denver and Spokane."

"Sad, sad, sad!" replied Mr. Wickham, "that nature seems to have made the tares more powerful than the wheat in every domain of his kingdom; that the evil everywhere must encroach upon the good. Is this necessary? Is it inevitable?"

Mrs. Hal Monk was presented and the old friends communed in sadness about the worsted past. She detailed the infamously false charges brought against her for divorce, and how civil officers and alleged friends, hypnotized with her husband's money, besieged her to acquiesce in the false charges to save her children from notorious scandal.

She graphically described the canting of the judge about a liberal and just division of the joint earnings of the husband and the wife while he decreed to her the proportion of one dollar to her husband's five hundred dollars, well knowing that her husband was throwing his portion into the laps of the unworthy everywhere; told him that after the divorce her husband married his charming adventuress, only to be abandoned at the end of five years, penniless; told how she, the first wife, sent for him, put him into a Keeley Institute, paid the expenses of his divorce proceedings against wife number two, remarried him, and was caring for him.

Her eyes filled with tears as she fell into a melancholy mood and continued: "Poor, misguided Hal. They kept him filled with fiery wine until all the mental strength was steeped from his brain. All that remains is the coarse physical man. The abused brain is a cindered crater as dead as the lifeless mountains on the moon. It does not crave or assimilate mental nutriment. All the consolation left me is the dear children. Thank God, they are all moral, intellectual, prosperous, and highly respected citizens. I still have the most of the hundred thousand dollars doled out to me, while my husband was given millions to spend in a revelling debauch. But this is man's idea of an equitable division of joint earnings between husband and wife, even where the wife does the most of the work, as I did in this case. However, I am not complaining. I can take care of my husband's physical wants, and help my children some, if need be."

Mr. Wickham answered: "The pure-blooded Caucasian woman is the salt of the earth. What ideal mothers they make. Yes, yes, every one expected these children to be most like you. They should be, because you perform the lion's share in their formation. The sire contributes his share of blood to the raw material for the foundation, then turns the work over to the mother. She nourishes the developing embryo with her life blood, until the umbilical chord is severed, then succors the child on the milk of her bosom until it is able to masticate solid food. How can it be otherwise than like her? I would to God there was some way to form them after the model of the sire at times! Ah, how fortunate are they who have such pure-blooded dames as yourself. God pity the unfortunate ones born of wild, barbarian mothers. My poor, unfortunate ones, I have given them abundance to buy food and raiment; they are not capable of enjoying more. God bless their dear husbands, who so patiently tolerate their wild natures. I must stop. I am constantly undone."

Mr. Wickham was introduced to Senator Norton from Central City. The old man heartily grasped his hand and suggested, "Evidently you know the fate of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mark, and the Emerald Isle."

"Yes," replied Senator Norton, "They have all been buried on Bald Mountain except the old woman and the youngest boy. They struck a little pay ore, bought their house back, and have a small pocket of good mineral that feeds and clothes them. The old woman hasn't been off the hill for forty years, and the boy has never been out of the county, though he is thirty-three years old. The manager of the last conclave in Denver tendered them transportation to Denver and return, hotel fare and passes to all the entertainments, if they would visit Denver as a part of the curiosities of the big show. The mother and son consulted and replied that they were perfectly contented now on the Emerald Isle; that if they should go to Denver they might want to go somewhere else; that they had not used any money for a quarter of a century that hadn't come from the Emerald Isle, and they didn't care to use any other money. They informed the committee that they would stay on Bald Mountain the remainder of their lives, and be buried with the other members of the family there, if anyone should care enough for them to bury them."

In the evening a ball was given in the parlors to the guests of the house. The invitations requested all gentlemen to appear in dress suits. In the court of the hotel the following query and answer was most common: "Are you going to attend the ball this evening?" "No, I have not a dress suit here, and the invitation practically requests all who cannot appear in dress suits to stay away."

Mr. Wickham, after hearing many of these inquiries and replies, rubbed his head and inquired, "Is this really Denver? Do the clothes really make the man here? Is all this real or am I dreaming?" However, the couples appeared in goodly numbers, all in full evening attire, which ultimately convinced the Pioneer that these great changes were real. Disgusted and chagrined, he was about to retire to his room when Col. McShane reappeared and suggested: "Mr. Wickham, I live in Cripple Creek, one of the wonders of the new world, the greatest gold mining-camp on earth, where the calico dress, blue-shirt and nail-boot brigade absolutely dominate the sentiment of the community—where men and women are judged and esteemed exclusively by their moral and intellectual standing. You had better go up with me to-morrow and visit this great mining-camp and you will find the seed at least of this great pioneer civilization still preserved."

"I shall go, I shall go," eagerly replied Mr. Wickham.

Col. McShane and Mr. Wickham took the morning train, and in the afternoon they alighted on the platform at Cripple Creek. It was crowded with miners coming and going from Victor, Altman, Goldfield, Independence, Elkton, and surrounding camps. One by one they grasped the colonel's hand and heartily welcomed him home. In turn he introduced them to Mr. Wickham and every one had some genial word of welcome or an expression of hope that he would enjoy his stay in the greatest gold mining-camp in the world. Now and then he met an acquaintance from Central City, Georgetown, or some other old-time camp. Among others he met Mr. Rich from Georgetown. He held him long and tightly by the hand while asking him all about Georgetown, Central City, and Idaho Springs. Mr. Rich answered, "All of these camps are constantly improving."

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Wickham, "I left those camps twenty-seven years ago, thinking the precious metals were about exhausted, and you say they are constantly improving. When are they to cease producing wealth in these old camps?"

"When man shall cease to develop the natural resources of the earth," responded Mr. Rich. "A quarter of a century ago we talked about exhausting the mineral resources of a camp in a few years and then moving on to new fields. Now the concensus of opinion of all experienced mining men is that the mineral resources of the Rocky Mountains are inexhaustible. Leadville, Central City, Georgetown, Idaho Springs, San Juan, and other old mining-camps were never more productive than now, and every prospect is that they will continue to get better for generations to come."

As Mr. Rich gave Mr. Wickham his hand to bid him goodbye, the old Pioneer inquired, "What are you doing now, Rich?" Mr. Rich replied, "I am working the Dives and Pelican of Georgetown, or Silver Plume, rather." "Wonderful, wonderful," answered Mr. Wickham. "I remember we were expecting that mine to be worked out a quarter of a century ago. I remember well when they had the great ore chute, the excitement, and the murder of poor Judge Gibbs, and our general talk was that in a few months the ore chute would exhaust."

"Those talks and expectations have all changed," replied Mr. Rich. "The Rocky Mountain ore bodies are permanent, everlasting. That is why so many bankers and conservative business men have gone into mining here as a safe and legitimate business. The Dives and Pelican, notwithstanding the quarter of a century that they have been producing and pouring out a stream of valuable ore, are producing right along. I am to-day working 250 men extracting ore worth five hundred dollars per ton from these old claims with no thought or expectation of its exhaustion for generations to come."

As the colonel and Mr. Wickham walked up to the hotel, Mr. Wickham said, "Colonel, don't you know I like this. I like to hear the tramp of these nail-boots; I like to look at those blue shirts; I like the smell of the talc on these coats; I like to shake the hands that are adding something to the general stock of wealth; I like to hear their talks about material development of the resources of the country. How different from the frivolous, insipid monotony of, 'Why, how are you? Awful glad to see you. When did you come over? How are the folks? etc.,' heard at the Brown. Such empty forms are all moonshine. There is something substantial about these fellows."

They reached the hotel, brushed up a little, and entered the dining-room for supper. Colonel McShane conducted Mr. Wickham to a special table at which he and his friends had eaten for many months. He introduced Mr. Wickham to his friends, then very deferentially introduced him to Miss Mollie Sewell, a very rosy-cheeked, plump, hazel-eyed girl, with a soft, resonant voice and easy, graceful manners, who waited on this special table. She bowed, smiled, and said she gladly welcomed him to her table during his sojourn in Cripple Creek. She took the orders and retired to the kitchen. At once the friends of the colonel launched into an enthusiastic description of a fine set of jewelry they had just presented to the waitress as a token of their appreciation of her efficient attentions. All of the guests pronounced her a most excellent individual.

Mr. Wickham exclaimed, "Ah, what a human atmosphere! I thank God I have again reached a place where every dutiful human being is an entity; where clothes or position are not the test. The merit system alone is in harmony with the spirit of the Golden Rule.

"Oh, what a superb thing this refined Caucasian blood is, whether coursing through the veins of the first lady of the land, or through those of the typical dining-room girl, and what adorable mothers they make. A child by one of these makes the flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. How different it is when one endeavors to mix the highly-civilized, refined blood with the untamed strains of the less civilized races. There they make flesh and blood of the lower strain only. There are great distinctions in strains of blood, but it cannot be tested by accident of social position."

After supper the guests went into the office and were smoking and enjoying their reminiscences when a committee appeared and informed the colonel that his friends had concluded to celebrate his return with an informal dance at the hotel if it met his approval and he could be present. The colonel replied that he would be delighted.

"Very well," answered the spokesman, "the music will start up at nine o'clock sharp, and we shall expect you and some lady of your own choosing to lead the grand march."

The colonel hesitated a moment, then introduced Mr. Wickham to the committee, as his guest, and said that he should insist that his guest, with the prettiest woman in the hall as a partner, should lead the grand march, and added, "I shall be at his heels with a second choice beauty."

Mr. Wickham replied, "If this is to be an old-fashioned mining-camp ball where every man and every woman of good moral character, regardless of dress or position in the world, is to stand on an equal footing, I shall enjoy my farewell grand march, but if the merit system is ignored, I could not, I would not, attempt to stay in the hall."

The committee informed him that the only aristocracy in Cripple Creek was the aristocracy of actual human worth, and that the calico dress, the nail-boots, the blue shirt, the talc-stained coat would receive much more deference than patent-leather shoes, swallow-tail coats and long-trained silks, if any should appear.

"How happy I am that I came. How this democratic atmosphere has rejuvenated my depressed spirits," responded Mr. Wickham.

"By the way, colonel," inquired Mr. Wickham, "why is this great mining-camp called 'Cripple Creek?' "

The colonel chuckled, twisted his mustache and replied, "There are two stories extant accounting for this name. The first one is more interesting, even if less likely to be true. This fall at the press association in New Orleans, just before the meeting closed, when nominations for the place for the next year's meeting were declared in order, representatives from different portions of the country sprang to their feet and presented the special inducements that their respective cities offered, and among others one of our friends nominated Cripple Creek as the place for the next meeting. An aggressive spirit from one of the Eastern cities arose to second the nomination of a neighboring city and with burning sarcasm belittled the thought of such a place as this for the meeting of a great association. In closing his sarcastic and impressive address he spent fifteen minutes in ridiculing the name 'Cripple Creek,' and said the uncouth name bespoke its unfitness for even a passing consideration of any delegate not from some sage-brush thicket of the West or 'gum swamp' of the East. When he took his seat we did not have a friend in the East or South. This meeting being in the South, a decided majority of the delegates were Southern people. Fortunately for us Denver had a delegate there, Senator Plunkett, whose throat is lined with velvet, whose nervous system vibrates with pathos, whose soul heaves with ambition, who is comely, graceful, and eloquent, and has snatched more convention victories from the jaws of defeat than any other human being in the great West. He arose, was recognized, and with a mellow-cadenced voice said he had no particular choice, any of the great cities named were satisfactory to him, but he wished simply to shed a little light on the name 'Cripple Creek' for the benefit of the historian of the association, rather than to influence any one to vote for it as the place of the next convention.

"He said: 'In 1862 a gallant Southern gentleman possessed in this sun-kissed land a magnificent residence, and hundreds of African slaves bought under the sanction of the national constitution and largely from the very men who afterward frantically clamored for their emancipation. Other civilized countries, when the governments changed their public policies and concluded to abrogate slavery in their dominions, had compensated the slave-holder for such purchases made under the sanction of their laws. The proposed confiscation of his slaves carried in its train such flagrant injustices that his sense of justice, his love of home and native land, drove him into the ranks of the Confederate army. He proved so brave, gallant, and true that the enemy delighted in destroying his home and confiscating all of his personal effects. At the bloody battles of Franklin, near the close of the war, while supporting General Hood in one of his desperate stands, he dropped a leg and an arm upon the battlefield. After the war what remained of his vital parts hobbled upon crutches back to the spot where he had so long entertained and enjoyed his friends, to find it a bed of white ashes. When he stood upon that sacred ground and compared his homeless, propertyless, and mangled physical condition with what it had been, the stout human heart was not adequate to the superhuman courage required to live among these ever present reminders of his material and physical undoing. He sold the remnant of his belongings, took his Bible and Prayer-book under his remaining arm, and went into exile on the banks of a little brook in the unblazed jungles of the Rocky Mountains that he might be relieved of seeing the inanimate reminders of his sad plight during the short time remaining of his allotted three score and ten years. He erected his little pole cabin under great difficulties, and the old trappers and hunters aided him and shared his hospitality, but never could fish from him his name or any part of his history.'

" 'His congenial and sympathizing spirit, his humane and unstinted hospitality, born in the very bone and sinew of every Southern gentleman, so endeared him to every passing hunter and trapper that by common consent they set apart this creek as his preserve and tenderly called it the "Cripple's Creek;" and when the generous, hardy gold-miner discovered the great gold-fields here they would not brook a change of the sacred name, uncouth and offensive as it may sound when severed from its sad associations.'

"At the close of Senator Plunkett's pathetic outburst of eloquence the demand came from every part of the house, 'vote, vote, vote.' The question was put and the almost solid Southern delegation overwhelmingly decided that the next meeting of the association should be at Cripple Creek. This is one legend.

"Another is told by the pioneer cowboys to this effect: In the early days of the country an old Texas steer had one hip knocked down, became bony and poor, and locomotion was very difficult for him. He was astute enough to know that it was unsafe for him to get away from water, so he grazed alone upon the banks of this brook and drank of its water for years, and the cowboys generally referred to the brook as 'The Cripple's Creek.' You can take your choice of the roots of the name 'Cripple Creek.' "

"I infinitely prefer the former version, whether true or false, for the good results of Senator Plunkett's eloquence," said Mr. Wickham.

"Yes," replied the colonel, "the end justifies the means. The Eastern people have always written the newspaper and magazine articles and the book descriptions of this country and people without knowing anything in particular about them. They have been partisan, and the people have suffered the usual injury where rivals or enemies of a people and a country write their histories. If the people of the West cannot write their own books descriptive of the people and country, then by all means get the writers among the people and in the country and as nearly right as possible."

At nine o'clock sharp the music started up and members of the committee came for Col. McShane and Mr. Wickham, and escorted them to the ball room. A committeeman said to Mr. Wickham, "I see the wife of the proprietor of the hotel is sitting across the room; also Mrs. Held, the wife of the cashier of the bank. I shall be glad to introduce you to either of them, and either will make you a splendid partner for the grand march."

Mr. Wickham cast his eye over the assemblage, and the first person he fixed his eyes upon was Mollie Sewell, the pretty waitress. "Excuse me a moment," said he, "I see a nice young lady over there that I am acquainted with." He stepped over and asked Mollie to assist him in leading the grand march. She cheerfully accepted. Col. McShane secured the assistance of the type-writer girl in the hotel, and the merchants, bankers and others, with their wives, dropped in behind without a murmur or seemingly a thought of surprise.

The crowd generally was neatly dressed, clean, and well behaved, but if any one had chanced to be present without a white shirt or a good business suit, he would have been as welcome and as considerately treated as the best dressed person in the room.

Mr. Wickham and Mollie led the march with much spirit and with military precision. Afterward the old-time dances were called, such as Quadrille, Virginia Reel, Versouvienne, Heel and Toe Polka, Lancers, etc.

The object of every gentleman seemed to be to dance with every lady friend present. The bankers and business men generally danced with the waitresses in the hotels and the housemaids at their own and their neighbors' homes. The girls were all neatly dressed and their manners and general deportment were excellent. In fact, the unusual attentions they were accustomed to receive in these democratic mining-camps had awakened an emulation in them to make as good an appearance as their more fortunate sisters, and at times they really appeared better.

Little Oma, a five-year-old daughter of a near neighbor, some years ago was stopped by Mrs. Kent, who had her baby with her and a nice young house-girl pushing the baby carriage. The little girl said to Mrs. Kent, "Are you her hired girl?" pointing to the one rolling the baby carriage.

Mrs. Kent said, "No; why did you think I was her hired girl?" The little one stuck her finger in her mouth and looked at Mrs. Kent's shining silk dress and said, "Cause you are dressed so fine."

Mr. Wickham enjoyed every moment of this old-fashioned democratic dance, and retired at the close in an ecstatic mood.

Early the next morning Col. McShane took Mr. Wickham out to see this wonderful mining-town and a number of the mines. He said the contour of the country reminded him somewhat of Butte City, especially the low, accessible ridges right in the suburbs of the town in which the mines were found.

The Cripple Creek mines were discovered after things became permanent in the West and after people learned that the Rocky Mountain quartz-mine ore bodies were everlasting, as it were, hence the towns in this district are splendidly built of iron, stone, and brick. Cripple Creek is probably the best built mining-town of 6,000 people in the world. The output of gold is from one to two million dollars per month, and there are about 30,000 people in what is known as the Cripple Creek country.

In the afternoon the citizens of Victor sent an invitation to Col. McShane and Mr. Wickham for a seven o'clock dinner. The invited guests stepped on to one of the electric cars running frequently between all of the neighboring towns, and in a few moments were in charge of the reception committee of the wonderful town of Victor. Some of the greatest mines in the world are being worked right in the business part of the town. A splendid dinner was served at the Miners' Exchange, reminiscent toasts were responded to, then the party was invited over to the splendidly built and exquisitely equipped Miners' Club Room, erected by the Western Investment company, at an expense of forty thousand dollars, for the entertainment of its own miners. Easy chairs, gymnasiums, a splendid billiard and pool hall, luxuriant baths, splendid offices, and rooms all brilliantly lighted with electricity and manned with generous, courteous attendants, made one think of some magnificent public building in which some great institution or city takes its chief pride.

As they entered the office they were welcomed by Mr. Wilmet, Jr., and the geologist of the famous Gold Coin mine, situated right in the heart of the city. This great institution, built to ameliorate the hard condition of the miners, greatly affected Mr. Wickham and he at once began to ply Mr. Wilmet with questions, "Why did you build this? What did it cost? What effect has it had on your workmen?" etc.

The genial and frank Mr. Wilmet replied first, "We built this because Victor and the miners have done so much for us; secondly, we could afford it and felt it a duty to do something more than the ordinary for the country and the men that had so improved our condition. It cost us about forty thousand dollars; a majority of the men appreciate it very much, but a strong minority of our men never have seemed to appreciate either our efforts or good intentions."

"Strange, remarkably strange," answered Mr. Wickham. "I have been with and of these fellows for more than a half a century, and there is not a class of men in America who reason more from cause to effect or are more conservative or just in their conclusions, than the American gold and silver miners. This minority has some cogent reason founded in deep logic for this apparent failure to appreciate your most generous and humane efforts. I would suggest that you candidly inquire into the cause of this seeming ingratitude."

Mr. Wilmet and the gentlemanly geologist then invited them out upon an elevated balcony to look at the camp by electric light.

The high rolling hills back of Victor form a semicircle, hugging the basin-like location of the town, and they are literally covered with working mines, all lighted with electricity; electric cars, brilliantly lighted, were shooting over the hills from mine to mine like phosphorescent shuttle-cocks. The scene is indescribable but most forcibly reminds one of a half-circle of the firmament upon a clear night, be-spattered with innumerable constellations of enlarged stars, with countless dissatisfied meteors darting through them.

After they bade Mr. Wilmet and the geologist good-bye, Mr. Wickham said, "Col. McShane, I want to see a leader of the minority of the workmen on the Gold Coin who fail to appreciate this splendid club building. They are not actuated by prejudice, but some fundamental reason prevents their patronizing this luxuriant building."

The colonel conducted him up to the office of the Miners' Union. Mr. Wickham immediately stated the object of his visit. The courteous secretary telephoned to the leader of the protesting minority on the Gold Coin; he came up, was introduced to Mr. Wickham, and the object of the call frankly stated to him. The miner said, "We fully appreciate the good intentions of the Western Investment Company, and if all employers of labor were like the Western Bros., there would be no serious difficulties between labor and capital; but the recognition of the precedent of accepting little sentimental palliatives, which, for the time, divert the minds of the workmen and of the public from fundamental injustices in the distribution of wealth, are what deter us. All of these gifts of the Rockefellers, Carnegies, and Vanderbilts, furnish indubitable evidence of the unconscionable proportion that capital has taken from the joint earnings of capital and labor. Labor, accepting back these illy-gotten gains as alms, presents a parallel to Nero's feeding, amusing, and fiddling for the people while destroying the very bone and sinew of the nation and of the city of Rome itself. It is like putting a soothing salve upon a burning cancer, which quiets the patient while the festering sore spreads its roots to the very vitals, instead of at once removing the cancerous patch that the remainder of the body may escape poison and death. We demand that the causes that permit capital to obtain from the earnings of labor these burdensome surplusages of wealth be removed by the distribution of a larger portion to the side of labor. We refuse to accept these palliatives, even at the hands of men with the good intentions of the Western Investment Company. We desire that the eyes of the public shall ever be riveted on the fundamental evil."

Mr. Wickham replied, "There is much force in what you say."

The next morning they returned to Cripple Creek and were conducted through the market streets, great stores, and public offices. Every necessity of life was kept here, and of the very highest order and quality, as wages were high and the people generally wanted the best. They never before in any market saw the general average of the quality of vegetables and fruits so high, and the merchants told them that their general grocery stocks were of the same high order.

When the bus was called for the train for the Arkansas Valley country, Mr. Wickham gathered his grip and with a heavy heart bade the proprietor of the hotel good-bye and sought to do likewise with Col. McShane and several others, but one after another answered, "We shall bid you good-bye at the train; I am going down to see you off." This deeply touched the Pioneer. While they were waiting for the train to start, Mr. Wickham said, "Col. McShane, my exuberant spirits of the last two days have begun a reactionary turn which mixes a sadness with my delight. Don't you know that the democratic territory in the great West has been chopped off and off until but a few little spots like this are left as breeding grounds of the higher civilization that used to cover all of the territory west of the Missouri River? I fear that ere long these remaining little necks of land will be inundated by the great mass of aristocratic, muddy water, not leaving even an inlet or island for the breeding of pure democracy."

"Yes," said the colonel, "I share your sombre forebodings. I hope, however, that when we get a representation here of all the leading editors this summer, their contact with our advanced social methods will furnish a leaven which may work through the Eastern Press and turn the great mass of the people to the teachings of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln."

"Such a supposition is contrary to all human history," Mr. Wickham replied. "Democracy does not seem to thrive in old soil. Lord Byron, after his pilgrimage over the ashes of many dead governments, lamentingly put to the world this significant query:

"'Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such
shore?'"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OFF TO SEE HIS CHILDREN.

It had been twenty-six years since Mr. Wickham had seen or heard directly from his children, and he had some misgivings as to what might have happened to them. He felt a little hurt that they had not personally written him, but he thought that they were wrapped up in their husbands and believed that they could write better than themselves. When he reached the neighborhood of the thirty-eight hundred acres of land given him by Hopping Antelope, he went into ecstasies. The whole country around was verdant with the growth of melons, sugar beets, and alfalfa, and beautiful homes were surrounded with orchards. It occurred to him that his children must be enormously rich from the growth of community values alone. He asked one after another who boarded the train about his sons-in-law, but could find no one that had ever heard of them, though every informer said that he was quite new in the country.

At Rocky Ford there was great life. The fields were covered with sugar-beet gatherers, cantaloupe packers, etc. The roads were lined with teamsters, a magnificent sugar factory was grinding a thousand tons of beets daily, and trains were being loaded with cantaloupes for the Eastern markets and for Europe.

When the train stopped in the beautiful little city, the courteous conductor said, "There is a freight wreck just ahead of us and we will be detained an hour or so, and the passengers will have time to look through the

Beet Sugar Factory at Rocky Ford.

Rocky Ford Sugar-Beet Factory." The passengers were conducted to the office of the company by the kind-faced Senator Scovil, and the condition was stated to the assistant manager, Mr. Eldon. He instantly dropped his pen and conducted the passengers to an elevated board platform covering half an acre, with mammoth wooden funnels in the center. One wagon momentarily followed another and dumped its beets into this great funnel and hurried away, like so many teamsters with their scrapers on a railroad grade. The wagon boxes were built above the wheels and a great rope hammock with a ring hanging over each end lay upon the bottom of the wagon box upon which the beets were loaded. These rings were placed on an elevated hook, a button was touched, and by electric power the whole load was raised from the wagon and swung over the great funnel, the farmer jerked a rope attached to the center of his hammock, it unjointed and dropped the beets into the great receiver and they rapidly poured through the small end of the funnels into a raging stream of water which loosened the dirt and washed them down hundreds of feet into a tank filled with water. Here revolving arms tumbled them in every direction, and washed and scraped them until they were as white as peeled cabbage stalks; then, by a system of elevators, they were conducted to grinders and presses and the juices were carried into the boilers and chemical processes which extracted and purified them into 96 per cent granulated white sugar. As these teams dumped their loads momentarily, a passenger said to Mr. Eldon, "You must run through hundreds of tons a day." "Yes," said Mr. Eldon, "we ran through 1,050 tons yesterday." They were led through and advised of all the different processes leading from the dirty raw beet to the chaste white sugar. The appliances seemed to have exhausted the whole domain of chemistry and labor-saving machinery. When they reached the last process, they saw the startling sight of a hundred-pound sack of refined sugar dropping from a spout every minute with as much ease and regularity as the sweet water drips from the spile of the sugar-maple in the mountains of Vermont.

The Pioneer suggested to Mr. Eldon, "This must be a wonderful country to produce all of this saccharine matter."

Mr. Eldon, turning to him, replied, "Probably the most marvelous on the globe. On mere tests of a few acres, we put a million dollars into this plant and our judgment has been verified by witnessing the greatest tonage per acre, fraught with the highest per cent of saccharine matter known to man."

The Pioneer answered, "You will reap a rich reward for your superior sagacity and this great investment."

Mr. Eldon dropped his eyes to the floor, shook his head and replied, "All the combinations of nature favor us, but the combinations of men seek to destroy us. The moment the heartless monopoly of sugar refiners saw the matchless success of the sugar-beet industry, where the same mill makes the raw and the refined sugar, it cut the price of sugar at all Missouri River points one and one-half cents per pound, so that we cannot market our product to advantage, and so as to discourage the increase of acreage and the building of new mills. The sugar in our market is cut below the cost of production."

The Pioneer rose to his full height, exclaiming, "Is it possible? I knew these combinations were greater than the government that creates them, but did not suppose that they were greater than the Almighty. In this case all of the elements of nature are for you, and those of aggregated greed against you. Here God proposes and the conscienceless sugar-trust disposes. It would seem that these infernal creatures are not only greater than their Creator, but mightier than this fertile soil, this perpetual sunshine; yea, able to thwart the will of God himself! Will the manhood of the nation ever be sufficiently aroused to lift the iron heel of these grotesque monsters from the neck of a long-suffering people? How strange that the God-created beings of flesh and blood and brains are incapable of coping with these bloodless, heartless, soulless, artificial, man-made creatures. These cormorants constantly vote the people for their own piratical destruction. The God-made man—poor, weak, feeble, miscreant that he is—may learn, but is ever slow to benefit from experience. How long, how long will he play the despicable part of the destroyer of his own wife, his own children, aye of himself? Must it ever be thus?" The assistant superintendent shook his head in sad silence.

The Pioneer continued, "Land values must be very high here." The superintendent answered, "Yes, from $150 to $250 near the mill."

The Pioneer moved off toward the car, soliloquizing, "My sons-in-law must be rich as Croesus. I wonder if they are interested in any of these infernal combinations?" The bell rang and the passengers entered the cars and were off toward the Kansas line. Soon after passing Rocky Ford, the Pioneer reached his old ranch. It was a perfect oasis—green, green, green everywhere. The local passengers told him that the whole tract was worth fifty dollars per acre. He thought that his sons-in-law must yet hold the possessions he gave them. At about five o'clock in the afternoon the train whistled in to the sidetrack at Mr. Wickham's old homestead, and a well developed, business-looking woman of middle age stepped up to the mail car, got the daily papers, and returned to the house. Mr. Wickham quickened his step and overtook her just as she was opening the door. He asked her if she could tell him who owned that place. The woman stood squarely on both feet, looked him in the eyes and answered, "Yes, I own it."

Mr Wickham, with a trembling frame and a very much depressed voice, inquired, "Would you mind telling me when and from whom you purchased it?" The woman answered, "I purchased it from Jack Michaeljohn ten years ago." Mr. Wickham, now very weak, asked, "Can you tell me what became of the former owner and his family?"

With much indignation the woman raised herself on the balls of her feet and replied, "It is to be hoped that the scoundrel is in the penitentiary somewhere, but it is probable that he is revelling in his crazy old father-in-law's property, with some frivolous, cunning upstart, who is pretending love to him, while his lawful wife, poor thing, is scrubbing the floors of the big hotel up on the hill yonder for her bread. Her husband took the forty thousand dollars he got for the place and all he got out of his cattle, and absconded to parts unknown, leaving her penniless. Her crazy old father was madder than the pre-historic old King Lear, who gave all of his estate to his daughters, disinheriting himself only, and though his ungrateful daughters drove him out into the storm penniless to perish, they still had their husbands, and the dear husbands would stick to their dear wives, like sick kittens to hot rocks, as long as their estates

And She Stood Pat.

lasted. Old Joshua Wickham divided his estate up among his sons-in-law,—sons-in-law, mind you,—disinheriting not only himself, but his daughters and their children. Yes, the fifty thousand he gave to each of his sons-in-law was a direct incentive, a bribe for them to abandon his daughters, their wives, and hunt up some gay, empty-headed butterflies of the great cities with whom to spend the money in debauch. I thank God that the scales had fallen from the Colorado women's eyes before I got my part of my father's estate and before I bought this place. It is in my name and always shall be, and I never shall want for a dear, loving husband. If old Joshua Wickham had known enough to come in out of the rain, and had put his property in the name of his daughters and their children inalienably, they would all have homes and most obedient and loving husbands, and if a husband should die, before fashion would permit the daughter to shed her widow's weeds, a train of marriageable men would be pleading at her feet for the place of Number Two. The fool says that 'The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world,' but I say the hand that holds the pocketbook, whether male or female, rules mankind everywhere."

The indignant woman discovered that Mr. Wickham was lying against the door with his hand to his head, very pale. She got him a glass of water, and said, "I hope you are not ill."

Mr. Wickham replied: "I am crushed; I am humiliated; I am undone. I am the idiotic, the thrice crazy Joshua Wickham!

"O what a prolific breeder of evil that parent sin has proven to be. One crooked step so knocked my legs out of joint that my whole course of life since has been zigzag. In trying to veer around one pitfall, I have tumbled into many. I divided my estate and tried to run away from the constant reminder of my great sin of commission, and what a prolific brood of sins of omission it has foaled! Man may, with impunity, break the municipal laws of his country, pay his fines, serve his sentence, get reprieved or pardoned, and end the affair; but if he breaks a law of nature, the punishment is eternal. Oh, it all centers around my criminally careless breeding of my offspring. How commendably careful a man is in breeding his dogs, cows, and horses, and how culpably negligent in the breeding of his own children. This is not a complaint against a thankless child, but a confessed, unpardonable sin of a culpable father, who unwittingly permitted the veins of his children to be charged with barbarian blood.

"How exacting, how wise, how just, God is! No one can break one of his sacred laws without being lashed with the loose ends for the remainder of his days. My children in hunger and want? Scrubbing other people's kitchens, because of my insane folly? My good woman ply your tongue! You cannot find epithets with keen enough lashes to make my punishment adequate to my offense. I shall run no more from nature's revenges! I shall devote the remainder of my days to the amelioration of my children's hard conditions. What a pitiable sacrifice compared with the irreparable burden I have fastened upon them, but I give all that is left of me, what more can I do? This is the dark blur on an otherwise long life of unbroken sunshine, and the blur threatens to spread into a midnight eclipse. Oh, beware, beware, of running counter to the immutable and merciless laws of nature!"

The astonished woman said, "If I had known to whom I was talking, I should not have talked as I did, but every word I said is God's truth, I'll stand by it."

Mr. Wickham put his hands to his head and exclaimed, "Ingratitude, ingratitude is the spontaneous growth of this money-mad age! It all grew out of my fear to trust that Indian blood," and he asked if all his sons-in-law were gone.

"No," said the woman, "Clear Creek and Meadow Lark died without children, and their husbands had no occasion to leave, but poor, grief-stricken things, before their wives had been dead six months they were married again. They are both very rich, but they have never helped the other children to a penny."

The woman continued, "You lie down on the lounge and rest yourself until supper, and I will send out and have your girls and your grandchildren assemble here after supper and you shall stay here until you get rested. I suppose those worthless sons-in-law got all of your property any how and you could not go to the hotel."

"No, thank God, I have some means and can help them some yet. I shall care for them while I live."

"Then," said the woman, "remember that women in Colorado are entities; they own their children, their property, and themselves. Put what you give them in the names of your daughters and their children inalienably, and my word for it, you will have no more absconding sons-in-law."

After supper the four daughters and their children were brought in and mutual explanations were given of attempts to write, husbands intercepting letters, robbing them of their property, absconding, etc.

The grandchildren were dirt-colored but bright-eyed, and had some Caucasian snap about them. The grandfather had three or four on him at once, putting all kinds of questions to him. He filled their little hands with more silver coin than they had ever had during their short lives and he put fifty dollars into the hands of each of his daughters and told them to give up their places and he would provide for them.

He then began to ask the children about school. Johnnie told him that he did not like to go to school, and his grandfather asked why he did not like to go. He replied that the boys were mean to him, called him Gusher, Gushing Springs, and Springy, etc., and in a criticising tone asked, "Grandpa, why did you name mamma Gushing Spring? Nobody else has such a queer name."

The grandfather answered, "Your grandmother did it; I had nothing to do with it; when your mother was born we were camping at a spring that gushed from under a big rock with as much force as water from a Holly system, and your grandmother loved that spring so that she named your mother for it."

Anna pulled her grandfather's whiskers, and said, "The girls all call me Birdie, Campy, etc. Why did you name mamma Camp Bird?"

The grandfather answered, "Where we were camped when your mother was born there were five or six big Camp Birds that lived in the tepee and around it, mimicked, and talked like parrots. Your grandmother made a willow basket for your mother's bed, and when she was six or seven days old, your grandmother started down to the spring for a bucket of water and put your mother in the basket out in the sun where she could watch her. As soon as your grandmother got away, your mother began to cry, and these Camp Birds flew down and sat on the edge of the basket and rocked it and sang the same lullaby that your grandmother did from day to day, just as well as your grandmother could. This so affected her that she named your mother Camp Bird."

Lillian said, "They use me worse at school than any of them. One boy will say to another boy, 'What's a hummer?' The other boy will say, 'The daughter of a humming bird.' The first boy will point his finger at me and say, 'But ain't she a hummer, though?' Don't you think that is real mean? Grandpa, what did you go and name mamma Humming Bird for?"

Grandpa answered, "When your mother was a tiny little thing, as the sun rose in the morning, your grandmother tucked the blankets around her in her little willow basket, just leaving a little hole for her eyes, nose, and mouth, and then put her out in the sun. As soon as she set her out, two little humming birds visited her from time to time and kissed her over and over again, fanning her little cheeks with their wings, and this so touched your grandmother that she named your mamma Humming Bird. I did not name any of them."

"Why didn't you name some of them?" said Anna. "Because they were all girls," replied the grandfather. "Aren't girls just as good as boys?" piped out Humming Bird. "Yes," answered the grandfather, "in the eyes of God, or in the eyes of the ox, or the ass, or the ferocious wild beasts, but in the eyes of selfish, bigoted, half civilized men, no."

Anna's mother told her to kiss her grandfather goodnight, say her prayers, and go to bed.

The Pioneer pressed her to him, and said: "Stand on your knees in my lap and let me hear your prayer."

The little girl blushed, rubbed her fingers over his nose, and replied, "A part of it is about you, and I shouldn't like to say that where you could hear it."

Her mother told her that it was all right, she should say it as her grandfather desired.

Anna dropped to her knees, clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and in a confidential, firm voice, proceeded, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, and I pray the Lord to be kind to Grandfather Hopping Antelope for giving Grandfather Wickham Princess Bluejay for his wife, that mamma and aunties and all of us might not be whole Indians, and have to wear dirty blankets, live in cold, dirty tents and eat herbs and wild, raw meat. Bless Grandfather Wickham for the great sacrifice he made for mamma, aunties and all of us in making us half white, so that we can have nice houses, schools, books, churches, Sunday schools, and all the nice things the white people make, and if any of us die before we wake, I pray the Lord our souls to take."

The Pioneer pressed Anna closer to him, and looking intently at one after another in the room, exclaimed, with a very much affected voice, "Praying for me? Thanking me, the criminal, who unfeelingly and thoughtlessly am responsible for the bringing of your mother and her sisters into this cold, uncharitable world, loaded down with a preponderance of untamed Indian blood? You asking a blessing on me, who have brought nothing but the curse of inferiority on you and my father's house——"

Anna vigorously broke in, saying, "Wouldn't mamma and aunties have been born just the same, if you had never seen or married Grandma Princess Bluejay?"

The Pioneer ran his fingers through his hair, shuffled the muscles of his face from place to place, stroked the raven locks of the little girl, and quietly replied, "That question would stagger a Solon. If your grandmother, Princess Bluejay, had married an Indian prince, which she certainly would have done if she had not unfortunately met me, she would certainly have had children. They would probably have been moulded closely after her type. Just how near they would have been the same persons, if the Princess Bluejay had married an Indian prince instead of myself, I am unable to tell."

Anna looked her grandfather straight in the eyes and continued, "My teacher told me that you came near losing your mind because mamma and aunties looked so much like Grandma Bluejay's people, and so little like your folks. Don't you think that was a little selfish?"

After a moment her grandfather replied, "Not for myself, but I thought my children would be better treated and more respected if they looked like white persons rather than like Indians."

The little girl put her index finger in her mouth for a moment, then dropped it to her lap, and said, "If mamma and aunties had been the children of Grandma Bluejay and an Indian prince, they would have been all Indian, and would have been living the hard and dirty lives of Indians and wouldn't have had any schools, books, churches, Sunday school, or nice things to eat. It looks to me like you ought to be glad."

The old grandfather answered, "I feel ashamed, completely humiliated that I should have brought this inexcusable curse of inferiority upon my progeny for untold generations and this great suffering upon you and upon your mother and her sisters. Then I disgracefully lowered my branch of my father's house."

Anna twisted herself around, looked at the stove a moment, then replied, "It don't look that way to me. If the Indian prince had married Grandma Bluejay, we would all be just common Indians. You married her, and we are all half white, and have all of the nice things of the white people. Grandpa, if you are so sorry, then why did you leave your daughters as soon as grandma died, and stay away so long without telling anyone where you were?"

"Because of chagrin, disappointment, and humiliation," said the Pioneer. "I am trying,—ah, I always intended to die with this a secret, but you seduce me, you chaff me, you instruct me,—I feel compelled to tell you in self-defense. When your grandmother was on her death-bed, I had a physician tell her gently that she must die soon. Her disease was consumption, and her mind was normal until death. I went in and kindly asked about her wishes, generally. She said that the only wishes she had were to have her pinto pony, her hornless saddle, the 45-Winchester, her bows and arrows, her Navajo blankets, and her old dog, Drum, buried with her. She showed no concern about me or the children. She would sit up and tell me what a splendid trip she would have to the Happy Hunting Ground, if I would bury her equipment with her. She was anxious to get into the deep, dark canons, join in the chase, and feast on the wild meats and herbs in the world beyond. I had spent twenty long years in trying to educate and refine her tastes. When I saw my dismal failure, when I saw the same barbarous wild Indian that I had married twenty years before,—when I saw the possibility of my daughters inheriting her low tastes and her many superstitions, my brain reeled and I ran from the dismal picture, but it followed me. I finally abandoned the 'Holy Creed of Blessed Optimism' and became a pessimistic child of despair."

Anna broke in, "That was very sad, grandpa, but I don't see what good running away from your daughters did. They are just as much Indian now as they were when you left, and they have suffered awfully because they had no one to help or comfort or teach them. You say you were troubled because your children were inferior and because you lowered your father's house. But when you lowered your father's house, you raised Grandma Bluejay's house, and don't you think it needed raising? If you hadn't raised Grandma Bluejay's house, then mamma and aunties and all of us would have been whole Indians, and if you had stayed here and looked after your daughters, you could have raised them more."

The Pioneer lifted his head, his face brightened, he grasped his temples with both hands and exclaimed, "Ah! Ah! I then got a glimpse of the beauties of the 'Holy Creed' again. I felt the bottoms of the deep fissures in which my compressed thoughts have been wedged so long, lift themselves toward the old surface. I felt the sweet spreading sensation of resuscitation, as the misty spray of generous thought crept over my parched and desolate brain. It was left to a little child to place her fulcrum on the cleavage of raising the house of Bluejay, as a compensation for lowering mine; to suggest that Bluejay might have given birth to substantially the same daughters without me, that my act may prove a blessing rather than a curse to this progeny. A feasible second side to this assumedly one-sided question. Ah! this is but unstable speculative philosophy, but what other philosophy of life is there? Why shouldn't the higher civilized races make some sacrifices to lift the less civilized? Might my daughters not have been born substantially the same without me? I seem to have tickled their mother's fecundity sufficiently only to cause her to mother young as much like herself as peas from the same pod are like one another. But what have all of my grief, my running from my mistakes, done for me or others? They have augmented every phase of the evil effects following the original blunder! They have photographed me on the minds of my contemporaries, on those of my children and grandchildren, as an arrant, cowardly weakling. I have passed the morning of my life in the cheerful sunshine of 'Blessed Optimism' which shed its glory on all with whom I came in contact. I have spent the evening of my life in the gloomy shades of gaunt, blear-eyed pessimism, continually torturing myself into a withered, useless member of society, and impoverishing and humiliating my children and their posterity.

"O, if I could only have seen before it was too late the deeper logic of life, as presented by this little child, I might have turned the course of the head-strong mind in time to have warded off this mess of disasters! What a change this would have wrought! I should have enjoyed placid sunshine, and complacent ease, instead of these sombre forebodings, mental anguishes, and bodily weaknesses. My daughters would have enjoyed, plentifully, comforts and good cheer, instead of this clammy squalor, anguish unspeakable from tired, stiff limbs, and a general humiliation. They would have their fortunes, their husbands, and their full self-respect.

"O, if I only could have had the prying of that child shake up the deep, compressed fissures of the brain in time so that the exuding vaporings from generic thought might have refertilized the desert wastes of the brain before my setting sun came so close to the Western horizon. O, procrastination, wrecker of fame, families, and fortune! But for your insinuating intrusions this habit of weak, cowardly thought might have been eradicated without all of these devastations! They have had possession too long! They have so entrenched themselves in the brain that they have monopolized all of its fertile functions. It is too late—too late to reclaim these fortunes, to blot out the deformities of these grinding miseries, to save these husbands! I can but bequeath to posterity this withered field, with a dwarfed monument marked, 'WHAT IS,' standing in the shadows of a towering pyramid marked, 'WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN' if an imperious courage instead of these gaunt forebodings had dominated to the end. I shall leave it to those who may pass along the way, to determine whether the wrecked evening of this propitiously-begun life was due more to the unnatural alliance with untamed Indian blood than to the pessimistic habit of weak, cowardly thought."

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